

Carry On

A Magazine on the Reconstruction
of Disabled Soldiers and Sailors


*Vol. 1
No. 1*

*June
1918*



A Message from General Gorgas
The High Road to Self-Support
Not Charity—But a Chance
The Sluggard and the Ant
How Can a Woman Best Help?

Edited by the Office of the Surgeon General, U.S. Army
Published for the Surgeon General by the American Red Cross



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C A R R Y O N

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J U N E , 1 9 1 8

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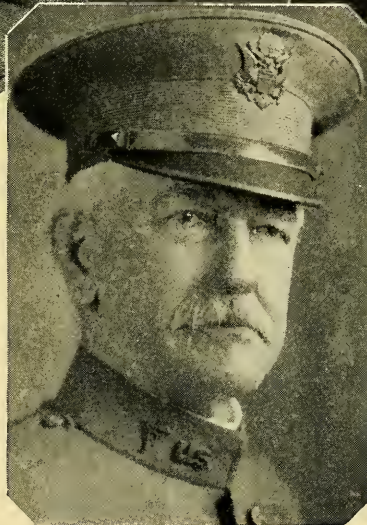
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Surgeon General, U. S. Army



COLONEL C. L. FURBUSH
Adjutant, Office of the
Surgeon General

THE Medical Department of the Army will "CARRY ON" in the medical and training treatment of the disabled soldier until he is cured or as nearly cured as his disabilities permit. We shall try to do our part in his restoration to health efficiently, with the belief that the wounded and sick soldier shall have the opportunity to return to civil life capable of pursuing a career of usefulness. This will enable him to enjoy the freedom and happiness afforded by world wide democracy for which he has given his all.

W. C. Gorgas.

June 12, 1918

Surgeon General, U. S. Army

The High Road to Self-Support

By Douglas C. McMurtrie

Director, Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men

THE provision of training for disabled men received a tremendous impetus at the opening of the present war. With the call of the able-bodied population to arms, the ensuing shortage of labor necessitated the draft into industry of women and old men. No potential productivity could be neglected, and the rehabilitation of the physically disabled became a national necessity. The dictates of national gratitude and national economy in this instance coincided, and in conjunction have stimulated extensive and vigorous activity.

The wounded soldier comes through the field and base hospital, and, finally, if his disability is such as to disqualify him from further military service, he is returned from overseas to a convalescent hospital at home. Certainly at this point, if not perhaps earlier, preparation for his social and economic rehabilitation should begin.

Before deciding what can best be done for him, the recent experience of the disabled soldier must be taken into account. In the first place, he has been away from home influence and environment for some time—perhaps one year, perhaps three. During that period he has led a life in the open, free from the many routine responsibilities of the civilian. He has been provided automatically with every necessity of life—his only reciprocal obligation being to obey the mandates of military discipline. After his injury he has been given every care which the medical corps and its auxiliaries have been able to provide. Every effort has been made to minimize worry or exertion on his part. These influences have the effect of deadening his initiative and his sense of social responsibility, and readjustment to civil life becomes in consequence more difficult.

The new handicap usually throws the man into a state of extreme discouragement. The

loss of a hand, an arm, or a leg seems to the man formerly able-bodied an insuperable obstacle to his future economic activity. The prospective pension is the only mitigating feature of this depressing outlook, and he begins to calculate how he can exist on the meager stipend which will become his due. He has basis for this expectation, for has he not known in the past several men each of whom lost a limb through accident? It was necessary for them to eke out a living by selling pencils on the street, or in some similar enterprise of makeshift character. Again, life will hold no pleasure in the future; he will always feel sensitive about his missing limb. Besides, nobody has any use for a cripple.

REBIRTH OF AMBITION

Such a state of mind will be encountered in the convalescent soldier. It must be met and overcome. With returning health, initiative must be reawakened, responsibilities quickened, a heartened ambition must replace discouragement. We can go to him and truthfully say: "If you will yourself help to the best of your ability, we will so train you that your handicap will not prove a serious disadvantage; we will prepare you for a job at which you can earn as much as in your previous position. Meantime your family will be supported and maintained. You will be provided with a modern artificial limb so that a stranger would hardly know you are crippled. Finally, we will place you in a desirable job."

The first reaction to this program is fear that an increase of earning power will entail a reduction of pension. When re-education of the disabled was first begun in both France and Germany, it was found that many of the men were unwilling to undertake training, in apprehension of prejudicing their pension



BACK HOME

award. The solution of the difficulty was official announcement that such would not be the case, but that pensions would be based on degree of physical disability alone, without reference to earning power. In Canada, a placard to this effect is posted in all military hospitals and convalescent homes.

THE WISE CHOICE OF TRADES

The choice of trades in which disabled men may wisely be trained is of primary importance. In addition to considering whether men with certain types of physical disability can engage in a given trade, its present and prospective employment possibilities must be taken into account. If it is a seasonal trade, if the number of workers in any locality is so

small as to make difficult the absorption of many newly-trained men, or if the industry is on the wane rather than enjoying a healthy growth, the indications are negative. The ideal trade is one in which the wage standards are high, the employment steady, and the demand for labor constantly increasing. In picking trades the present boom conditions should be discounted. Machinists are now earning fabulous wages, but it should be considered whether there will not be an extreme reaction after the war.

A VOLUNTARY ENLISTMENT

It is the general consensus of experience that the decision by the man to undertake a course of training must be voluntary. Of course, he

may be retained in the military organization and detailed to trade classes in the same way as he is detailed to guard duty, but this would not make for successful results. The unwilling and rebellious pupil learns but little; the earnest and ambitious one makes rapid progress. The man must be persuaded, therefore, to take up instruction; the future advantages of being a trained workman in some skilled trade should be pointed out, and the practical arrangements to be made for him during the course of instruction carefully explained. There is no royal road to success in this effort, but after gaining the soldier's friendship and confidence, a patient persistence will win the battle. If a competent visitor has been in touch with the man's family during his absence at the front, the members of the home circle can be easily convinced of the wisdom of his re-education; this will make all the simpler persuasion of the man himself.

INSPIRATION OF FELLOWS

A great aid in helping a soldier to decide about his future is acquaintance with the records of other men with similar physical handicaps who have made good—men who have been trained and who are now holding jobs at attractive wages. In addition, such practical results lend plausibility to the expectations in prospect which are being held out to him. A difficulty, however, is found in the abnormal premium on industrial labor in war time. Even a disabled man may be able to go out and earn seven dollars a day in a munitions factory. This constitutes a very potent counter-attraction to representations of modest but permanent employment after a course of training. If he makes the opportunist choice he will, upon the return of employment conditions to normal, be reduced to the status of a casual laborer, perilously near the verge of mendicancy. No pains should be spared to avert this eventuality.

Care should be taken, however, that representations to the man, while encouraging, should in the main be accurate. Workers with wounded soldiers should not be misled by reports of extraordinary success in isolated cases. The men will, sooner or later, learn the

truth, which will thus tend to discredit the veracity of the vocational officials.

BUILD ON FORMER EXPERIENCE

In deciding which of the available courses an individual disabled soldier should pursue, the first effort should be to fit him for an occupation related as closely as possible to his former job. His past experience—far from being discarded—should be built upon. A competent journeyman bricklayer who has lost an arm may be prepared by a suitable course in architectural drafting and the interpretation of plans, to take a position as construction foreman of a bricklaying gang. It were idle to give such a man a course in telegraphy. But a train hand who has been all his life familiar with railroad work may most wisely be trained as a telegraph operator, with a little commercial instruction on the side. This man will then be fitted to obtain employment as station agent at some minor point on the road. There is an additional advantage in instances such as the two mentioned in that the former employer will be willing to engage again a man with whose record and character he is familiar—once there is assured the competence of the ex-soldier in his new capacity.

WHAT OF THE UNSKILLED?

This rule applies, however, only to men who were, previous to their enlistment, operatives in the skilled trades. Their problems are the simplest of solution. But in the present war, when not only professional soldiers, but whole nations are in arms, there will return disabled many young men who had not yet attained a permanent industrial status. Some will have entered the army direct from high school or college; others will have been migratory workers who had not yet found a permanent niche and whose experience has been too varied to be of much value, still others will have been drawn from unskilled and ill-paid occupations which hold little future opportunity for the able-bodied worker, and almost none for the physically handicapped. Among the latter will be found those who have been forced to leave school and go to work at too early an age,

and to whom society has not given a fair chance. When they now return from the front crippled for life and having made a great patriotic sacrifice, it is surely the duty of the state to repair so far as practicable the former inequality of opportunity, and provide for them the best possible training. It would be a cause for national pride if, in the future, such men could date their economic success from the amputation of their limb lost in their country's service. And this is entirely within the realm of probability.

With these latter classes there is, therefore, no former experience of value to serve as a guide in the choice of a trade in which the war cripple is to be trained. We must then fall back on the general principles of vocational guidance. The more important factors will be natural talent, personal preference or taste, habits of work, temperament, and the general character of the individual. Advice in each case should be given by an expert vocational counselor, a man familiar at once with trade

education, with the requirements of the various industries themselves, and with the current status of the labor market. His opinion should take into account the report and prognosis of the medical officer, and also the past record of the individual.

THE SOLDIER'S OWN CHOICE

As the decision to undertake training at all must be voluntary, so must the choice of particular trade meet with the full approval of the soldier himself. And if, after beginning the course, the subject proves definitely distasteful, the opportunity to change to another trade should—within reasonable limitation—be permitted. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the unwilling pupil is a poor learner indeed.

SPECIALIZED MACHINES UNWISE

It would seem inadvisable to train a man for an occupation which he can pursue only by use of specialized apparatus adapted to the indi-



A FRENCH CLASS IN MODELING



BLINDED SOLDIERS ARE TAUGHT POULTRY RAISING

vidual motor limitations imposed by his deformity. While a badly crippled man may be taught to operate a lathe with special treadles or to run a typewriter with special paper feed and shifting mechanism, his employment opportunities will be precarious. It may be possible to secure for him one specific job which may be arranged for at the time he starts training. But if he cannot get along personally with his employer, if his family must move to another city, if his wages are not advanced as his product increases—for these and a myriad other reasons, he may become practically unable to obtain other employment, and the value of his training will be thus nullified. Ingenuity should be directed rather

to fitting crippled men to meet the demands of standard trades, in which there will be, not one or a dozen possible jobs, but thousands. Only thus can the man be made actually independent.

It is absolutely essential that training, if provided at all, be thorough. The pupils are men, not boys, and they cannot go out in the apprenticeship category, as do the graduates of regular trade schools—and even in these the present-day standards of proficiency are high. If ill-trained men are graduated from the classes the results will not be fortuitous. Employers will be convinced that the theory of re-educating returned soldiers is unsound; the men will come to distrust the representations of prospective success which have been

made to them. There will be, further, an unjustified disturbance of the labor market and its wage standards if a school turns out into a trade as professedly skilled operatives a crowd of undertrained and inexperienced men. Schools of re-education must not contribute to difficulties of this character.

In fact, in every respect, we must give the disabled soldier the best possible preparation for self-support. Let us discharge, to the highest degree, the nation's obligation to our wounded. Let us so act in this greatest of all wars as to mitigate the shame of their treatment in the past.



'The Sluggard and the Ant

By Two Cripples

THE SLUGGARD

ONE of my arms below the elbow was shot off in an accident. The other arm was shot off nearer the hand. I cannot and I have not been able to do any work myself. Fortunately for me, I was and am able to control my children who did my work as I directed them. Otherwise I should have been an object of charity. That is how I made my success at farming.

Injured soldiers should live on a pension. Other people should follow gainful occupations.

THE ANT

I have both arms off, my right arm is taken off at the shoulder joint and of the left arm I have a three-inch stump, and you have no idea how much this stump helps out. I am farming 180 acres; I have 80 in corn and 80 in oats every year. I have a married man working for me. I always pay my hired help well and keep them satisfied and interested in my work. I plow corn with a riding cultivator, haul corn, or anything, drive the binder when cutting oats, the mower when cutting hay; in fact, everything my hired man does but hitching and harnessing the horses, milking the cows, and a few odd jobs; but while he is doing the rest of the work I am feeding the hogs, horses, and cows and tending to business affairs. I do the feeding by taking a scoop

shovel on my shoulder and holding it with my hand and chin and it does not hurt or bother me in the least.

I do my own planting of corn and sowing of oats. Of course, I have things fixed and made handy for me. All the doors and gates are made so I can open them.

I do all my driving with the lines over my shoulder. I drive four and five horses abreast by hitching them so I can drive them all with just two lines. I learn how to do new things every day. I can drive a Ford car as good as any one, cranking it with my feet. Since my accident I have bought 120 acres of land, have not quite paid for it yet, but expect to in three years.

I also have gotten married and, of course, a man in my condition needs a wife. We have a little boy four and a half years old who is also a great comfort to me. I never allow myself to get the blues, or discouraged. I try to always look on the bright side of things. I find it helps me. I pay my bills and keep my credit good, and whenever I need money I can get it, and that is what it takes to make the farm go. I do all my own correspondence and write my checks with the pencil between my teeth. I think I have given you a-plenty but there are many things that I can do that I have not written, and if I can help you any in the future will be glad to do so.

Ruins

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

*They sat at supper in a shadowy room,
"But you," she said, "you are an artist! You
Deplore this tearing down of all our dreams!
You know that War is shattering the world,
And Beauty falls in ashes at our feet."*

*He looked at her, full-blown and glorious
With flaming eyes and tossed, abundant hair.*

*"How I abhor this hour!" he softly said.
"I never thought the world could come to this.
Yet always through the years, the flame of War,
Like a long crimson serpent, has crept and crept,
And poisoned all the beauty that we built.
The Parthenon was stricken by the blast
Of cruel cannon in disastrous days;
Yet in the moonlight it is wonderful
In a strange way the mind can never name.
And strong barbarian hordes tore down that dream,
The Colosseum; and manly Romans wept.
Yet it is lovelier on soft Summer nights
Than ever it must have been in the young years.
And Rheims—it shall be doubly beautiful
With a new meaning through the centuries,
Hushed with its memories of this dark hour."*

*Her face grew grave. "You dare to tell me this!—
You say a ruin is more wonderful
Than the pure dream the architect once dreamed?"*

*"I cannot answer. But one thing I know;
Men rush across the seas to catch one glimpse
Of fallen fanes and tottering columns. Yes,
They fare through desolate places that their eyes
May rest at last on crumbling marble . . . See!
Those men and women rise—and we must rise
To pay our tribute to that noble man
Who has come back, a ruin from the War."*

*She turned. There was a soldier at the door;
And one sleeve of his uniform hung limp,
And there were many scars upon his cheeks.
"A ruin!" the artist whispered. "Yet he seems
The only whole and perfect man I know!"*

Not Charity—But a Chance

By Herbert Kaufman

CLOSE examination of your family tree will disclose a monkey sitting on the bottom branch. Examine it again and you'll find a prognathous, long-toed, upstanding brute, covered from head to foot with coarse, springy hair.

Without tails our dim ancestors could not have swung through the upper reaches of the primeval jungle and thus have escaped from sundry voracious horrors that infested the Dawn. When beasts grew weaker and great-great-great-great-grandfather developed brain talons, his progeny descended to terra firma and, for lack of employment, caudal appendages and long, strong, flexible toes disappeared from the species.

In brief, we educated ourselves out of their use, and Nature, always thrifty, ceased to waste material where it wasn't essential.

As soon as man learned to build houses and wear pelts, she removed him from the class of fur-bearing animals; we became smooth-skinned—evolution shaved us and simplified our physiques. Evolution constantly says: "Exercise faculties and functions or lose them. What limbs and instincts you don't require, progeny shan't acquire. It's my particular job to reshape you for the environment you select. At this particular moment, for instance, I'm at work eliminating your toes altogether. As you avoid exertion and institute conveniences—elevators, trains, automobiles, telephones, automatic machinery and the like—I shall correspondingly divert attention from legs and arms and devote myself to the improvement and extension of your nervous system.

"Behold how your once stodgy fingers have thinned and tapered—but consider how adept they are. Your neck is longer; the jugular vein and throat are not in peril nowadays. Formerly I had to guard it for you by exposing the least possible area and by hiding vulnerable

cords under tough layers of muscle and cartilage.

"I've pulled in your chin and removed ounces of bone from the jaw, but your forehead is rising century by century and your whole head is roomier; so that there may be ample space to add gray matter."

The foregoing may seem a far-fetched introduction to the subject of crippled soldiers and their reconstruction, but when one pauses to reflect that a tailless forebear was even more badly off and sadly handicapped in the prehistoric ages than a legless being is in this period of wheel-chairs, elevators, typewriters, adding machines and switchboards, the preface is quite germane to the subject.

Few questions demand more insistent attention than this matter of maimed folk. Europe is permanently injuring a million men annually, but not *disabling* them—with negligible exceptions, these victims of battle can be restored to self-support.

The staggering cost of maintaining such a multitude at State expense has forced society to consider ways and means of applying their remaining efficiency to suitable tasks.

We repudiate the callous conviction of recent pasts, that amputation cuts off opportunity; we dissent from the cruel prejudice which hitherto sequestered the blind in depressing asylums, or the communal un-economy which sentenced them to the beggar's hand-organ and tin cup.

All that is done with, and with it must go unworthy, primitive abhorrence and debasing pity.

We're going to put these people where they belong; where their sound energies and sturdy intelligence can be turned to mutually profitable account.

A missing foot is not a drawback for a desk responsibility. One hand or two play no part

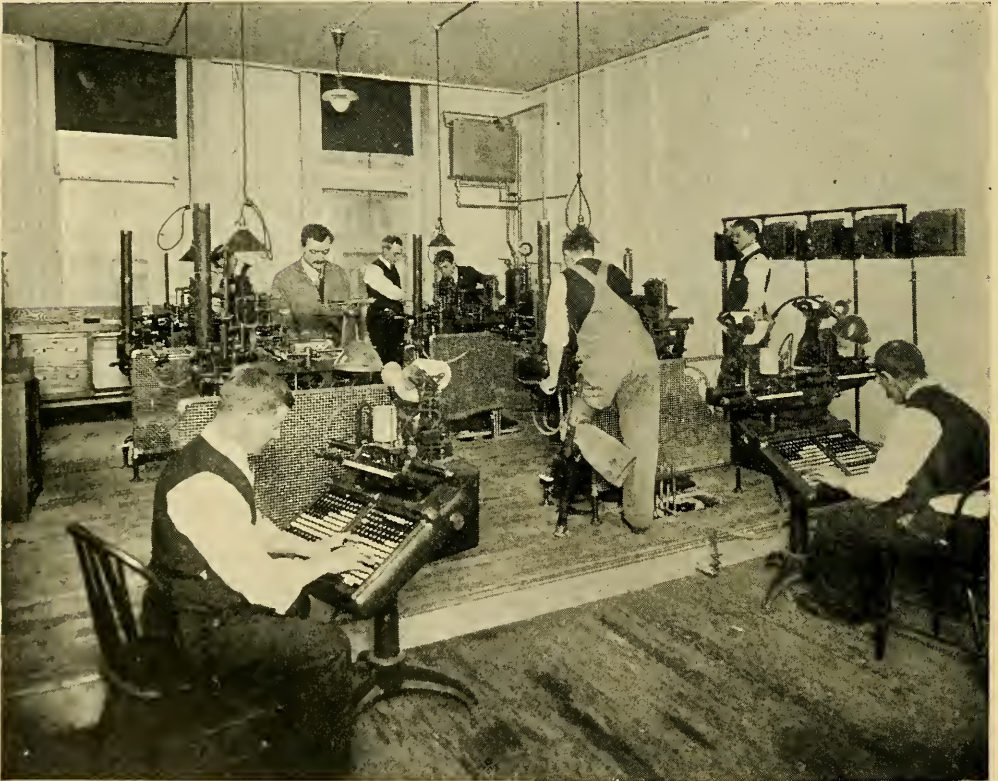
in the exercise of superintendence. Imagination needs no eyes; it has a thousand. There are few heights prohibited to those who can find ideas in the dark.

The vital reconstruction is not for the surgeons—they'll do their bit, never fear.

We, the stay-at-homes, the sons and brothers of scarred and marred men sacrificing their persons, writhing in agony for our sakes—mangled in defense of our wealths and liberties—holding the gate against barbarism—

we must be reconstructed, *too*—must reconstruct our impulses—must lose the Tarpeian Rock attitude toward the crippled—must learn to measure the worth of a fellow by his enterprise and capacity and give him the preference at every post and in every engagement—if *he can deliver the goods*.

A civilization that won't do its duty by its defenders isn't worth fighting for—prepare to prove that *this* one is. They don't want your charity—they demand their chance.



THE FOURTH ESTATE

An expert on a typesetting machine is well paid, and there is always a demand for his services. The Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men, of New York, has installed an up-to-date equipment of monotype keyboard and casting machines, where under competent instructors, handicapped men are now being taught this interesting and profitable trade.

Our First Blinded Soldier

He is Being Re-educated and Will Make Good

By Sergeant W. H. Zimmerman, A. E. F.

YOU ask me to tell you how I lost my sight in France? Well, it was all over so quick that there isn't much to tell.

To start at the beginning, I was born in Missouri but my parents moved to Texas where I went to school until I was sixteen years old. My parents are old now and they live in California which we call home.

In 1910 I enlisted in the army and a year later was ordered to the Philippines. I was there until 1915.

Now I don't like war but you bet your life I love my country and when Uncle Sam needed men to go to France I couldn't get 'over there' fast enough. And let me say right here that the worst part of being blind is that I have had to let someone else get the Germans I wanted. I don't hate them, oh no! I just wanted to show them that we mean business and that no country can sink our ships and kill our women and kids without paying the price.

Well, I got to be sergeant in the ordnance and was in an 'advance' station. I was detailed to bring up the stuff that was needed in an auto truck. One day when I was going in with a full load the truck skidded and went over into a shell hole upside down with me under it.

When they took me out they found my pelvis broken, some internal injuries and I was blind. I had a good constitution and I know it helped but if it hadn't been for the surgeons and nurses I would never have told this story. The way they treated me was fine. The doctors just jollied me up

and the nurses never stopped working until I was well. Oh yes, they cut me up a little but when they did it I just had so much confidence that I knew I was coming out all right.

Well, one day one of the nurses brought a paper or something for me to see and the doctor had to tell me that I was blind. My first thought was, it's hard luck somebody's got to take my place and I've got to quit at this stage of the game; and then I made up my mind as I had never been a

drinking man and had lived a decent life I had a good show of getting well.

I know now that I'll never see again but I also know there is still a chance for me back in everyday life and I am fighting to make good. When I went over there I had a girl so when I returned I made up my mind I would have to give her up. I didn't know that blind men could make a living. I always thought of them as selling lead pencils and shoe laces.



I came out here to Evergreen, the Army Blind Hospital School, and they told me about the preparations they were making to educate us blind fellows and how they were going to get good jobs for all of us if we would just work hard. You can bank on it, I made up my mind then and there that being blind was not half as bad as not making good, and I have been trying hard to learn to write on a typewriter and brush up on my English and spelling and things.

You see I have got to get a job now, because they sent for my girl to come down here to see

me and she said, "Bill, if you make good I am going to marry you." Well, blindness is a handicap of course but it's not going to stop me.

And you can believe it or not, but if I could see again I would go right back and get in the game. Of course, I don't want to die or anything like that and yet if I had my choice I would take my chances fighting for my country. But so long as I can't do that I am going to work so I can take the place of some other fellow who is able to fight. That is one way I hope to be able to help.



EVERGREEN—U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 7

Here on the beautiful country estate of Mrs. T. Harrison Garrett, at Roland Park, near Baltimore, Md., our soldiers and sailors are being trained for useful occupations. This is the main house of a large and diversified group of buildings which Mrs. Garrett generously has placed at the disposal of the Government.

Reconstructing the Public

By Captain Arthur H. Samuels, S. C., N. A.

"AFTER the war, if a cripple stops me on the street and asks for help," said a philanthropic business man in New York recently, "how can I tell whether he is a real veteran or just an impostor? Of course, I always want to give something to the boys who went over the top. Will they wear a button to show that they've been soldiers?"

And the answer was this: "*Any man who stops you and asks for alms is a beggar whether he was in the war or not.* No buttons or insignia will be necessary."

This New Yorker had naively got at the very roots of reconstruction. Thousands of men and women everywhere are puzzled over the same thing, for the public does not yet understand the distinction between the cripple who can make good if he wants to, and the beggar who *could* make good but *doesn't* want to.

The gap is wide; and one of the most difficult and vital tasks confronting the Government and the other forces involved in the problem is to reconstruct the public attitude: to destroy utterly the worn-out notion about the cripple and to teach the new.

Picture a soldier who has lost both legs walking—he *will* walk—into the president's office of an industrial plant, where he is received cordially and with honor.

"It happened in the Toul sector," he says "about a year and a half ago and it was nine months before I was discharged from the hospital with these artificial legs. But early in the game I made up my mind to make good. I couldn't go back to railroading—I used to be a conductor—so I decided to take up stenography and typewriting. The Government gave me a fine course, everything I needed. I am qualified to hold down a secretarial job and I need one right now. I can't afford to be idle."

The president who really admired his caller, listened politely. He liked the man's personality. He reached for his check book.

"We are proud of men like you," he said as he wrote, "and you deserve to succeed. Here's fifty dollars. I'm sorry I haven't a position open. Good luck to you. You deserve success."

Now the ex-soldier was human and he accepted the money. He shouldn't have done so. But he is not the one to be blamed. The president, unwittingly, did a vicious thing by offering it to him and every man or woman who gives alms but not opportunity to the disabled man—soldier, sailor, or civilian—is an enemy of reconstruction. One gift of money that is not actually earned may utterly stifle the ambition of a handicapped man.

Business men must be told this again and again. The American public must know that their Government has provided a fair compensation and insurance for the wounded, which, with vocational training, provide our returned soldiers and sailors with adequate means to re-enter civil life. There is a general appreciation of the fact that our men will not be turned loose and allowed to drift as after former wars, but it is natural that a subject so new and complicated has got to be explained, iterated, and reiterated.

This is being done today in an infinite number of ways. The various forces that create and guide public opinion in America are at work enthusiastically and wholeheartedly, offering every possible means of cooperation. For after all, reconstruction is not a matter of propaganda to be jammed through; it is news—one of the biggest pieces of news that has yet found its way into the channels of national publicity.

Newspapers, magazines, motion pictures, pamphlets, speeches—these and other mediums are bringing reconstruction and its significance into the American home and American industry. The Office of the Surgeon General, the American Red Cross, and the Federal



AN EMBRYO GARDENER

A good many men, after living in the field, will not go back to 'inside' work. In all parts of America there are splendid opportunities in farming and gardening, where loss of limbs is no drawback. The agricultural courses at Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C., are among the most popular.

Board for Vocational Education are a small portion of the factors making it known.

The success of this great plan will depend on the attitude of the public. Public opinion is a pretty loose term as it is generally applied. In this instance, however, it is pat, because it represents several very definite and concrete elements—the man himself, his family, his friends, and his employers. Sympathy and encouragement are plentiful these days while we are in the throes of the conflict, but they will be difficult to maintain when the thrill of battle has passed and the nation has settled down to

its normal activities. And *after* the war—long after—they will be needed most.

Men and women of America by word-of-mouth, house-to-house publicity based on what they read and hear are rapidly developing a new psychology toward the handicapped. Gradually they are reconstructing themselves. And the more thoughtful are beginning to comprehend that physical reconstruction and vocational training will not stop with the coming of peace, but will become powerful and permanent factors in American society and industry.

How Can a Woman Best Help?

By Alice Duer Miller

PRACTICAL experience of the war shows that the degree to which a soldier can recover is in a large measure a question of his state of mind; and his state of mind is usually a reflection of the state of mind of his wife or his mother. Women have always known in a general way that mental attitude has much to do with a patient's recovery in ordinary illness. Now we see that the same thing is true of the man who has contracted tuberculosis, has been blinded, has lost an

arm or a leg, or is suffering from any of the physical or mental diseases that war leaves in its wake. The hope of his future lies in making him believe he has a future. His return to useful activity depends on his own conviction that he can be useful. The instant he is content to be an invalid he will become and remain an invalid.

To prevent his losing hope, to keep up his sense of responsibility is in the power of his womankind. That is why it is necessary that



BACK TO THE OLD JOB

Most of our wounded will be able to resume their former occupations. Although he lost both legs, this soldier will continue in his profession as a draftsman. At present he is being physically reconstructed at Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C., but as soon as his artificial limbs are fitted he will leave. Meanwhile, the most effective curative agent is his occupation with mechanical drafting.

every woman who has a man on the other side should understand what the government is trying to do for him, why it is doing it, and how she can help.

First of all she ought to know that each man's pension will be continued however little or much he progresses on the road to health and self-support. The government does this not only from a sense of justice, but because, knowing that recovery is largely a mental state, it realizes that it would be setting up an obstacle, if it should penalize a man for recovering by taking away or even decreasing his pension.

Then, women should see that the government is doing this for the sake of the wounded men themselves. Protection of the health of soldiers while they are part of the fighting force, is for the sake of the army. But this re-education of wounded men for civil life is done in the interest of the individual. In past times, governments have found it cheaper to entomb such men in institutions for incurables and in soldiers' homes—to pay them their pensions and forget about them. The present idea is that the country owes them more than their pensions; it owes them the fullest possible return to a normal life.

But in order to return them to normal life it will be necessary to retain control of them beyond the military hospital. There must first come bedside treatment, of course—the direct medical or surgical treatment for the disease or wound; then the special treatment necessary to fit him for his selected occupation; then, outside the hospital, his training in a vocational school; and then at last his entrance upon his industrial job.

In every step the help of women is essential; not only in cheering him during the first stages, but in encouraging him to follow patiently and exactly the detail of his training—a routine more wearisome to many natures than fighting.

Our government asks that we use our love to strengthen the will of our wounded—not to weaken it. This may sound like a harsh thing to say to a woman who has sent out a strong healthy man and receives him back blinded or crippled, until we remember that the object of it is to save the soldier and to keep alive in

him the courage that was by no means all expended at the front.

The shock to the man who wakes up after the operation to find that he has lost an arm or a leg is not only the shock of his own handicap, but the horror of being a dependent—something useless and abnormal. Too much sympathy of the wrong kind intensifies this feeling, instead of decreasing it. And as a matter of fact, it isn't true; with the help of modern science, the handicapped man can still attain a high degree of usefulness and activity.

The recovery of our disabled soldiers—their return to a useful life—is in the control of the women of this country. No war work that has ever been offered to us is as important—or perhaps as difficult.

But it can be done only with the help of women—only if wives and mothers and sisters will give as much pride and self-sacrifice to the return of their men to civil life as they gave to sending them away to the colors.

Salvaging Man Power

SALVAGING the man power of America has already begun in several of the army camps in this country for by no means will the work of rehabilitation be restricted to soldiers returning from overseas. At Camps Upton, Sherman, and others, units have already been founded for remedial training in physical defects. Men who are considered unfit for active duty in the line because of certain minor weaknesses are taken into the rehabilitation units where they are studied individually and given proper care and exercise under the direction of both medical and line officers. A majority of these soldiers are made fit to return to the line; and others not physically capable are assigned clerical jobs, thus releasing able-bodied men to take their places with the fighting forces.



A doubter is self-thrashed. Impossibilities are personal opinions. The mind that dwells upon the adverse chance is soon blinded to anything else.

When a Feller Needs a Friend

By Briggs



Victim *versus* Victor

By Gelett Burgess

YOUR boy, your friend, may be wounded—what then? Perhaps he will recover; perhaps he may be permanently disabled—what then? He may be blinded, he may lose an arm or a leg or both—what then—afterwards?

His wounds, you know of course, will be 'glorious' for a time at least—but what then? How long before he will cease being a hero, and become just a cripple? How long before people will tire of their sympathy? What then? Haven't you thought of this dreadful possibility? Of course you have! Don't you wish to avert it? Of course you do. Well, it can be averted. You can do it.

Vague promises of spiritual benefit are poor consolations for the soldier who has been disabled in the service of his country. A real man's ambition needs more fuel than philosophy. It needs a dignified practical field for endeavor. Discarding all mere sentimentality, then, what, after his convalescence, will be his real position in society? Has he to look forward only to sitting in a chair and being supported—to becoming a night watchman or an errand boy?

No. This is the literal truth. Many, even most disabled, men will have a chance to be better off, handicapped though they are, after the war than before. Not better off physically; that of course cannot be; but actually better off financially, socially and mentally.

But, to bring this blessing about, you, his friends and relations must help. By your attitude you can decide whether he is to rise to self-respect and usefulness or to fall to the status of a mere parasite and object of pity. All that is necessary is for you to understand his opportunity, and insist that your boy avails himself of it.

Already the Government is planning the greatest educational work ever conceived. Every disabled man discharged from the hospitals—beginning indeed, at his bedside, long

before he is discharged—will be given, if he will accept it, a thorough course of vocational instruction in the trade or profession for which he is best suited. These courses lasting just as long as is necessary to make him competent, will make him able to compete successfully even with whole men.

Think what that means—a free technical education for your boy! Perhaps he was a machinist. With efficient instruction that he could not before afford, he may fit himself to be a foreman in his old shop. If before he was wounded, he was only a 'hand', he may be taught enough to make him an expert. Before the war he took any job he could get. Under the supervision of the best obtainable vocational teachers, he will be trained for the job for which he is the best adapted or most inclined.

Do such possible results seem marvelous? Here in the United States, civilians have achieved inspiring victories over their so-called disabilities. Already in England, France and Germany the work has been going on; and all this has been accomplished. Just look at these authentic cases and see:

A. Clay, of the Royal Engineers, was paralyzed in the right arm. Before the war he was a butcher. Now he is a telephone engineer.

C. S. Wooding, a sailor in the British Navy, lost his right leg. Before the war he was a laborer; now, a hand boot-maker.

C. E. James, of the British Royal Marines, lost his right leg. Before the war he was a gardener; now an electrician in C. A. V. Magneto Works.

In the soldier-student list in the vocational schools at Alberta there is a lumberman who, after having his right leg destroyed in the war, was educated in motor-mechanics, and afterwards fitted himself for the civil service and now holds a position in the Canadian customs at a \$2,000 salary.



THEY TRIED—BUT COULDN'T STOP HIM

It required very little verbal persuasion on the part of the young lady who sold Aubrey McLeod a Liberty Bond recently. He may have been thinking of the day the Huns bombarded a certain hospital in France and left him without legs. McLeod's home is Marlboro, Mass. Before he joined an ambulance unit, he was a student of Chemical Engineering at Purdue University. And he's going to leave Walter Reed Hospital before long, to complete his college education.

An ex-carpenter, having lost all of his right hand except the thumb and index finger, has fitted himself as a building inspector.

At the École de Tourvielle at Lyons, a boy of twenty-two, wounded in the right thigh and right wrist, had been a restaurant waiter. Now he has obtained a diploma as wireless operator.

At the École Joffre, a former farm worker who had lost his arm, has become a cutter in a bindery,

and his output at a motor-driven machine is equal to that of a normal man's.

At the National Belgian School at Port Villez, a waiter with one hand crippled has qualified as a sign-painter and is succeeding at that trade.

In a Canadian convalescent hospital a mechanic after being healed of his wounds now earns double his former salary as foreman of a machine shop.

A driver of a milk wagon took up mechanical drawing and after six weeks' instruction secured a position at a salary of \$75 a month with good prospects of advancement.

A locomotive fireman after losing one arm, received special instruction in telegraphy and railway routine and became a station agent. A mechanic qualified as a custom-house clerk.

A guide and trapper with one eye blinded and the other injured, became a first-class carpenter.

Not every man, of course, can double his pay; but almost every handicapped man can be educated to earn his own living. And often the training provided reveals astonishing talents that have never been suspected even by the man himself.

Here, then, is the chance for your soldier or sailor to recover his self-respect, his hope, his happiness and his usefulness to himself and to society. Perhaps you are one who thinks that a grateful government, after he has given so much in its defense, should provide for him a life of perpetual idleness. No doubt you are willing to support him, thinking he has done his share.

But of all kindnesses this would be the most destructive. Only by the surmounting of obstacles does a man grow and attain his full mental and moral stature. Then do not, no matter how much you long to have your boy at home, deny him this chance of self-development. Insist that he benefit by this great technical schooling. For then, after he is restored to you—and to himself—he will be not a victim, but a victor!

Blazing the Trail

PENDING the adoption of a definite national program of reconstruction, the American Red Cross established in New York, through the gift of Jeremiah Milbank, the Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men, to train the wounded or injured for selected occupations in which they would be capable of self-support after discharge from the Federal forces.

The purpose of the Institute is to build up an experienced training organization to conduct industrial surveys with a view of deter-

mining occupations from which the cripple will not be disqualified by his physical handicap, to develop the technique of placement, to collate and publish the experience of foreign countries in the field of re-education, and to bring about through a campaign of public education an enlightened attitude on the part of the people toward the disabled. At present, instruction is being given in six trades: mechanical drafting, printing, manufacture of artificial limbs, oxy-acetylene welding, motion picture operation, and certain branches of jewelry work.

The students as yet being trained in these courses come from civilian ranks. The teachers in most part are themselves handicapped and are thus able to demonstrate to the pupils that the various operations are not impossible. The field work is quite extensive. The Institute is thereby enabled to get in touch with prospective pupils, to bring to light the history of men who have succeeded in surmounting their handicaps as well as to determine the best opportunities in the various industries and their limitation and extent.

* * *

Recently a training course in vocational re-education was conducted by the Institute in cooperation with the Federal Board for Vocational Education to prepare men to act as vocational officers under whatever form of national organization Congress decides shall handle the re-educational work. The course included a trip to the various Canadian reconstruction centers through the courtesy of the Invalided Soldiers Commission and the Ministry of Militia and Defense.

* * *

Experiment—what's the use of owning a variety of mental tools if they're left to rust in idleness.

A carpenter unfamiliar with the resources of his kit isn't much of a builder. Neither will you be until you become an adept with your various faculties.

* * *

The roomiest thing we know is a man's head. Columbus had space in his sufficient for a new world. Carnegie's skull was large enough to accommodate a square mile of steel mills.

From His Neck Up

A Man May Be Worth \$100,000 a Year



HE is president of the State Bank of Olivia, Minnesota, and his name is Michael J. Dowling. That he holds a position of responsibility and trust and reached it after a long, hard fight is interesting.

But the fact that Michael Dowling started out on his life career, minus both legs, his left arm and the fingers of his right hand is more than interesting. It is teeming with significance. On Mr. Dowling's own word he is neither wonderful nor exceptional. He is simply an ordinary mortal who has never known what it means to quit and who uses the brains with which he was endowed.

His accident was the result of a fierce Minnesota blizzard in which he happened to be caught, thirty-five years ago. When he was physically able to get around—it took much longer in those days than it does now—Dowling decided that he had to have an education. He absolutely refused to become a public charge; and it was arranged for him to attend school where he was so apt a pupil and developed so strong a liking for school work that he became a teacher himself.

But a country school wasn't big enough to hold Dowling very long and he went into business. From that day he climbed steadily. He married; one of his daughters is in college, and the other two are preparing to follow her. His political career, which made him speaker of the Minnesota House of Representatives, established him as a man of affairs in his community, and he is so looked upon today.

Mr. Dowling never thinks of himself as a cripple because he isn't one. He laughs at you when you mention the word.

He drives his car, rides horseback, and enjoys life with the enthusiasm of a boy. It is natural that the success of the handicapped man should be close to his heart; and it has been always. But when the war came to America, Mr. Dowling's desire to serve his country was quickened, and he offered himself for any work among the wounded that might bring cheer and sound practical advice.

There are no illusions in his mind as to the re-education of the soldier and sailor. He has deep confidence in the power of American medicine and surgery and in the teaching brains of the country that will be brought

into play. What he emphasizes as the greatest need in this country today is common-sense—'horse-sense' he calls it—toward the handicapped man. Sentiment, yes; but intelligent sentiment that will kindle a man's ambition, not quench it.

He has a fine inspiring philosophy, has Michael Dowling, and a whimsical manner of stating it. When he was asked how much he thought physical disability interfered with a man's earning capacity his answer was characteristic: "From his neck down a man is worth about \$1.50 a day; from his neck up, he may be worth \$100,000 a year."

The Enemy Was Ready

How Germany Made Preparation for Her Wounded

AT the outbreak of the war, Germany of all other countries had laid the most solid foundation for the care of her wounded. Immediately all the resources accumulated in peace time for the rehabilitation of cripples were mobilized—almost simultaneously with the military mobilization.

One week after the beginning of hostilities, the Kaiserin, at the suggestion of Dr. Biesalski, Germany's leading orthopedist and secretary of the German Federation for the Care of Cripples, sent a telegram to the members of the Federation, asking that the fifty-four German cripple homes throw open their doors to war disabled soldiers. To this, all the homes immediately consented. Dr. Biesalski made a tour of Germany under the auspices of the Red Cross, in which he visited the principal cities, urging the formation of voluntary committees. The immediate result was the initiation of work in all parts of the empire under various auspices and with various plans.

There are four stages in the treatment of the disabled soldier: (1) medical treatment; (2) provision of artificial limbs and functional restoration; (3) vocational advice and re-education, and (4) placement. These activities are cut sharply in half, the first two being, as a rule, controlled by the imperial military authorities, and the last two by private and state agencies.

The medical side of the problem tends thus to be conducted on more uniform lines. The vocational and economic rehabilitation is in the hands of local committees. There is no central authority giving general direction to the work; the re-education schools are of varying types and most unevenly distributed. The matter of re-education is largely in private hands and mostly done by volunteers. It is not even supervised by the imperial government. In spite of the friction that sometimes

developed, especially in the beginnings, between the civilian workers and the military officials, the work ranks high, both with regard to volume and to the efficiency of the individual institution. This is due primarily to the existence of a strong body of enlightened public opinion as to what constitutes the duty of the nation toward the wounded.

WHAT PUBLIC OPINION HAS DONE

As in every country, there was in Germany the usual outburst of charity, misguided by the traditional attitude towards the war cripple, which was a combination of hero worship with pity for an assumedly helpless member of society. The newspapers were loud in their demands for *Heldenheime* (old soldiers' homes), where all cripples could be maintained in idleness for the rest of their lives. Public sympathy towards the veterans was in danger of being absorbed in the undesirable forms of charity, to the total disregard of constructive forms of assistance.

Immediately, however, an educational campaign was started to divert public opinion to an interest in the work of rehabilitation and re-education. This public education on the subject of proper treatment for war disabled has been very efficient and effective. *At the present time, German public opinion has fully assimilated the idea that the real public duty towards the handicapped soldier is to restore him to work and to an active participation in the economic life of the country, and that this is a patriotic duty.* The faith in the possibility of the rehabilitation has become a part of the patriotic faith. The principle that no one need be a cripple unless he himself wishes it, and that "the wounded man must sink back into the mass of the people as though nothing has happened," is accepted as a creed.

DIFFERENT METHODS, BUT UNITY OF PURPOSE

While the methods used in the different localities and institutions may vary greatly,

the desired results are obtained. Dr. Biesalski puts it this way:

1. *No charity; but work for the war disabled.*



EDUCATING HIS LEFT HAND

It is not difficult to learn to write with the left hand. The German is made to adapt himself very quickly; and thus he may still serve.

there is a complete unity of purpose. Germany has a very definite scheme as to what constitutes the reconstruction of her wounded. It is accepted by all the institutions working to this end, it is put in practice, and it is said that in ninety per cent. of the cases

2. *Disabled soldiers must be returned to their homes and to their old conditions; as far as possible, to their old work.*

3. *The disabled soldiers must be distributed among the mass of the people as though nothing had happened.*

4. *There is no such thing as being crippled, while there exists the iron will to overcome the handicap.*

5. *There must be the fullest publicity on this subject, first of all among the disabled men themselves.*

Dr. Biesalski says further that from ninety per cent. to ninety-five per cent. of all the war wounded treated are returned to industrial life.

TWO HUNDRED ORTHOPEDIC HOMES

There is a fairly complete network of orthopedic homes distributed all over the empire, about two hundred in number, and all under military discipline. The time of treatment for a man in the orthopedic hospital is from two to six months. Men are kept here until they are ready to go back to the army or are pronounced definitely unfit for service. Even if they are so unfit, the war department does not discharge them until they are pronounced by the physician physically fit to go back to civil life.

More and more emphasis is being placed on physical exercise as a means of bringing the physical condition back to the standard. The plan is that a man shall begin very simple but systematic physical exercises even before he is out of bed. These are gradually increased, until finally he has two or three hours a day under a regular gymnasium instructor. Games and outdoor sports are found to have an immense therapeutic value, both psychological and physical, as compared with medico-mechanical treatment. Though the hospitals do not attempt to train a man to a trade many of them have workshops attached for purposes of functional re-education. There is great stress placed on the fact that even this occupational therapy should be really useful and should lead the patient direct to some practical occupation.

GENERAL INTEREST IN ARTIFICIAL LIMBS

All artificial limbs are furnished and kept in repair by the government. The government has prescribed maximum prices for the different types. Otherwise there is no official supervision: no standard pattern is prescribed, and the matter is left to the doctors and engineers of the country.

The result is an immense stimulation of activity. The magazines are full of descriptions of new appliances recommended by doctors and manual training teachers from all parts of the country. At an exhibition of artificial limbs, held at Charlottenburg, there were shown thirty kinds of artificial arms and fifty legs in actual use. The German Orthopedic Society has devoted much discussion to the matter and there has been wide education and publicity.

The principle now thoroughly accepted is that the appliance should reproduce not the lost limb but the lost function. It should not be an imitation arm or leg, but a tool. The standard of merit is the number of activities it makes possible. The so-called *Sonntagsarm* (Sunday arm) is never supplied except on request to clerical workers.

RE-EDUCATION WITH MEDICAL TREATMENT

Re-education in Germany goes on at the same time as the medical treatment. This has two causes: First, there is the strong conviction that results can be obtained only by getting hold of a patient at the earliest possible moment of convalescence, and second, the fact that, since the Imperial Government does not pay anything towards re-education, it is more economical for the care committees to attend to it while the men are in the hospitals and thus save themselves the expense of maintenance.

The first civilian function in the care of the war handicapped is vocational advice. The local care committee usually appoints vocational advisers, whose appointments must be sanctioned by the local military authorities, controlling the visits made to the men at the hospitals. As soon as a man is well enough to be visited, the committee sends to him its representative to get full facts on his experience and his physical condition and then advise him as to re-education or immediate work. It is insisted that a man must, if humanly possible, go back to his old trade, or, failing that, to one like it.

In most instances, there are no workshops maintained at the hospitals. The local care committee may utilize the local trade schools.

There are excellent facilities for this, since every town has at least one trade school. Some representative of the educational authorities generally serves on the local care committee and the schools are eager, in any case, to offer free instruction.

German magazines are full of advertisements of free courses for soldiers, offered by schools of the most varied kind, public and private, from agricultural and commercial schools to professional schools and universities. On the other hand, in a large town, with a large number of hospitals, the committee may create a school of its own. Thus, in Düsseldorf, for instance, where there are fifty hospitals, the committee has taken possession of a school building equipped with shops and tools and given twenty courses open to men from all the hospitals.

GREAT VARIETY OF TRADES

The instruction offered and the trades taught present a great variety. It is planned

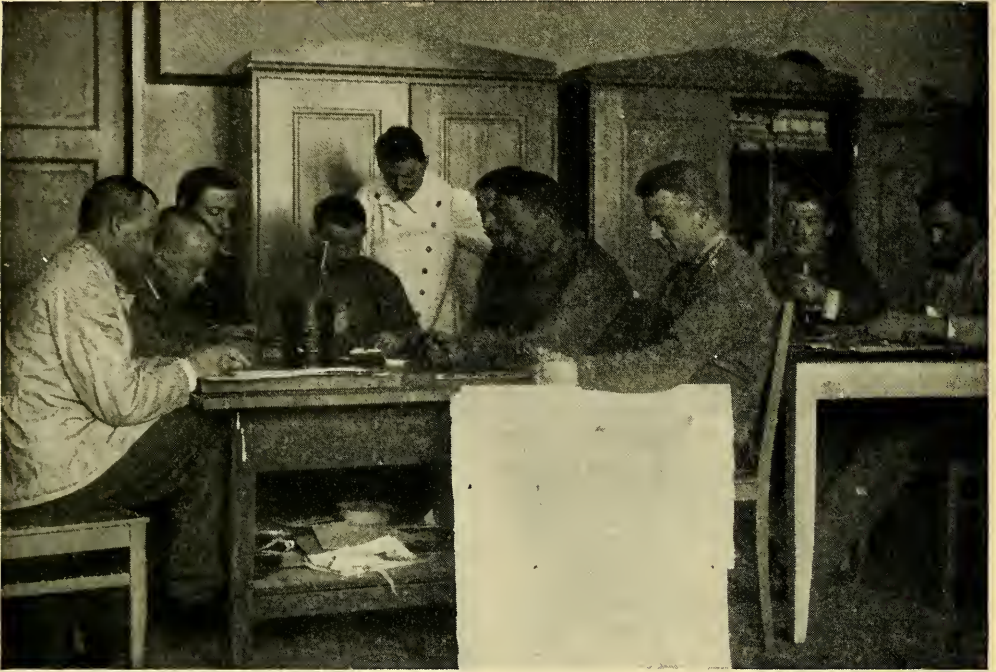
that none of the courses shall take more than six months, the maximum time for hospital care. These short courses are intended for men of experience who need further practice in their old trade or in an allied one. If a man needs further training after this short course, he becomes the charge of the local care committee, which supports him while he attends a technical school or pays the premium for apprenticing him to a master workman.

A special effort is being made to return to the land all who have any connection with it, such as farmers, farm laborers and even hand-workers of country birth. All the hospitals which have any land give courses in farming and gardening for their inmates. It is estimated that there are several hundred such hospital farms, small or large, run by the wounded. In addition to this, there are definite summer farm courses at agricultural schools and universities, which are free to cripples. There are in the empire ten regular agricultural schools for war wounded.



EACH PLAYER WITH AN ARTIFICIAL LIMB

From the earliest stages of convalescence, Germany insists on regular exercise and recreation for her disabled soldiers. These prove a good tonic, not only for the body, but for the mind as well.



CLASS IN BOOKBINDING

This work constitutes a routine feature of after-care for men with injuries to fingers or hands. It is likewise training for remunerative employment.

There is no uniform machinery for the placement of war disabled. The principle is universally recognized that a "man must go back to his former trade and, if possible, to his former position." The care committees, while interviewing the man in the hospital, get also in touch with his former employer. Sometimes a position is thus secured even before the man has started his training, and the latter is then adapted to the requirements of that particular position. It is, however, not always possible to place a man with his old employer. Some of the larger care committees run employment bureaus of their own. Others turn over the man who cannot be taken back to his old position to another agency.

Employers' and workmen's associations are of considerable assistance in the placement of war cripples, especially the Federation of German Employers' Associations, which has been recently formed for this particular purpose, and the many master guilds of hand-

workers. There are also a number of agencies due to charitable or private initiative.

Finally, there are open to war disabled a very large number of positions in government service. The Imperial Government has promised that all former employees of the railways, post office, and civil service will be re-employed, if not in their old capacity, in a kindred position. These men are to be paid without consideration of their pensions. The post office department has decided to give all future agencies and sub-agencies in the rural districts to ex-soldiers, provided they are fit for the positions and want to settle on the land. Many city governments make efforts to take in the handicapped. A number of employments under the war department are reserved. The war department, through its recently created welfare department, attempts also to develop a placement activity wherever there is no very active local care committee, and publishes twice a week a journal which lists the positions open for handicapped veterans.

Looking After the Soldier's Family

Home Service of the Red Cross Lends a Helping Hand

By W. Frank Persons

Director-General of Civilian Relief, American Red Cross

A MARYLAND boy discharged from the Army after developing tuberculosis returned to his home to get well. A Red Cross Home Service worker who knew her business talked with the family physician and called on the family with a tactful offer of assistance. Fortunately little aid was needed. The people were intelligent and already knew something of the nature, treatment, and prevention of the disease. The boy was having good care and the other members of the family were being protected.

It remained only to help with information about the War Risk Insurance Law and the filling out of the application for compensation. But the ex-soldier and his mother were somewhat surprised and affected by the friendly yet restrained and sensible manifestation of interest in him after he had supposed he was all done with the glory of service and was only a sick and forgotten civilian. "It is these things you are doing for us that make us want to fight harder than ever," said the lad to the Home Service visitor as she left, with several new friends to her credit.

Here in a word is what the Red Cross is trying to do through the Home Service Section of each of its thousands of Chapters for every disabled soldier or sailor who leaves the service in need of any advice or help. It is trying to make these boys 'want to fight harder than ever'. But now they are fighting a new battle; a long, hard fight for themselves, for their physical, mental, and economic recovery, for their own future of self-support and usefulness to the community.

Home Service is buttressing their morale through constant, quiet effort to remove

every occasion for worry about their home affairs. Does it work? Ask the men. "I want to extend my sincere thanks to you," wrote one of them, "for going to aid my wife and child whom I asked you to help last week. *I can soldier better now.*" Another, on the way to camp, stopped at the Red Cross Office in an eastern city and said, "I want to tell you what it means to me to know that if my mother should be lonely or sick, or if anything should happen to her you will be there to stand by her and set things right." These and hundreds of other letters make us believe that those also, serve who help the families of soldiers and sailors in quiet villages and crowded cities all over America.

MORE THAN MONEY RELIEF

Home Service means least of all giving money relief. The Government has generously provided for financial assistance to dependent relatives. The Red Cross does not hesitate to supplement the Government allowances in cases of special need and is often able to tide over a critical period by a timely loan until the Government money arrives. But first and foremost Home Service means just what the name implies.

It never intrudes itself on the family, but in suitable ways, through group meetings, posters, letters to soldiers, makes known that it is always ready on call to respond to the least intimation of need. In every camp, on every transport, and with the various commands in France there is a Red Cross representative whose sole duty it is to mingle with our soldiers in man-to-man fashion and place the whole machinery of the Home Service organization at the disposal of all who are concerned



A NEW SECRETARY

Some men are quick 'learners'. After selecting stenography and typewriting as the vehicle for his return to civil life, this soldier at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, is rapidly becoming an expert. His physical handicap is no detriment.

about family affairs in which any outside friend can be of assistance.

CONTACT BETWEEN MAN AND FAMILY

For instance, if the Associate Field Director finds that Private Johnson of Iowa is worrying over a letter from home, he writes at once to the Home Service Section of the man's county or town and suitable aid is immediately forthcoming. Likewise when the soldier is in the hospital another Red Cross representative is

on duty to write letters home telling of the patient's progress toward recovery and establishing such direct contact between the man and his family and the local Red Cross workers as will enable the whole procedure of assistance to be set in motion.

After the Government has contributed to the soldier's rehabilitation all its resources of treatment, vocational training, and placement service, he must go back to his civilian life in his own community and make his own way,

basing a structure of self-support upon the foundation of a just pension which will not be reduced no matter how much he is able to supplement it. For thousands of men, perhaps for all resourceful returned soldiers and sailors who take advantage of their opportunities, no further assistance will be needed. Many, however, will require friendly, sympathetic oversight and encouragement to carry them through the first critical months until they have found themselves in their new lives. In this follow-up work a distant and impersonal Government bureau is at a disadvantage. Here is a great opportunity for the right community agency, for friends who really understand the need, for a big brother or sister close at hand and intimately aware of the man's every-day problems and difficulties.

A STEADYING HAND

The ex-soldier is now free of all supervision and with his handicap offset only by schooling in a new occupation, he must face the competition and drive of life and sink or swim by his own efforts. Then of all times he needs a steadying hand on his shoulder, an encouraging word in his hour of depression. To overdo this help, on the other hand, to weaken his moral fiber by ill-considered kindness is to do him the worst of injury. To help truly and constructively at this time is a task calling for the clearest common sense, the utmost devotion, the greatest fund of practical experience in the delicate work of social adjustment which can be mustered and applied.

Here is the crowning opportunity for Home Service. With its trained workers, already in touch with the family needs and problems and its long-established relation of neighborly assistance, the Red Cross stands ready to take up the after-care of disabled soldiers and sailors at the point where the Government returns them to their homes.

From Little Acorns

IT is interesting to speculate on the new methods of doing things that the Great War has brought forth. The attitude towards the handicapped is especially important and those who have studied the problem at close range, overseas and in Canada, are one in their conviction that recovery is best quickened by treating the disabled soldier as normally as possible.

In other words, the attitude toward the cripple must be positive. To emphasize his disability, to stress the negative phase of his condition, can accomplish nothing but a feeling of self-pity and discouragement. Speed of recovery and ambition to return to his normal activities are fostered to a large degree by the man's environment.

The acorn on the cover of this first issue of Carry On was selected because it symbolizes growth of power and dignity. The oak was the emblem of Jupiter. To the Romans the oak branch and acorn stood for civic power and justice.

An emblem becomes appropriate and significant only by usage and it is hoped that the acorn—simple in design and easy to remember—typifying the idea of expansion and lasting strength finally may mean to reconstruction what the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. triangle mean to the world. The name Carry On has worked its way from the trenches into the American vocabulary and day by day is becoming more colloquial.

To Mr. C. B. Falls of New York go the cordial thanks of the editors of Carry On, for his generous contribution of the cover design and emblem. An artist of national reputation, Mr. Falls has come prominently to the fore in the past year by his striking war posters for the Government.

Reconstruction Staff

THE Staff of the Division of Physical Reconstruction in the office of the Surgeon General, U. S. Army, consists of the following personnel:

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MISS MARGUERITE SANDERSON. Boston, Mass. Supervisor of Physiotherapy Aides.

The Trouble Buster

THERE'S a good deal in a name, especially when it is as euphonious as the title of the lively little periodical published by the class in printing under Major W. H. Henderson, at Fort McHenry, U. S. General Hospital No. 2. *The Trouble Buster* is an historic document because it is the first periodical of any kind published in this country devoted entirely to the remaking of the disabled soldier and sailor. It is well illustrated by local rehabilitation talent and has on its editorial staff a poet who contributes the following to Vol. I, No. 1:

IF

If you can hold your head up while the others
Are drooping theirs from marches and fatigue;
If you can drill in dust that clouds and smothers,
And still be fit to hike another league;
If you can stand the greasy food and dishes,
The long black nights, the lonesome road, the blues;
If you can choke back all the gloomy wishes
For home that seem to spring right from your shoes;
If you can laugh at sick-call and the pill boys,
When all the other lads are checking in;
If you can kid and jolly all the kill-joys,
Whose faces long ago forgot to grin;
If at parade you stand fast at attention,
When every muscle shrieks aloud with pain;
If you can grin and snicker at the mention
Of some bone play connected with your name;
If you succeed to keep your knees from knocking,
At thoughts of all the bullets you may stop;
If you can do these things and really like 'em,
You'll be a reg'lar soldier yet, old top.

D. H. W.



Carry On

**A Magazine on the Reconstruction
of Disabled Soldiers and Sailors**

*Vol-1
No-2*

*August
1918*



in this issue

**President Wilson
Theodore Roosevelt
Charles M. Schwab
Judge Julian W. Mack
Augustus Thomas**

**Edited by the Office of the Surgeon General, U.S. Army
Published for the Surgeon General by the American Red Cross**



C A R R Y O N

Vol. I A U G U S T , 1 9 1 8 No. 2

Edited by the Office of the Surgeon General, U. S. Army



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THE WHITE HOUSE.
WASHINGTON.

There is no subject which deserves more immediate or earnest consideration than the subject of the physical reconstruction of disabled soldiers. It must be gratifying to the country that broadly conceived plans with regard to this matter are being not only developed but carried out, and I personally welcome every instrumentality which is being used to bring about the proper execution of such plans.

Woodrow Wilson





For Their Souls' Desire

No Recognition of Service Can Be Too Great

By Theodore Roosevelt

To the Editor of Carry On:

LIKE all good Americans I, of course, most heartily sympathize with the work you have undertaken for the reconstruction of our disabled soldiers and sailors. Soon the men who have been crippled at the front will be returning; and our people will then see with their own eyes the grim sacrifices demanded from the men who have paid with their bodies for their souls' desire, the men who are doing the one vital work in the great war to free the world from the nightmare horror of the supremacy of the Prussianized Germany of the Hohenzollerns.

These men will return with shattered bodies and racked nerves. It is for us to show that we in practical shape recognize that their wounds are the proofs of their high devotion to their country and to the cause of civilized mankind.

The same efficiency that must be exercised in the making of our army and navy, and in the building of ships to hurry men and supplies to our allies overseas, must also be applied to the rehabilitation of the wounded soldier and sailor—not a stone must be left unturned to restore these men to fields of usefulness and self-support. No recognition of their services by our Government and our people can be too great. But, as always, there must be hard common sense in making the recognition, or it will do more harm than good.

It is the plain duty of every American citi-

zen, men and women, to stand back of these returned fighters and to give them the help they deserve. The help should be given generously. It should also be given intelligently.

We can all have full confidence in Surgeon General Gorgas and the leaders in surgery and medicine who are his associates. They will render every aid in the physical reconstruction of our men, and will strive to build them up to the point where they are able to resume their former occupations or enter the vocational schools to learn new occupations.

Mere sentimental pampering would be ruinous to the men and to the commonwealth. What the men need is an opportunity to make good as straight citizens. To meet this need it is necessary for the Government and the men themselves to take the right attitude. Moreover the families of the men must be sensible and urge the men to get back on the job. Finally, the employers in every line of business must understand that a man's real worth is measured more by his brains than by his limbs, and must cooperate in the great work.

I am glad to express in CARRY ON my fullest support for this great work of reconstruction. It is of great consequence to the maintenance of our army and navy because it will release able-bodied men for the front. It is of even greater consequence to the future of the industrial life of America.

I accept with pleasure the proposal to make me a member of the Advisory Board.

Launching Men Anew

The Seas of Opportunity Are Waiting for Specialized Brains

By Charles M. Schwab

Director General, Emergency Fleet Corporation

IF there is one thing today that American industry is searching for harder than anything else, it is brains. For thirty-three years my life has been spent among workmen in what has become the biggest branch of American industry, the steel business. But it doesn't make any difference what field of industry you consider, the test of success is the same.

In the present crisis, leaders of various businesses are engaged in work that is necessary to the winning of the war, and yet wherever in the country's service they happen to be placed, the basis of efficiency remains unchanged. It is brains—specialized brains.

My present experience in the building of ships proves this daily. The man who can drive more rivets than his fellow succeeds not because he is physically stronger, but because he knows how to utilize his brains, and how to direct his energy.

There used to be a good deal of nonsensical talk in this country about men who miss fire because they lack genius. Genius is principally hard work: using normal brains to think beyond the manifest daily duty. It supplies one of the readiest alibis for the man who doesn't want to work a little harder than he is compelled to.

America is facing today a situation that demands the most thoughtful consideration of every man and woman. The drain on the man-power of the country is tremendous. Day by day, week by week, thousands of our men are leaving their industrial pursuits to take up arms against the common foe. The army and the navy are straining every effort to equip and to train these men for battle; the great industrial plants are humming day and

night; the shipyards from coast to coast are quickening, by every human process, the building of ships to send our fighters and the necessary supplies to our Allies overseas.

Certainly it is not difficult to foresee how the exodus of several million able-bodied intelligent young men is going to affect American industry. The newspapers carry the message daily in their 'help wanted' columns. The supply is way behind the demand; but we must have fighters and war-workers, and the demand will continue greater as the war goes on.

This is why the subject of reconstruction of our disabled soldiers and sailors will touch every branch of American industry. The man who has offered his body in the defense of his country must not be allowed to return to us merely as a hero worthy of our sympathy. His physical handicap, whatever it may be, will not, except in rare instances, render him useless as an industrial factor; on the contrary, it will afford a greater opportunity than ever before to utilize his brains upon which he was not so dependent when he went away.

Reconstruction is a very live issue in America. Not an academic problem, but a practical one. For some time it has been gaining in importance as a part of the very fabric of industry, and because our big leaders are blessed with imagination, many of them have already foreseen the necessity of salvaging their man-power, of holding trained and loyal employees and not discarding them on account of a disability for which they are not responsible. I know of many instances where the process of retraining has returned able men to their jobs, and has not only saved the



THEY BELIEVE IN SIGNS

Hand-lettering and sign-painting provide many handsome incomes, and often mean the start of a permanent business. Here the training begins in the early stages of convalescence. Ray Smith, the soldier at the right, won a \$500 prize in a War Savings poster contest.

man for himself and his family, but increased the effectiveness of the plant in which he worked.

It is not possible to gauge accurately the number of fighting men who will return to us handicapped in body, but there will be many. Most of them will not have to learn new trades—not more than ten per cent., I am told. But practically all of them can be put back into the industrial life of the country and must be. We need these men—need them badly. Their physical courage proves their worth; and ought to dispel once and for all the notion that they crave pity.

I have been asked to suggest what seem to be the best fields of industry for our handi-

capped soldiers and sailors. It would be easier to say which field they cannot enter for I do not believe that any field is closed to them.

The usefulness of these men as fighters does not cease when they are unable to return to the trenches. The men who are building our ships constitute a great army—they are industrial soldiers, every one of them. Most of those who come back from overseas can be made fit for industrial work of some character, whether it be mechanical or clerical. Each can take the place of an able-bodied man and release to the military forces another fighter, or can fill an important gap in the industrial scheme.

Never before has opportunity for advancement in industry been so great as it is today. The gates are opened wide for trained men; and the Government program of rehabilitation is a guarantee of what we may expect. Our disabled soldiers will be taught to use their brains, and brains are needed to carry out the plans of those who furnish capital.

In my years of experience as an employer of large groups of men, I have rarely known a man who really used his brains to his full capacity and failed to advance. I believe that

the emphasis of this fact will have much to do with the recovery and success of our disabled soldiers and sailors. If the men can be imbued with the spirit that impelled the most striking successes in American industry there should be little difficulty in solving the problem of reconstruction.

It is the duty of the business men of America to take these men at their intrinsic value; to employ them not from a sense of duty but because a trained man who has been taught to think is a valuable asset.



TELEGRAPHY—AND CONCENTRATION

A man who studies telegraphy keeps his mind on the instrument and not on his handicaps. Because telegraphy offers a substantial future, it is the prize class at Fort McHenry; and at the same time one of the most effective mental tonics. It holds a place for almost any man—no matter what his physical disability may be.



The workshop schedule in wards and shops utilized as occupational therapy will afford intellectual and manual training as well as mental diversion for our returned soldiers. This work at Walter Reed where these products were made—and at other reconstruction centers—is of a character to fit the man for his civil occupation.

A Chance—With a Running Start

Government Compensation Provides Means for the Handicapped Fighter

By Judge Julian W. Mack

MEN who go forth to battle, though in no sense cowards, are not without fear. But it is not, except in the rarest cases, a fear of bodily injury that possesses them; the real source of anxiety is that their families may suffer, or become objects of charity.

The brilliancy of our expeditionary forces in action, their impatience to carry on against the common enemy is an inspiring evidence of the American soldier's dash and courage when the

liberty of his country is at stake. Once he has entered the military establishment he is eager for battle.

But the fitness and bravery of our soldier or sailor are predicated on his peace of mind. Unless he is free from a nagging sense of responsibility, unless he feels assured of the independence of the family he left behind—his wife, his children, his mother—he cannot serve with the spirit that has always pervaded



WITH TRIANGLE AND T-SQUARE

As greater emphasis is being placed on the value of professional education, mechanical drawing holds great attractions in reconstruction work. A clear brain and one good hand are the requisites, and the courses at Fort McPherson, Walter Reed, and Fort McHenry are gaining daily in popularity.

our arms. The security of their dependents is as vital to the morale of our military forces as is the physical condition of the men.

And so when the Government, by the passage of the War Risk Insurance Bill, provided in generous measure for the support of the fighter's family, it performed a duty as obvious as the cause for which the country is giving its men, its money, and its resources. This Act,

complex to the laymen in some of its technical phases, is simply an instrument whereby the Government aims to dispel the one fear of its fighting men: that their families are going to be dependent on others while they are away. Through it his Government assures the soldier and sailor that, while it may not be possible in every case to replace the individual combatant in precisely the same situation he occu-



CHEMISTRY AND PHARMACY

Here is a striking example of a scientific field in which the handicapped soldier can find employment. Chemistry and pharmacy require principally brains, and courses will be given to our returned men under competent teachers. This is one method of applying reconstruction to actual war work in both the army and navy as Canada and our Allies are doing.

pied before his country called him, yet at any rate his family, as well as himself, will be saved from a humiliating dependence on others for the necessities of life.

In many instances, I believe, the returned soldier, although physically handicapped will find his way back to industrial and social life, intellectually and financially stronger than

when he left it. The country has unlimited confidence in the ability and resourcefulness of the Surgeon General and his department to give every aid and comfort to the wounded and disabled, and to restore them as nearly as is humanly possible to a normal physical and economic condition. The Federal Board for Vocational Education, in re-educating

those who must be taught new vocations; the Bureau of War Risk Insurance carrying out the provisions of the Act; the American Red Cross on constant watch over the families at home—these and other competent organizations in all parts of the United States constitute a bulwark of protection and comfort to our fighters, whose importance cannot be over-estimated.

IN SERVICE AND AFTER

In the framing of this Act, the question of stiffening the morale of our men was uppermost. Congress, in enacting the Bill, exercised great vision, not only by providing for allotments and allowances to the families of men *while in the service* but for the after-care of our wounded through war insurance and compensation. So closely knit is the relationship between rehabilitation of the disabled and compensation for injuries that the former depends almost entirely upon the latter.

By this I mean that the disabled returned soldier, upon his discharge from the army, receives a compensation which will ensure, to some degree at least, his independence. If he requires a new vocation, the money the Government gives him will help carry him through, will fire his ambition to go ahead and regain his former place in society or a better one. It will stabilize his peace of mind, and keep him contented in the thought that his family is being provided for while he is being trained to earn a good living for the future.

It seems unnecessary, here, to discuss in detail the thousand and one points bearing on compensation that may be brought up from time to time, but there are two facts that I should like to emphasize emphatically. They are these:

Compensation will be paid to the disabled soldier and sailor irrespective of his earning capacity after the war: but it may be suspended if the man unreasonably refuses to fit himself for active civilian life through the vocational opportunities that the Government will provide.

The purpose of these measures is to stimulate the disabled man to lift himself from the dead level of the Government compensation to the highest economic condition within his

powers: to create a healthy discontent with a life that too many injured men sure of the bare needs of existence are led to accept. The country wants its heroes to develop every latent possibility.

This should be given the widest possible publicity. In England and Canada one of the most difficult problems to be overcome at the outset of the war in getting the men to take courses in re-education was the fear that they would be deprived of their compensation if they learned trades and earned good incomes. "What is the use," they asked, "why should we work?" By vigorous publicity our Allies overcame this misunderstanding and recently have experienced no opposition because of it.

It is interesting to note with what rapidity the new attitude toward the disabled is developing in America. The newspapers and periodicals are preaching the gospel of "Not charity—but a chance," and the people are responding. That is what Government compensation and vocational training will give our men—a chance with a running start.

ON FAMILY STATUS

Military and naval compensation is based first on the injury and then on the size of the man's family. If the status of the family changes from month to month or year to year, the amount of the compensation changes with it. For instance, if a soldier or a sailor now a bachelor becomes handicapped, and later, say ten years after, should marry, the amount of his compensation at that time will depend upon his status then. It will be increased. And still later, if there are children, it will be further increased. On the other hand, if he is married and has children at the time of his injury, and in the future his wife or children should die, then his compensation will be reduced to that of an unmarried man.

For permanent disability the monthly compensation is paid in the following amounts:

- (a) If he has neither wife nor child living, \$30.
- (b) If he has a wife but no child living, \$45.
- (c) If he has a wife and one child living, \$55.
- (d) If he has a wife and two children living, \$65.

(e) If he has a wife and three or more children living, \$75.

(f) If he has no wife but one child living, \$40, with \$10 for each additional child up to two.

Bachelor or married, he receives \$10 a month additional for his widowed mother. If his condition is such that he needs the constant attention of a nurse or attendant, the Bureau of War Risk may allow him up to \$20 a month for that purpose.

\$1,200 A YEAR FOR LIFE

There is another significant provision that is not generally known today. For the loss of both feet, or both hands, or both eyes, or for a condition rendering a single or a family man permanently helpless or bedridden, \$100 a month will be given. In addition to this, of course, he will receive medical and surgical treatment and will be supplied within reason with all special appliances he may need.

Many men, thus handicapped, will be able to work and make a good salary, *but whatever they earn the Government will still pay them \$1,200 a year for life.*

These are the broad aspects of compensation. The war insurance offering as high as \$10,000, payable however only in monthly payments over twenty years or more, will still further fortify compensation, for it covers death and the total permanent disability from injuries received not only in the line of duty but in civil life after the war.

As the 'cripple' is passing, so is the 'pensioner'. He will become as obsolete as the old soldiers' home, and other institutions and practices that world progress is leaving in its wake. In industry there are not pensions but compensations. In the military it will be the same with the added rehabilitation for a new life. *And this addition must soon be extended to all who are handicapped whether in industry or in war: whether through accident or negligence.*



A SUBSTITUTE FOR A COT

The sooner a man gets up and out into the open, the quicker his recovery. Light exercise with an objective is good for both mind and body. These men at Fort McHenry are making a new street and enjoying it because their efforts are put to good use.



In 1881, Daniel Vierge was the greatest draughtsman in the world. Without warning, a stroke of paralysis rendered his right side useless. A few years later he illustrated Don Quixote truly and sympathetically for the first time in its history. *He did this with his left hand now educated to the lost cunning of the paralyzed right.* The illustration above is one of many exquisite drawings taken from the Scribner edition of Don Quixote.



An illustration by Vierge before he lost the use of his right hand.

Not the Destination—But the Route

How the Recovery of Lost Facilities Gave the World a Masterpiece

By Augustus Thomas

THE one story from the Boer War that all men quote when asked for its remembered incidents of heroism, is that of the Highland piper who still played his regiment past him and up their hill as he sat by a boulder with both legs shot from under him. He got his Victoria Cross for it, and London took a holiday to cheer him, and the Queen herself spoke to him as we now remember it. And no record to the contrary being at hand, he may still be piping occasionally or often to neighbors or pilgrims. But whether in the flesh or not, piping now or silent, he will, in song and story pipe through many generations of linen nursery books and school readers, a noble example of a common man inspired by the highest spirit to the ultimate expression of his duty.

And English and American lads will thrill over the linen pages, and English and American grandsires restir with the songs of it, not because the performance celebrated is beyond their own capacity, but precisely to the con-

trary, because it is attuned to spiritual chords strung in their several hearts, but never as yet struck by the touch of similar circumstance.

That boy-piper on the hillside was fortunate in the dramatic quality of his accessories. The meaning of the thing he did was focused. His nation was present, symbolized by its flag; the nation's purpose voiced its call through the familiar tune that screamed under his finger tips; the hour for which those brother Kilties marked time and rhythmically swung since boyhood, was now striking; the elements were all blended and concentrate. The piper was fortunate because that same equal spirit spread out over a lifetime of attenuated expression would have left him at the dead level of us all; and he might have lived and died without that consciousness of a complete expression.

It is very wonderful to be permitted to answer 'Here' in a supreme moment. "They also serve who only stand and wait," but un-



Another illustration by Vierge, made with his left hand after he lost the use of his right.

fortunately there are no human instruments of accuracy to measure the heroism of willingness. Sometimes personal defects or handicaps overcome or surmounted give us approximate measure of the heroism present; and the world is almost as prompt to salute and reward such evidence of this quality, as it is to recognize examples like our piper's.

There is a considerable element of this tribute in our love for the writing of Robert Louis Stevenson, whom we conceive as working always conscious of a sentence of death. Even a struggle against frailties is admitted and allowed for: Coleridge would lose somewhat more than his opium if we took it from him, De Quincey, too; and a bone-dry or even a local-option Poe would begin to shrivel. As one dwells on it, isn't it really the resistance of the obstacle that helps us everywhere to measure and admire the overcoming capacity?

Doctor Copernicus and his poverty; Gutenberg and the arrests for debt; Galileo forced kneeling by the ignorant fist of superstition; the barefoot Columbus a sailor before the mast; Dante and exile; Tasso and persecution; George Stephenson and his primer at twenty; Arkwright and his alphabet at fifty; Franklin on the streets of Philadelphia with his loaf of bread under his arm.

When Cervantes wrote *Don Quixote* in his middle fifties, he had been for thirty years deprived of the use of one hand by a wound received as a soldier. By his pen he was supporting in rather mean conditions a wife, two sisters, a niece, and a housemaid, and at intervals serving jail sentences for debt. One can't help believing that the story of his brave struggle in this crippled condition potently attracted Daniel Vierge and induced him to illustrate *Don Quixote*.

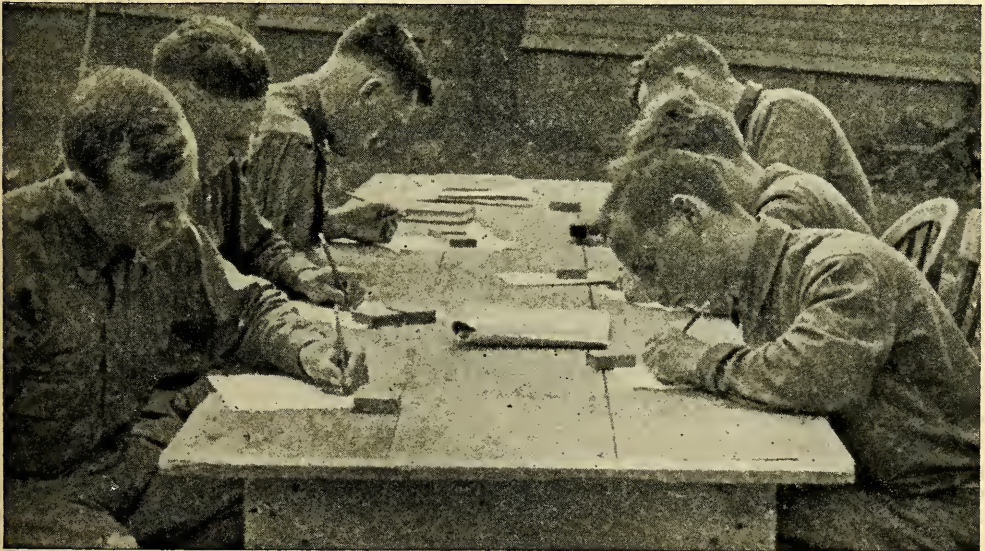
In the year 1881 Vierge was the greatest draughtsman in the world. At that time he worked with his right hand. *Without warning a stroke of paralysis rendered his right side useless, and for a time affected his memory and his recognition of printed letters so that he had to be read to in order to get the meaning of words. A few years later Daniel Vierge illustrated Don Quixote to the delight of the literary and artistic world, illustrated it truly, interpretatively and sympathetically for the first time in its history. He did this with his left hand now educated to the lost cunning of the paralyzed right, and the world recognized anew its master draughtsman.*

Looking at these flowing illustrations by Vierge, which if they do not almost excel the text in interest certainly enhance it as a compensating jewel may set off a first-water brilliant, one finds his attention circling around the marvel of their production of a left hand first educated to its work well on toward middle life; and the richness of the text and the beauty of the drawings, great as both are, become secondary in our wonder at the absolute coordination of mind and medium, the magical descent of idea to finger tips, the

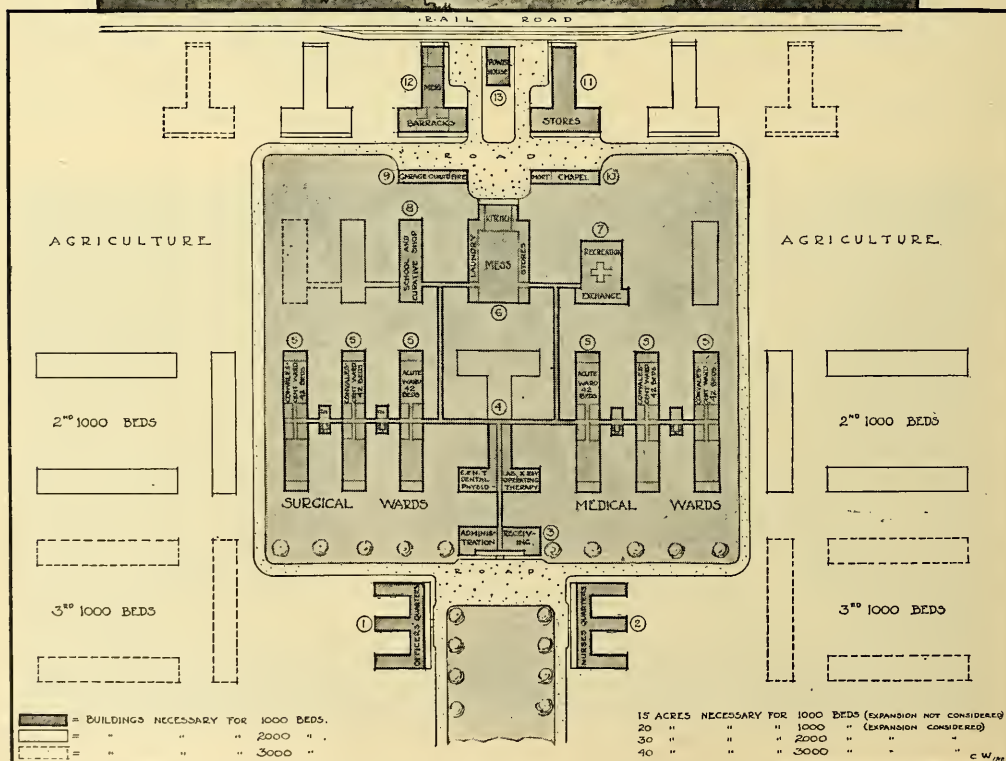
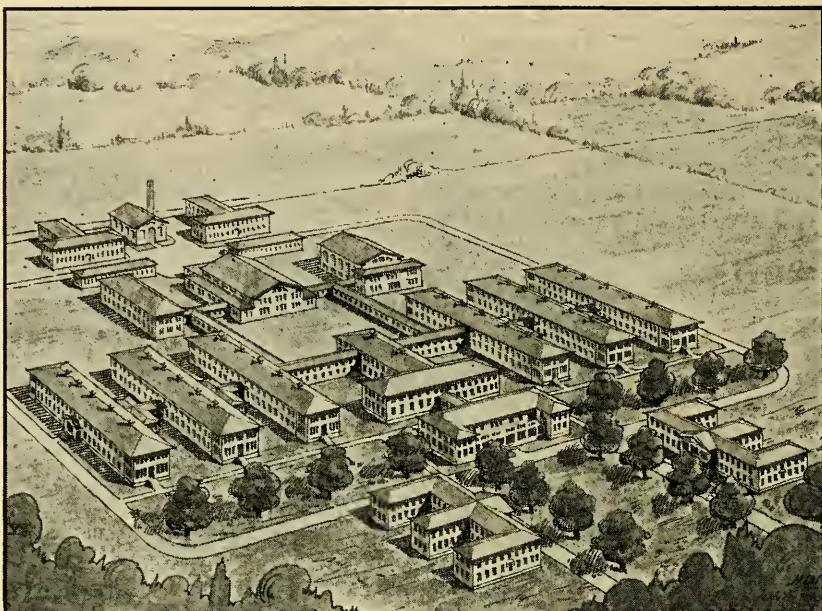
centaur-like union of brain and hand in this galloping production. We love Cervantes, we welcome and acclaim Vierge; but we lift the volume and bend above it reverently as over a sacred scripture, eloquent of a divinely accomplished miracle.

It is fine to sit wounded by the roadside, and pipe the regiment to victory, but it is colossal to face front through weary years, and slowly and patiently and accurately reconquer and recover a lost facility of inspired communication. And his reward, the compensation to Vierge must have been, not the destination, but the route; not the arrival, but the voyage; not the final satisfaction but the glorious daily consciousness of growth.

It is a pity from one viewpoint that Vierge's illustrations of Don Quixote are so valuable, so much a matter de luxe. They should be in the hands of every soldier as examples of what recovery the will can make from seeming physical bankruptcy and wreck. If one-tenth of this accomplishment is possible to human application, there can be no failure where one goes to work again at tasks, old or new, with even half a heart.



Every soldier in this class at Walter Reed Hospital is learning to write with his left hand. Skill in the use of the left for all purposes is so rapidly acquired that the loss of a right hand seems to be a comparatively small detriment to the average man.



SUGGESTED PLAN FOR A GENERAL HOSPITAL OF 1000 BEDS TO FUNCTION IN
PHYSICAL RECONSTRUCTION OF DISABLED SOLDIERS

Getting the Wounded Close to Home

A Plan for Sixteen Reconstruction Centers in the Military Districts of the Country

By Major H. Brooks Price, S. C., N. A.

Architect, Division of Physical Reconstruction

SINCE the entrance of the United States into the great war, there has been concrete evidence from all quarters of a deep interest in the care of our returned soldiers. Each day has brought offers of land and property to be used by the Surgeon General for reconstruction and convalescent hospitals.

The Surgeon General is cordially appreciative of the fine motives that have impelled these gifts and has tried so far as possible to state the position of the medical department with regard to the establishment of hospitals. No doubt, the future will afford opportunity in certain instances to accept some of these.

After months of earnest consideration and study of the experiences of our Allies, the most practical plan for the handling of our disabled soldiers and sailors returned to this country appears to lie in the establishment of sixteen great reconstruction hospitals capable of caring for thousands of men. It is planned to maintain one in each of the sixteen military districts of the country. Each will be fitted to the last detail for the extended treatment of

every known case of disability caused by wounds, gas, liquid fire, and disease.

Such a group of hospitals will mean first that the man can be returned close to his own home, where his family and friends can come to visit him. It will mean that he will receive not only the best possible treatment for his injuries whatever they may be but will be restored in spirit and given a renewed grip on life.

The illustrations on the opposite page show a proposed group of buildings designed for complete convalescent reconstruction work. This particular group would accommodate one thousand beds, but the accompanying plan indicates where and how extensions can be made to increase it to a capacity of three thousand beds or more. The advantages of this scheme over other types of general hospitals for reconstruction, are based on a compactness which will give it increased efficiency and facility of administration. Moreover, it will cost less to build, require less acreage and involve fewer steps in communication.

This is made possible by the concentration

KEY TO PLAN—Page 18

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 <i>Officers' Quarters</i> | 7 <i>Exchange, Recreation Building</i> |
| 2 <i>Nurses' Quarters</i> | 8 <i>Curative Shops, Vocational Schools</i> |
| 3 <i>Administration, Receiving Ward</i> | 9 <i>Guard House, Garage, Fire Engine</i> |
| 4 <i>Operating Room, X-ray and Laboratory</i>
<i>Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat</i>
<i>and Dental Therapy</i> | 10 <i>Chapel, Mortuary</i> |
| 5 <i>2-Story Ward Buildings</i> | 11 <i>Stores, Repair Shop</i> |
| 6 <i>Mess Hall, Kitchen</i>
<i>Laundry, Commissary</i> | 12 <i>Barracks, Mess and Kitchen</i> |
| | 13 <i>Power House, Heating Plant</i> |

in two-story buildings of two or more departments at present in separate one-story buildings—thus diminishing the total number of buildings by about 33 per cent. of the former number. There is another distinct advantage in placing acute cases adjacent to the center building, and expanding as the conditions require, which could be done up to as high as 5,000 beds.

The ground necessary for the erection of such a reconstruction center is comparatively small—not more than 20 acres. But, of course, the locality itself will be the only guide and

as much acreage as can be secured would add to the comfort of our men, and would make possible also, the treatment of tuberculous patients.

These general reconstruction centers will be a genuine asset to the military districts of the country if they are built in a permanent type of construction, such as terra cotta blocks or concrete. Their erection will do more than any single factor to facilitate the effective carrying out of the Governmental plans for reconstruction; to hasten the man's physical and vocational restoration and his return to society.

Reconstruction—Before and After

Fort McPherson, Atlanta, Ga.

THE nation needs men with technical training and skilled in the trades. Over 12,000 soldiers have been withdrawn from various camps and are now enrolled as students in schools and colleges throughout the country. Five hundred of the soldiers have begun work at the Georgia Technical School, Atlanta.

At Fort McPherson, Georgia, hundreds of men have been taking courses in French and motor mechanics while training for over-seas service. During the past month 150 patients at McPherson (U. S. General Hospital No. 6) devoted their spare time to gardening, type-writing, telegraphy, and motor mechanics. These men must not remain idle longer than is necessary to their recovery in the hospital.

Instructors of the Division of Physical Reconstruction are giving courses at Fort McPherson in the following subjects:

1. Motor Mechanics.
2. Telegraphy.
3. Wireless Telegraphy.
4. Typewriting.
5. Mechanical Drafting.
6. Cabinet Making.
7. Carpentry.
8. Harness Repairing.
9. Poultry Raising.
10. Shoe Repairing.
11. Reading and Writing English.
12. Penmanship and Bookkeeping.
13. Printing.

14. Newspaper Reporting and Editing.
Other courses are being prepared.

Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md.

EVERY soldier realizes the importance of being well shod and the close relation between comfortable shoes and general efficiency. When he returns to civilian life he shall want good shoes made of real leather, and when he pays between ten and fourteen dollars a pair for them he is not going to buy a new pair every few weeks. He will have his shoes repaired when they need it; so will other people. This is going to make profit for the shoe cobblers.

Shoe repairing has already become a very remunerative occupation, and it is going to be one of the well paid trades. As the price of shoes advances the business of repairing will improve accordingly.

This hospital has now a well-equipped shoe repair shop in which patients who are physically able can learn the trade thoroughly. Men who are unfitted for their former occupations because of their disability are already preparing for this work.

* * *

A SOLDIER with one leg, or even two off, can be taught telegraphy, and can do his work just as efficiently as any one else. Even the loss of an arm is not a bar to this profession. The number of one-armed telegraphers now employed by telegraph companies is proof.

Strange as it may seem a deaf man can be a telegraph operator. An easy way to demonstrate this is to go into a telegraph office and holding the hands over the ears as tightly as possible, notice how clearly you can hear the sharp tick of the telegraph instrument, when all other sounds are excluded.

Telegraphy is destined to play an important part in the rehabilitation of our wounded. First and foremost it is an occupation that requires steady concentration of mind. A man studying telegraphy, will, while in the course of his studies, subordinate all his mental worries, and by necessity keep his mind on the instrument in front of him. He cannot day-dream or allow his mind to wander to other things, but must be mentally on the alert while his machine is in operation.

The School of Telegraphy is without doubt the prize class at Fort McHenry. Its roster is being rapidly filled and before long there will be a waiting list

The Instruction Laboratory

MANY of the photographs in this issue of CARRY ON were made by the Instruction Laboratory, of the Surgeon General's Office, under the command of Colonel W. O. Owen. The laboratory, which is in the Army Medical Museum, Washington, is one of the best equipped of its kind in the country. It has a large and versatile staff of motion picture men drawn from leading commercial organizations, camera experts, artists and skilled mechanics.

The Instruction Laboratory has made a number of motion pictures that are being shown in all of the army camps and cantonments. These depict in an interesting way various phases of sanitation and physical reconstruction and have proved highly effective for both officers and enlisted men.

* * *

In America the growing popularity of the phrase "Carry On" is interesting. Before this magazine appeared, The Equitable Life Assurance Society had issued a monthly bulletin

for its employees called "Carry On." It has just been brought to our attention. Like its name it inspires patriotic action.

* * *

THERE is a short phrase of but two words in use at the front today that contains perhaps more of the noble, more of the sublime, than any other phrase of all time. It is but a simple phrase—Carry On—but it contains more real patriotism, more idea of self-sacrifice, and more idealism, than the entire English language put together.

In the cold gray dawn on the battlefield, through the rising mists, the captain gathers his men about him and leads the charge across the grim desolation of No Man's Land. But when, half way across that expanse, a bullet lays him low does he stop then to call for the stretcher-bearers! No, he turns to his first lieutenant, "Mr. Smith, Sir," he says, "Carry on!" And when a few yards farther on Fate overtakes Mr. Smith, young Brown—a mere stripling but eighteen years of age—without a moment's hesitation steps forward and carries on, only to fall at the edge of the trench. Does this stripling—the bloom of youth still fresh on his cheeks and the aura of Princeton or Harvard yet around him—when he reels from the blow of the shell and realizes that his race is almost run, stop to cry out for aid? No, he is made of sterner stuff. With a final effort he cries out, "Sergeant, take command; I'm done for. Carry on!" And so the grizzled Sergeant, veteran of many years of war, carries on to final victory.

From the Red Cross Magazine

* * *

The editor of CARRY ON has been requested by the Director of the Federal Board for Vocational Education to announce that the Board has been notified by the Canadian War Mission at Washington that all laymen from the United States desiring to visit the various activities of the Canadian Department of Soldiers Civil Re-Establishment, especially in the Vocational Re-Educational Work as related to disabled soldiers and sailors, must be provided with credentials from the Federal Board at Washington.



Da Voice Da Germans Meessed

By T. A. Daly

Illustrated by J. Scott Williams

*Giuseppe Scalabrella ees returna from da war,
 An' soocha happy Dagoman you nevva see bayfore!
 He tooka playnta hands weeth heem w'en first he starta 'way,
 But he ees only gotta wan for workin' weeth today;
 He walked upon a coupla legs bayfore da war baggan,
 But now he's gotta crutch-a-steeck for tak' da place of wan.
 An' yat dees seelly Dagoman's so glad as he can be—
 You ought to hear da happy songs dat he ees seeng for me!*

*Giuseppe was a laborman dat use' for deeg da tranch
 Bayfore he go weeth Oncla Sam for halp to save da Franch.
 He was wan fina laborman bayfore he go to war,
 But now he sure ees nevva gona deega tranch no more.
 Eef you was stronga man like dat for use da spade an' peeck,
 An' den be bust to hal, you bat my life, eet mak' you seeck;
 An' you would theenk Giuseppe would be sad as he can be—
 But you should hear da happy songs dat he ees seeng for mel*

*He nevva seeng bayfore, but now he don'ta do a theeng
 But joosta seet aroun' da house an' seeng, an' seeng, an' seeng.
 "I tell you, Tony, how eet is," he say to me today,
 "Da firsta fight dat I am een dey shoot my hand away;
 An' w'en I was een hospital da time eet was so long
 I no could read an' so, you see, I joosta bust weeth song.
 I don'ta know da way eet come, but eet's so easy, see?"
 An' den you shoulda hear da happy songs he seeng for mel*

*"W'en I am wal agen," he say, "dey said I could no fight;
 But steel I went for more, an' dat's da time I got eet right!
 Dey shoot me een da lefta leg—an' look da way I am!
 But alla time een hospital I seeng my songs, by dam!
 Da nurses an' da wounded man dey laugh an' cry for more,
 An' alla time da songs I seeng gat better dan bayfore.
 Ah! lees'en now, my Tony, an' I geeve you two or three"—
 An' den you oughta hear da happy songs he seeng for mel*

*"An' joost bayfore dey send me home my capitan he said:
 'I s'pose you theenk, da way you're treemmed, you might as wal be dead;
 But Oncla Sam ees feex eet so he gona find a trade
 For evra creepled man, an' so you need no be afraid.
 You can no deeg da tranch no more, but steel you should rayjoyce
 Baycause dose damma Boches deed not shoot you een da voice!"
 Da 'Merican Caruso now, you see, I gonna be!"
 An' den you shoulda hear da happy songs he seeng for mel*





WHERE OPPORTUNITY BEGINS

Who has not thrilled to the bravery of our negro troops in action? Some of these men returned home wounded, are receiving for the first time the advantages of an education. This class of soldiers in beginner's English was initiated at U.S. General Hospital No. 9, Lakewood, N. J.—the first of its kind in the Army.

Reconstruction Has Begun

By Colonel Frank Billings, M. C., N. A.

Director of the Division of Physical Reconstruction, Office of the Surgeon General

A YEAR ago—in August, 1917—in keeping with the spirit of the times, which has awakened public sentiment to the necessity of conserving life and industrial manhood, the Surgeon General directed the organization in his office of the Division of Physical Reconstruction of soldiers disabled in line of duty. Since that date the subject has received the earnest consideration of the personnel appointed to do the work. The policy of the Surgeon General in the matter of physical reconstruction of disabled soldiers may be phrased as follows: "That no soldier disabled in line of duty shall be discharged from the

Army until cured, or as nearly so as the nature of his disability permits." This policy was approved by the War Department.

The Hospital Division of the Surgeon General's Office designated the general military hospitals in which the continued treatment of disabled men has been and will be carried on. The professional divisions of the Surgeon General's Office organized and assigned the medical and surgical staff of the designated hospitals. Arrangements were made for the education of Reconstruction Aides in physio-therapy and in occupational therapy to function in the hospitals. As these

women became qualified they were assigned to work.

Approved plans permitted the construction of special buildings at each general hospital where disabled soldiers are treated. These special buildings properly equipped are being used for two purposes:

1. For physio-therapy, embracing hydro-, electro- and mechano-therapy. Arrangements are also made for indoor play and attention has been given to the acquisition of sufficient grounds for outdoor games and active drill and setting up exercises.

2. Curative workshops. A schedule of curative work has been adopted, applicable to ward work; also in shops for patients who are able to be up and about.

Qualified educational officers have been secured to administer the Department in the office of the Surgeon General and to furnish a personnel for the various hospitals to direct curative, mental and manual work. A medical

personnel has been mobilized and instructed in special duties at the Army Medical School, Washington. Its duty is to care for the disabled soldiers on the transports from overseas.

Receiving and distributing hospitals have been organized at Ellis Island and Newport News, with a trained personnel to make medical examinations and to classify and assign disabled soldiers to the proper hospitals for physical reconstruction. The necessary machinery has been elaborated and an organization perfected for the transfer of soldiers disabled in line of duty at the training camps.

For months the physical reconstruction of disabled soldiers has been carried on in a quiet and unobtrusive way. Hundreds of soldiers disabled in line of duty overseas and in the training camps are under treatment at the present time.

The work is actively and efficiently carried on under the full organization indicated at



Food conservation has opened up new opportunities in truck gardening and the handicapped soldier is quick to take advantage of them. This class recently exhibited a fine array of market products, which the men themselves raised on the grounds of Walter Reed Hospital.

Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington; Fort McPherson, Ga.; Fort Porter, N. Y.; Fort McHenry, Baltimore; Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco; Cape May, Lakewood and Colonia, N. J.; New Haven, Conn.; Markleton, Pa.; and Otisville, N. Y. The necessary organization is in course of develop-

ment for the work at Plattsburg, N. Y.; Fort Bayard, New Mexico; Fort Des Moines, Iowa; and at Hot Springs, Ark. As the need arises other general hospitals already in existence will be utilized and new general hospitals may be constructed in certain military zones of the country.



THE HOUSE THAT IVAN BUILT

This model more than five feet high was constructed by a Russian laborer who enlisted in the British Army and was disabled in battle. He made it during the first month of his re-education as a carpenter at Whitby, Canada. It is significant because other men like him, with no previous experience in woodwork, will for the first time in their lives become skilled artisans.

The Way Out

Desire and Ambition Must Be Born in the Man Himself

By Lt.-Col. H. E. Mock, M. C., N. A.

WHILE the Medical Department of the Army is utilizing every preventive measure known to reduce the number and severity of disabilities, yet warfare inevitably produces a certain number of disabled soldiers.

Under the direction of the Surgeon General the medical officers today are seeking not only good end-results from a medical standpoint but the best possible end-results from an economic and social standpoint for all handicapped fighters.

In order to achieve these ideals it should be recognized that the disabled man himself must acquire the proper mental attitude toward this work—he must develop the vision and see its purpose.

Hospitals may be established and the maximum cure sought; all kinds of schools and workshops for vocational training may be created; the whole great machinery for rehabilitation may be organized; but unless the desire and ambition for this training are born—unless the idea of grasping every opportunity to make good by their own efforts is inculcated in the very souls of these men, the whole scheme is bound to be a failure.

To this end there has been started a campaign to show the men, disabled by wounds and disease, "The Way Out." A small book with this title is soon to be circulated throughout the hospitals in Europe and in this country. It is cheery, it is comforting, and it is filled with inspiring material to stimulate



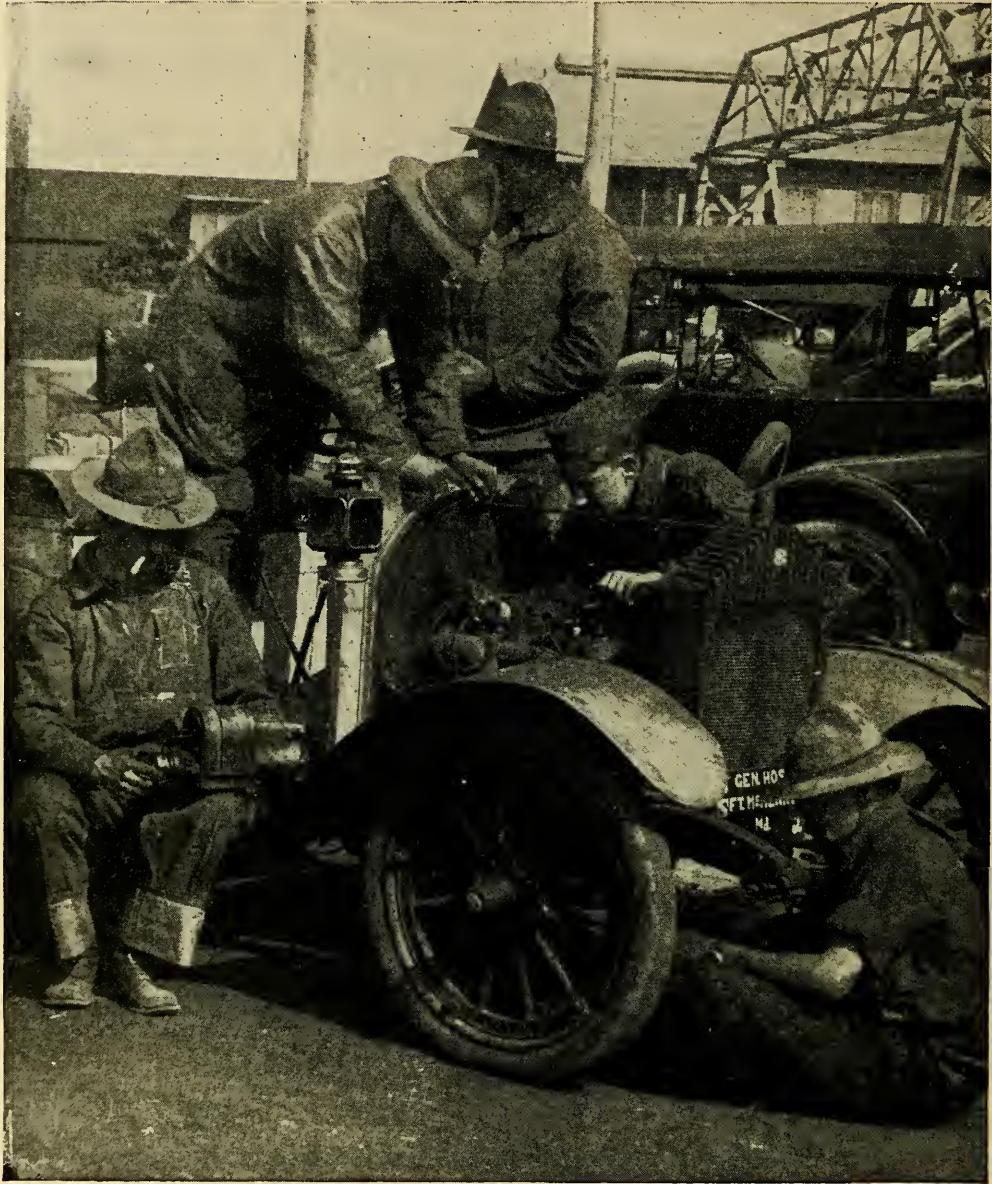
Artistry at Fort McHenry, designed and executed by clever soldier patients as part of their curative work.

ambition. Here will be found short, optimistic letters from the disabled back home—the men without arms, the blind, the diseased—who have overcome their handicaps, have trained themselves, have become better men than they were before, and have successfully taken their places in society, established homes, have children, and most other things that make living worth while.

The nurses, attendants, and doctors in the wards are being inspired with this same material to pass it on to these handicapped men in gradually increasing doses from the earliest moment of disability until their reconstruction is completed.

Motion pictures showing "The Way Out" have been made and already have been of great inspirational value to many of the returned disabled. Every form of publicity that will help secure this proper mental attitude on the part of the disabled soldier is welcomed by the Surgeon General and the officers in charge of Physical Reconstruction.

With a sympathetic public behind this great movement and the wounded soldier imbued with the idea of making good in spite of his handicaps, the Medical Department of the Army will be able to render the greatest service to our boys—a service beyond the dreams of medical science previous to this war and of permanent value to the community and the state.



OUR FUTURE ENGINEERS

A good many handicapped automobiles are being rehabilitated while disabled soldiers learn a profitable trade at Fort McHenry. The future demand for skilled mechanics is drawing men partially handicapped into this promising field, where the wages are high and the work steady.

The Need for Reality

Consider What Will Happen Five or Ten Years from Now

By John Galsworthy

From the British War Pensions Gazette

IN France, last winter and early spring, I saw several establishments for the professional re-education of the disabled French soldier, and put this question to their directors: "Your system being voluntary, to what degree do you find men availing themselves of it?"

The gist of the answers was: "Not many came at first, but gradually more and more, till now perhaps we get one-half to two-thirds." At La Maison Blanche, near Paris, which draws its men from a single hospital of 700, I found that—whereas when Sir Henry Norman paid his visit last autumn 270 were in process of training—400 were training when I paid my visit this March; 130 of the others did not need professional re-education, and the remaining 170 refused. The advance in the numbers training was obtained by continual propaganda at the hospital which fed the establishment.

Now if, in France, we estimate the proportion of those who, in the long run, for one reason or another, refuse to avail themselves of professional re-education, at even only one-fourth, the French are still going to have amongst them, in the future, a large number of men who will be almost dead weight industrially, and burdens to themselves into the bargain. True, the Frenchman is by nature an individualist, but he is nothing like such an individualist as the Briton; moreover, he is quicker in the 'up-tak', and more impressionable. Further, he is much less naturally improvident and careless of the morrow, and I think he has more pride.

JOBS EASY TO GET NOW

What then is going to happen in England where our system is also voluntary? What

proportion of disabled men will avail themselves of the chances offered? And what proportion will pass by this more promising scheme, and step out into the jobs that for the moment await almost anyone, in these days of scarce labor? There's the crux that may spill our effort. I should say that a good half will refuse their chances, and we shall find ourselves in the end with more dead weight even than the French, unless we can devise special means against this disaster.

We have to convince the disabled that, to be re-educated not only physically but professionally, is absolutely essential to them, against a future which, fat enough for the moment, is going in a few years' time to be very lean and hard; and for men handicapped as they will be, simply impossible except for charity, which one imagines is the last thing they want.

It can't be said too often that the situation while the war lasts is utterly misleading. All civilians now feel grateful and want to pet and serve the wounded soldier. Labor is hard to find, so that anyone—even the handicapped—can get a job.

TEN YEARS HENCE

All that will have gone by the time the war has been from five to ten years in its grave. Most of our disabled soldiers have thirty, forty, or fifty years before them. The man who slips his chance now, and trusts to luck and gratitude, will find himself on a beach where he will get more kicks than ha'pence, ten years hence. It is absolutely natural that he who is sick of discipline and hospitals, should want to get back to ordinary civil life without any intermediate period of hostels



Back to the land will go many of our returned soldiers. Farming on modern lines with modern machinery is being taught by all of our Allies. This photograph taken outside of Calgary shows Canadian soldiers handicapped in the war learning to operate a tractor.

and attendance at training schools and so forth under a sort of discipline. I should myself, and so would any of us who write, wisely or foolishly, about these matters. I should hate to be hung-up another six or eight months, or maybe a year, learning a new job, when there are jobs that want no learning waiting for me round the corner, especially if I had done my bit and felt that those who hadn't ought to keep me in comfort for the rest of my days. And if anyone came along and said to me: "My man, how magnificent your patriotism has been in the war! I'm sure that you'll like to continue to be patriotic now that you are maimed, and serve your country nobly in the future as in the past, by making yourself efficient, instead of being lost to the industrial life of your native land!" Well—I should want to get up, and say "Cant!" and smite him in the eye.

A NATURAL ATTITUDE

When you have just lost a limb for the benefit of your country you cannot be expected

to be precisely in the mood to appreciate talk about patriotism and all the rest of it, from those who haven't lost limbs. *No, if I were a maimed soldier, I could only be persuaded to get a special training by being shown convincingly that if I didn't, it was going to be the worse for me.*

We are all, soldiers included, inclined to forget in these roaring times of war the dour and dire struggle for existence that obtains in the so-called piping times of peace. Our pensions may be liberal, as pensions go, but they are not enough to live on—much less support a family, and the trouble is this: A few years hence, when people have begun to hate the memory of a war which will have made the struggle for existence harder, the universal feeling towards the maimed soldier will become: "Well, he's got his pension, that ought to be enough. Besides he had his opportunity to get training for special employments, and he didn't take it. Life's much too hard nowadays for sentiment—they must run their chances now with the rest of us, in fair com-

petition." We know what that means—the weakest go to the wall. A few years hence the maimed soldier will only be secure against an uncertain and perhaps miserable future, if he is not among the weakest.

FOGS THE ISSUE

I should say, speaking like a fool perhaps, that the only people capable of persuading the maimed soldier, for his own sake to make his future position so strong as ever he can, are those who know what the life of labor is like in bad times, are not mealy-mouthed, and will put the thing bluntly in its naked grim reality. Just now we wrap things up with all sorts of natural and well-meant verbiage, about heroism and gratitude and never forgetting;

this doesn't help—on the contrary, it fogs the issue, and endangers the future of those whom we want to make secure. The time has come for blunt speaking to the maimed soldier by people who know how hard life and human nature are, and how short our memories.

I can see this most promising scheme languishing into futility because the Briton will not look ahead, and must run his nose right up against a thing before he can realize it's there. I can see tens of thousands of our maimed turning this scheme down with a shrug, and the words: "Oh! that's all right! I'm not worrying. Some day, perhaps!" That 'some day' is not likely to come at all unless it comes at once, in hospital or as soon as a man leaves hospital.



OFFICE OF THE SURGEON GENERAL
U. S. ARMY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

This building, where the executive branches of the Medical Department are centered, has been just recently completed. It is one of a large group of modern buildings erected by the Government to make room for the increased staff personnel of the army.



Reconstruction Staff

THE Staff of the Division of Physical Reconstruction in the office of the Surgeon General, U. S. Army, consists of the following personnel:

COLONEL FRANK BILLINGS, M. C., N. A. Professor of Medicine, University of Chicago, Director.

LT.-COL. EDGAR KING, M. C., N. A. Military Advisor.

LT.-COL. HARRY E. MOCK, M. C., N. A. Instructor in Industrial Medicine and Surgery, Rush Medical College, Assistant Director.

LT.-COL. JAMES BORDLEY, JR., M. C., N. A. Ophthalmic Surgeon to South Baltimore Eye and Ear Hospital, Baltimore, Md. In charge of the re-education of blinded soldiers and sailors.

LT.-COL. CHARLES W. RICHARDSON, M. C., N. A. Washington. In charge of re-education of the deaf and those with speech defects.

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A Magazine on the Reconstruction
of Disabled Soldiers and Sailors



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C A R R Y O N

Volume I

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All of Thomas A. Edison's great genius is not being applied solely to the mechanical aspects of the war. He finds time—how he does it is a mystery—to interest himself in social problems as well. Here he is seen in front of his home at Orange, N. J., discussing reconstruction with F. R. Bigler, Purchasing Agent of the Kansas City Gas Company. Mr. Edison, who years ago brushed aside the handicap of almost complete deafness, is telling Mr. Bigler, who has made good despite the loss of his right arm and left leg, that the returned soldier must be helped to find his place in industry and society. Physical handicaps, says Mr. Edison, won't stop any man who uses his brain. And if Mr. Edison isn't a striking example of the value of brain power, who in the world is?

Labor Stands Ready

By SAMUEL GOMPERS

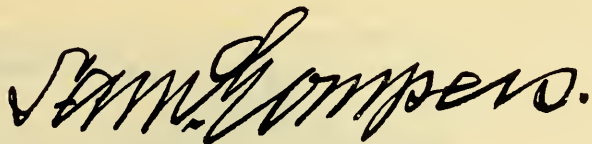
President, American Federation of Labor

ORGANIZED labor is wholeheartedly with the purpose of helping disabled soldiers and sailors to carry on as self-reliant productive members of society. To men who have risked their lives for this Republic, we owe it as a duty to protect against dependency and the deteriorating consequences of lack of vocational training.

Labor is concerned as to the rehabilitation of disabled soldiers and sailors not only for humanitarian social reasons but because of the detrimental economic consequences that would result from failure to return these men as resourceful, able members of society restored in purpose and in skill.

Labor desires to help in providing proper facilities under civilian control for the training of these men as well as to co-operate in returning them to industry, agriculture and commerce where they can perform real service under such conditions as will safeguard their best interests as well as those of fellow workers.

Labor fully appreciates the value of the principles of freedom involved in this war and desires to do everything within its power to assure justice to those who render service to the cause.

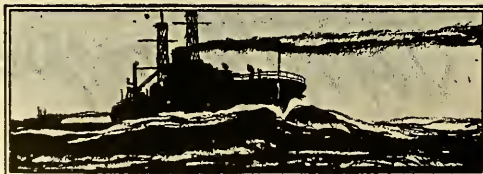
A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Sam. Gompers.", positioned at the bottom right of the page.



The Medical Department of the Navy has made all preparations for the medical and training treatment of the disabled men of the Navy and the Marine Corps. Not only will the facilities already existing in the Navy be used, but also every advantage will be taken of those developed by the Surgeon General of the Army in order that the sailors and the marines may be afforded the complete benefits of the very best facilities of the governmental and civil institutions thus made available.

W.C. Baisted.

Surgeon General, U. S. Navy.





Give the returned soldier something worth while to do and he is happy. For curative work the carpenter shop is a boon, because it affords a practical diversion that keeps his mind occupied and his muscles active and fit.

Home Comers from France

By Frank Ward O'Malley

THE battle-fields of France are coming so close to America that idlers seeking a breath of sea air on the Battery wall of New York may see, if their eyes are young and they know which way to look, khaki clad lads stumping along on wooden pegs that take the place of legs which have been shot away on the fields of glory, armless youths, men who have been gassed, upstanding lads whose hands have been blown off—and every mother's son of them with a grin on his bronzed face, a cigarette between his lips, and peace and hopeful content in his brave young heart.

Only the little stretch of water separating the toe of Manhattan from Ellis Island keeps the Battery loungers from getting a 'close-up' of the men just back from the battlefields. 'Invalids' is perhaps not just the word to describe these youths and young men who

are being landed on the island from a returning troopship. At least one couldn't think of them, despite the ever present vacant sleeve of khaki, the empty trouser leg pinned back above the knee or the crutches and splints and bandages, as physically abnormal.

For as they lounged or strolled about the doorways, walks and wards of the wonderful receiving hospital on Ellis Island which the army surgeons have swiftly brought to so marked a state of efficiency, their young eyes shone as brightly as the smiling eyes of any nurse or Red Cross girl pattering along the walks beside them. Trouble and care seemed a hundred leagues further from them, in fact, than from the faces of the thoughtful surgeons—some of them of national fame but all levelled now to the even plane to which the khaki brings the great and small—who passed

among them with a concentrated air which showed that steel-trap brains were centered wholly upon the thousand and one tasks that an army surgeon faces in days like these.

Two buck privates from the corn-fed belt of the Middle West, one with his right leg missing and the other minus his left, clacked along one of the walks with the aid of crutches and the peg legs which temporarily are taking the place of the artificial legs that soon will be fitted to them at the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. Seated on the stone steps or ranged in groups in the cool shadows of the brick wall as the two clacked along were the armless and legless and those whose limbs hung limp because bullets or high explosives had shattered important nerve tissue which soon, through science, will be made whole again—altogether a setting familiar enough to France and England and, because of half-tone reproductions, not altogether unknown here at second hand, but now for the first time locally a reality.

THE BATTLE OF CRUTCHES

The soldier who had parted with his right leg in the Toul sector of France was thrusting playfully with his left crutch at the midsection of his pal whose left leg was gone, quite as one idly bats with an oar at an object floating in the water. And the pal, his right crutch jabbing about with lightning speed, parried each thrust skillfully. All the grinning 'gallery' of the armless and legless on window ledge and walk yipped noisy encouragement to the crutch fencers, like so many school boys egging on a friendly pummelling match when 'teacher' is out of the room.

"Do you mean to say these chaps are always as chipper as this?" the amazed visitor asked a surgeon. "Haven't they any trouble or worry?"

"You bet they have," snapped the army surgeon. "Every man among 'em is sore as a pup because he got his, and got it good, so early in the game, or before he had had half a chance to take a good smash at the Heinies.

"But that's their only grouch. If I were to walk over there to them this minute and say, 'Well, boys, the Government has changed its mind about you fellows and is going to send you all back immediately to active duty in France,' they'd bust out with a yell of joy that would stop traffic over there among the skyscrapers on Manhattan."

And that was the truth. Also it wasn't a pose. The ecstasy of the great adventure had got into their marrow and they wanted more. As one chatted with them on the paths, in the wide, breezy corridors and wards or as they lay at ease on verandas where the sea breezes fluffed their tousled locks, they replied to a man, honestly and simply, that they would "like to be back there and in it again"—the 'there' being indicated with a half glance toward the spot where a little ribbon of far off water beyond the Narrows merged with the haze of the sky.

They spoke of their desire not only in brief and simple fashion but almost in a timid way, with the boyish shyness of youth which ever fears that the stranger will accuse it of bravado, of 'showing off'.

In passing it might be noted that all of them—all—had been wounded somewhere along the front elevation of their anatomy, or, at the worst, so short a distance back along their side elevations that there was no doubt left as to which way they were headed when hit. All of which is an obvious fact that perhaps is superfluous to mention, but is noted here merely to keep the record straight.



A shoemaker soldier who sticks to 'his last, helps the fighting army and has a trade to follow when he is discharged.

NEITHER PITY NOR HERO WORSHIP

The same spirit of youth and shyness which caused them, after they had been gently pressed to the point of talking at all about their exploits, to tell in a paragraph the Homeric tales of the great adventures which had laid them low, also caused them to look, at first, a bit suspiciously upon the questioner. One gathered that they feared that pity was to be proffered them, or worse, still, hero worship.

And none of them seemed to think he had done anything extraordinary, even those who had been decorated because of their great bravery. They had had a certain job to do, so they briefly related; and they told—always only when pressed—how they had done it, and that was all.

Why it was that not a single braggart was found among these men nor one broken spirit among all that shattered, happy, hopeful band, cannot be explained, except on the theory that perhaps the physical and spiritual fire through which they had gone seared away the petty failings. No one, not even the surgeons and nurses, attempted to explain the phenomenon; they merely contemplated it.

White-haired veterans of ancient battles may grow garrulous, as old men will, about their exploits of half a century ago, but not these young lads, at least not yet. And it is that same spirit of youth, their surgeons say, which is wholly responsible for the hopefulness that is so marked a trait among them all. If there was one in the whole crowd who had resigned himself to the fate of the crippled 'flopper' dolefully seeking alms from the sidewalk he did not betray the fact.

There was one easy way, and one only, to set their tongues wagging. All one had to do was to drop a remark about the plan of physical and mental reconstruction which already Uncle Sam is sending along at full swing—which really is begun the minute they step upon Ellis Island—and instantly they were all interest and animation.

The eternal hopefulness of youth already seemed to have won more than half the battle they face as they try, with their Uncle's expert assistance, to make themselves almost perfect

men again—useful citizens, who despite their handicaps of missing legs and arms and eyes, will walk and work among their fellows again, shave themselves, roll their makin's unasisted, and pile up their savings until they own (and drive) their flivvers back among the home folks.

A NORTH DAKOTA SIX-FOOTER

One of them, a blond-haired, good-looking six-footer from a North Dakota farm—fully clothed in his uniform except that he had laid aside his khaki jacket—was taking it easy on his made-up cot and enjoying the breezes that came through the open window. One stalwart leg was crossed easily over the up-tilted knee of the other, leaving a substantial North Dakota foot cocked high above his bed blankets.

He lay there, his arms crossed indolently back of his head and evidently at peace with all the world. At first glance one saw nothing physically wrong with him; just a full-blooded youth with the lithe figure of an athlete and all life spread smilingly before him.

But as one drew closer to his cot one noted that there were only two rounded blurs of scarred flesh just inside the cuffs of his khaki shirt. Both hands had been blown off at the wrists.

"How's everything, Mac?" the major asked, pausing beside the cot. "How's she headin' today?"

Respectfully the handless soldier raised himself to a sitting position by prodding his elbows into the blankets that covered his cot. Everything was headin' just right, he said with a smile.

He talked about his accident in the trenches in matter of fact fashion, as one tells of being caught without an umbrella in the rain. Then someone, by way of encouragement, mentioned a man from his own northern prairies, Michael Dowling. Instantly the tall Dakota lad was sitting erect.

"Sure—I know about Dowling," he cried, and immediately took the lead in the conversation. "You mean the fellow out our way who lost an arm and both legs and part of his other hand when he was frozen in a blizzard.

The way I get it, that was the making of that fellow. Now he sails along the street of his home town like there never was anything the matter with him, and he doesn't limp, and he drives his own car, and everything."

"Now he's educated himself and got in the legislature and is a bank president and everything. God, there's nothing to it; if a fellow like that can put it over, so can I or anybody else that sets his mind to it, especially when you're no worse off than me, with everything perfect except that my hands are off."

THE WAR CROSS OF FRANCE

Toward the foot of the cot to listen hobbled a pink cheeked lad from Maine, the left leg of his khaki trousers pinned snugly about the stump of his left thigh. He stood there, braced easily on his crutches, for some moments before the surgeon turned and saw him.

"Now here's a peculiar case," said the tall young major, assuming a professional air but with a gleam of humor in his eye, as he advanced toward the one-legged lad from Brunswick, Maine. "Here's a boy whose whole trouble is inside. I'll turn him inside out and show you. Come here to the window, Ballinger."

With a sheepish smile the boy obeyed, swinging slowly along on his crutches until he was in a strong light. Quickly the surgeon unbuttoned the lad's army shirt and threw back the left flap. There, pinned to the inside of the shirt so that it was almost buried beneath his arm-pit, was a striped ribbon from which was dangling in glittering glory the War Cross of France. The major raised the bit of metal in his palm reverently so the light might shine upon it. There were seconds of silence; the visitor studying the medal that meant so much, the boy still blushing sheepishly.

Mention of his home state, Maine, and the glories of its fishing and hunting country along its northern stretches, brought a new light into his eye. He had been a silk weaver at Brunswick, Maine, he said, until he enlisted in the engineers about a year ago for service in France.

"Oh, I can go into the woods to hunt and fish the same as ever," he said, lightly. "Los-

ing a leg will not interfere any with my job as a silk weaver, and when they get me down to Washington they're going to fit me out with one of these knee-jointed propellers they fasten onto you down there and then I'll be able to walk in the woods or any place else as well as ever.

"I was thinking it over every which way, coming over here on the ship from France. And after all's said and done, I've decided that if I had it to do all over again I'd a dam' sight rather have seen and done all the things that came my way in France, and especially having this War Cross here all my life, than to be just a weaver that never got out of Brunswick, particularly when it ain't costing me anything except for a little limp in my walk."

In groups and couples and singly they came and went through the wards in the corridors. One heard such greetings as, "Hello, yuh darned old cripple! How's every little thing?"—the legless man in the corner of a ward giving the greeting happily to the soldier lad with the empty sleeve passing his chair. And earlier in the day a nurse had heard the handless youngster from North Dakota happily discussing with another boyish soldier, who had both legs off above the knees—but walking along easily with the aid only of temporary pegs and a cane—how they could pool their total of physical assets in order to make one perfect man.

Into the hospital at Ellis Island come most of the returning wounded. This hospital and several others now and throughout the war will be the general 'clearing houses', where the wounded, which henceforth are bound to come back in increasing numbers, will rest for a day or two from their trip and then be sent, always under proper escort, to the military hospital best equipped to handle particular cases. The surgeons impress upon the wounded that expert treatment by specialists is everything and geographical distribution of minor importance.

But in the meantime nostalgia is not virulent enough to disturb the home comers who joke away their first days at home, as they lounge or scuffle, play cards or read the magazines and watch the movies in the Red Cross

tent, buy pop over the counter of the Ellis Island canteen, bat at each other playfully in passing, or sit in breezy spots and plan the great new life stretching out before them.

And when the last movie film has flickered on the screen at night, they unstrap their temporary aids to locomotion, amid happy noises that make one think of a school boy

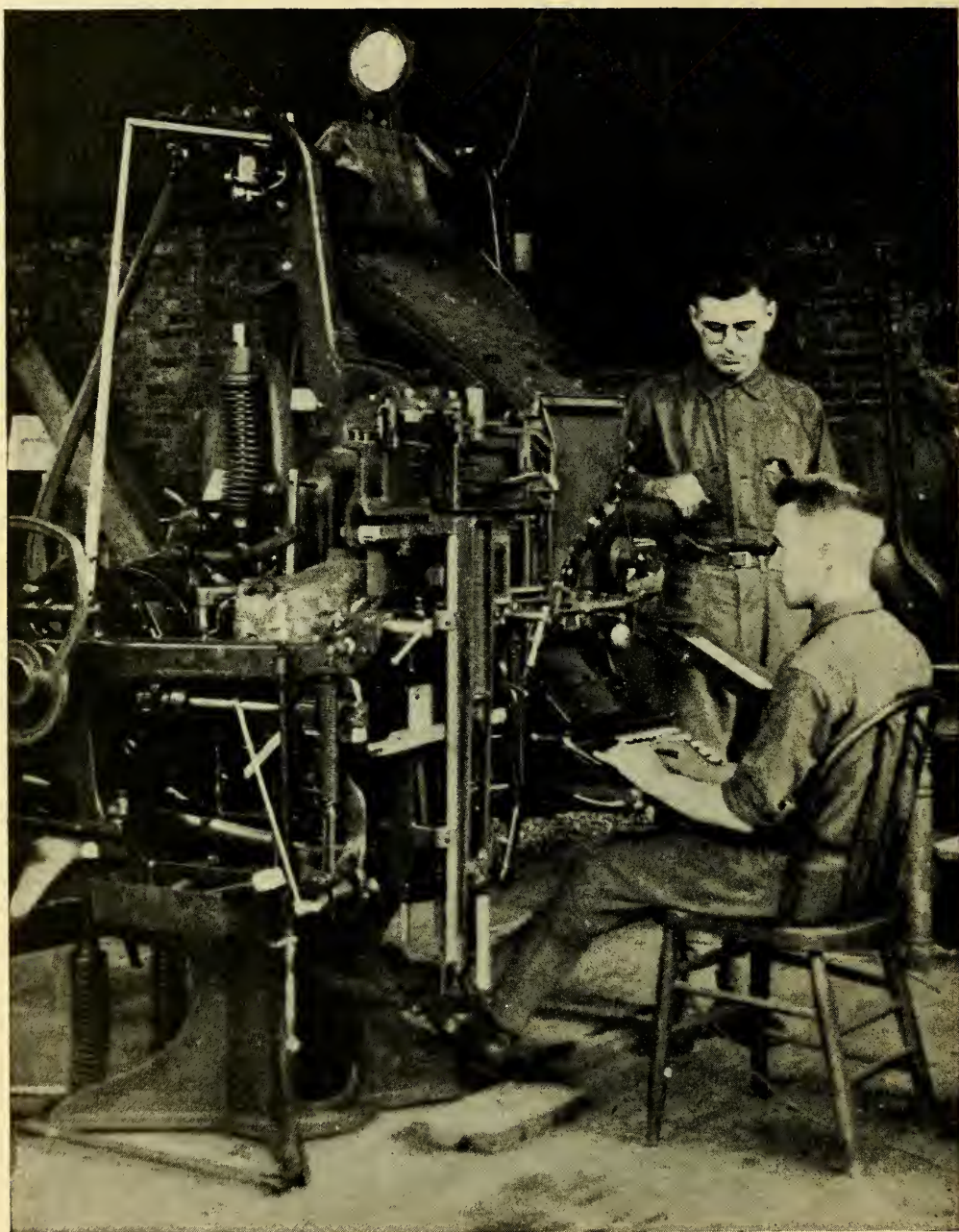
dormitory. Then, almost a stone throw from the big bronze Liberty lady to the south, they turn in and go to sleep, a soft light shining through their windows from the spot close by where the Goddess holds high her torch to light the outbound path of their keen-eyed young 'buddies'—headed eastward to take up the job where the home comers had had to quit in a blaze of glory.



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SOUTH AFRICA CARRIES ON

There is no end of opportunity for the man who has lost a leg. Throughout the British Empire soldiers wounded like this South African are retained for work necessary to the military service. America follows suit with fine results.



HEAD JOBS

The demand for typographers becomes increasingly greater in the army as well as out. In spite of almost any disability, with both hands intact, a man can be taught to operate a typesetting machine and make a valuable war worker. The linotype shown above is installed at U. S. General Hospital No. 9, Lakewood, N. J., and a printing class of soldiers is being instructed. Similar courses are given at other reconstruction hospitals.

The Lucky Handicap

By Major Rupert Hughes, U. S. A.

DID you ever know a race to be won by the man who had no handicap at all? The betting odds are always on the man who starts at scratch or thereabouts. He gradually overtakes and passes the string ahead of him and goes through to the goal.

Success in life is only a Marathon. People make fun of the hare who let the tortoise beat him, but a bookmaker who knew his business would have favored the tortoise in the betting every time.

The rich man's son with what people call 'every advantage' has really all the disadvantages. He has next to nothing to fight for. He has nothing to strengthen his muscle and his determination and his envy on. He gets everything but his clothes ready made.

He is like an elevator boy with no stairs to climb; he only uses his legs for props. A little pull on a rope or a shift of a lever and the car shoots up or down; so his arms stay flabby.

Nobody ever made a success with a cinch. The greatest helps a man can have are his handicaps. Among all great orators who would be called the greatest? Demosthenes, of course. He stuttered as a boy and had a voice that hardly carried past his Grecian nose; so he filled his mouth with pebbles and went out on the beach to shout down the breakers. It was good practice for conquering audiences.

Among all the great composers, who would be called the greatest? Beethoven, undoubtedly. He was deaf during a great part of his life.

The master poet of Greece was Homer and he was blind. And so was the epic poet of England, Milton. A man does not have to hear to make music, nor see to write.

Pilgrim's Progress was composed in a jail, and so was the masterpiece of Spanish literature, *Don Quixote*.

Speaking of Spanish literature, W. H. Prescott, one of America's greatest historians, who wrote classic histories of the Spanish monarchs and conquerors, made wonderful research among ancient manuscripts in spite of the fact that he could hardly see. When he was in college a boy threw a piece of bread at him. It hit him in the eye and he became all but blind. Yet he managed to devise means for reading almost endlessly in dim old libraries.

Another famous American historian was Francis Parkman who was such an invalid that he fainted at the least effort. He could hardly work an hour a day; it was torture for him to travel. Yet he filled many volumes with the results of his explorations in rough countries, seeking the truth about Indian wars and customs.

There was a young Count named Géza Zichy who had an ambition to be a pianist. At seventeen he lost his right arm. But he went right on with his career. He rearranged the brilliant concert pieces that were beyond the ability of most pianists so that he could play them with his left hand. He composed works of his own and made himself famous as a pianist. He composed two successful operas.

One of the greatest of all illustrators was the Spaniard Vierge. In the very height of his career his right hand failed him. He learned to draw as well with his left. The American cartoonist, T. S. Sullivan, who has drawn so much laughter from the readers of *Life*, lost the use of his right hand, too. He learned to draw with his left and his followers never knew the difference.

It would be easy to go on all day mentioning names ancient and modern of those whom fate seemed to surround with wire entanglements, but who scrambled up out of the ditch, and

went over the top, crawled through the barbs and charged on to victory.

With some of them, the handicaps were poverty or parental opposition, ill-health, poor education, hostility, disgrace, wounds, physical, mental or spiritual obstacles to overcome. But they were not stopped.

To my thinking, we ought not to say that a man succeeds 'in spite of' handicaps but 'because of' handicaps. The man to feel sorry for is the poor fellow who is rich in everything but defects. He is the one whose case is most nearly hopeless. What has the wretch got to exercise his will power on? or to set his teeth in? or to brace himself against? A man can't get strong by lifting cream puffs or sticking pansies in his buttonhole.

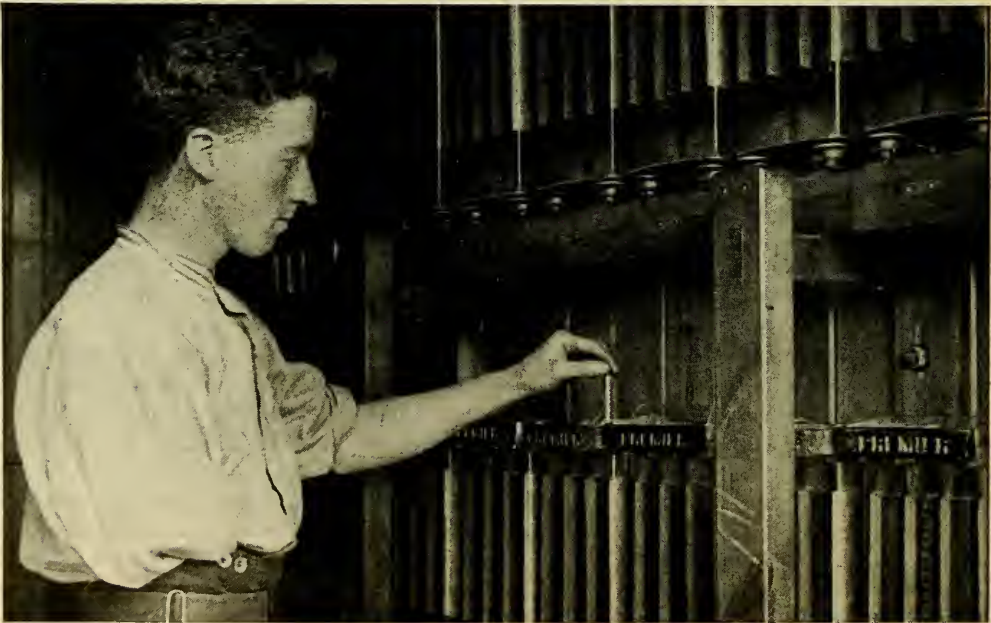
When he wakes up in the morning he has no pet demon sitting on the foot of his bed defying him and bringing him out of the nest of sloth with a roar. People are so cantankerous that they never get over the childhood longing to do what they are warned against. When destiny says "You can't," a man of real stuff replies, "I'll show you."

The things people do best are the impossible things. The novel that had most effect on American history was written by the timid little wife of a clergyman, and the noblest war poem ever written by an American was written by a woman. The Spartans who put their weaklings to death never accomplished anything but a little fairly good fighting. The race is not to the swift, but to the lame, the halt and the blind. It's the grit that counts.

Perhaps the stoutest hearted poem in any language was written by a poor bedridden invalid who spent a good part of his time in hospitals under the surgeons' knives. He wrote that marvelous defiance:

*Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.*

*In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.*



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One steady hand may mean a good job in any one of several branches of electricity. This South African soldier with a hydrometer holds a position as tester. He learned this new trade *after* his return.

Invisible Wounds

By Captain Arthur H. Samuels, S. C., U. S. A.

THERE is always a disposition on the part of the public to recognize the obvious. Outward show makes an easy appeal and the brains and the effort behind it are generally ignored. The authority of a uniformed policeman is respected; but the plain-clothes detective must show his badge.

A great American statesman commenting on a slip of the tongue made by a contemporary once said: "Never give the public an etching; always give them a poster. It is dangerous to be subtle."

As our soldiers are returning in increasing numbers from the battle-fields overseas and are beginning to be seen by their countrymen in whose defense they have been maimed, it is evident that great consideration will be shown them. Instinctively, a warm sympathy arises for the man whose sleeve is empty, whose leg has been shot away by a hun bullet or who has been outwardly injured. These men deserve sympathy and help and encouragement in full measure and they will be offered every facility, physical and educational, to restore them to civilian life where they can once more take their places as useful citizens.

Much has been said and written during the past year about the civilian cripple and the handicapped soldier. Pictures have been drawn that show how the hand-organ must be allowed no longer to play on the heart strings of a gullible public. It is understood pretty clearly in America today that the man who has suffered loss of limb can, with or without appliances, be employed in business, industry and agriculture with profit to himself and to his employer.

BROKEN WITHIN

But what of the soldier who comes back broken within by the ravages of modern

warfare? What of the man whose lungs have been seared by the poisonous gasses of the enemy? What of our nerve-racked, shell-shocked fighters—the victims of liquid fire and tuberculosis? These men bear wounds quite as honorable as their brothers who are obviously handicapped; but the wounds they carry are invisible.

Intrepidity and brilliant physical action resulting in loss of limb are picturesque manifestations of courage, and the fruits of glory are commensurate. We read of a British captain who has been decorated with the Victoria cross because of extraordinary service, the nature of which might not be revealed until after the war. Here indeed was a reward for hidden valor. This man was not allowed to tell what feats of daring had brought him such high honor. Scoffers there were, who whispered of influence at court—until finally the Government announced that the V. C. was conferred as a result of several handsome submarine bombings, a material reduction of the enemy's sea power. Not even a correspondent was present.

NOT THE PICTURESQUE

There can be no doubt that the public is being reconstructed in its former attitude toward the disabled soldier. But it is true as well that the present tendency is to spend most of its sympathy and encouragement on the man with visible wounds and there is danger that a disproportionate amount of attention will be applied at the expense of the equally deserving fighter whose injuries are hidden from the public eye.

It is not the picturesque side of reconstruction that will afford the most troublesome problems for this country. The heart must be stirred not entirely through the eye for it is a fact based on the casualties of the past four



MEN WHO DON'T LOOK IT

At all of the reconstruction centers are hundreds of soldiers from this country and overseas who do not show their disabilities. This group at Lakewood works daily under a physical director. The men also attend classes in various subjects to fit them mentally for the future—in service or back home.

years, that the greater percentage of soldiers passing through reconstruction centers are suffering from internal rather than outward surgical injuries. Many men who have been temporarily weakened by the rigors of service will appear to be strong and well.

At one of the reconstruction hospitals there arrived recently a hulk of a man whose physique belied his condition. Before he entered the service more than a year ago he

had been a fireman. He was returned from France as a disabled soldier, but except for a slight pallor, he looked capable of doing very strenuous work.

"I feel pretty good," he said, "but my nerve is gone—I can't stand the gaff like I used to."

Here is a man apparently intact but suffering from a nervous condition brought on by the hardships of long fighting. He is receiving the best medical care and when he is dis-

charged from the hospital and the army he will have received as part of his treatment, training and education to fit him for a gainful occupation; and, if necessary, will be out in a place free from the noise and strain of his previous livelihood.

A TRUE BALANCE

The invisibly wounded of this type are entitled to full consideration at the hands of their families, their friends and employers. It will be difficult in many instances for the business man eager to open his doors to the returned fighter to understand why men who look hale and hearty enough, will be unable to go into certain jobs involving heavy indoor work. Employers, especially, will have to understand this aspect of the problem and exercise discretion, always, of course, on the assumption that the ex-soldier or -sailor bases his claim legitimately.

The public will be completely reconstructed only when it has effected a true balance between consideration and opportunity. The possible dangers of hero-worship and pamper-

ing cannot be overstated but at the same time neither can the need of intelligent consideration for these men. These bearers of invisible wounds will receive the same attention from the Medical Department of the Army as the outwardly handicapped. This treatment will fit them for the future as it will the others.

They must not be passed by because their sacrifices are not obvious; they must be given full opportunity to regain their positions in the scheme of American life, sharing the same privileges and the same chances for lucrative employment as their comrades otherwise handicapped.

The adjustment of society and industry after the war will hang very much on the crystallization of the public mind in this matter. It is going to require nice rather than snap judgment. Broad rules on which the general plan may be based must be altered to meet the condition of the individual. And it should never be lost sight of that the returned soldier and sailor are human beings, not machine cogs, and that no two human beings are alike.

Seeing is Hearing

The Army is Educating its First Deaf Soldier by the Newest Methods

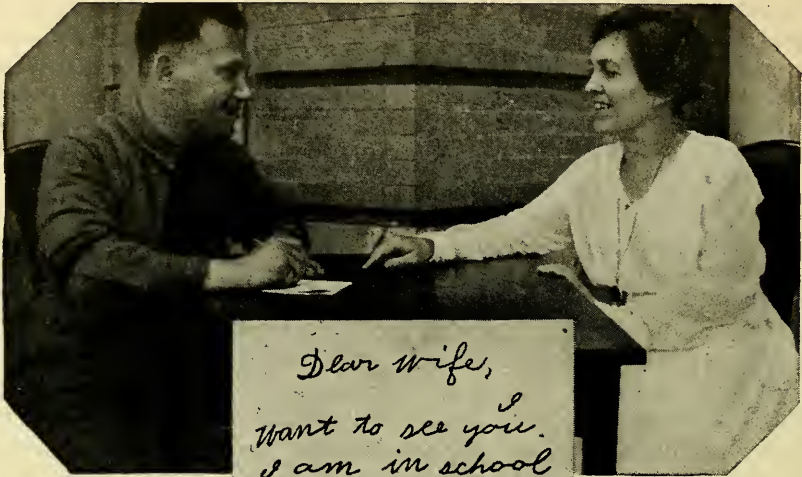
AFTER all," said Private Isadore Warshoevsky, of the Eleventh Engineers, "I might have been deaf even if I hadn't gone to war and then nobody would have cared so I guess I'm pretty lucky at that."

The 'luck' referred to by Private Warshoevsky is due to the fact that he has sacrificed his hearing for an education. He is the first deaf soldier to be returned from the American Expeditionary Forces to the United States after his turn in the field.

Warshoevsky started at Camp Upton and his regiment was one of the pioneers of the national army to go overseas. His hearing was not normal at the time but his heart was

and he wanted to make his own fight for the land of his adoption. When opportunity came he took it and although he left his hearing over there he brought back with him an enthusiasm and determination that are going to more than make up for a loss that is being rapidly turned from a liability into an asset.

There is something of a romance in the story of Warshoevsky. Twenty-five years ago he was born in Russia near Kiev. He saw his relatives robbed, persecuted and murdered in the riots of 1904 and 1905. As a child he felt the pinch of hunger. He was browbeaten and kicked. When he was ten years old his father sought a refuge in America but young Isadore



Dear wife,
 I want to see you.
 I am in school
 to learn to read. I
 like to go to school.
 I can not tell you
 how much I want
 to see you. Do you
 want to see me?
 Write to me soon.
 With much love,
 Isadore

On the fifth day of his training Private Isadore Warshoevsky with practically no previous education wrote this letter to his wife.

stayed with his mother—an invalid. She died never knowing freedom. The one happy memory of those days is that he once saw in Kiev the little grandmother of the Russian Revolution, the great Katerina Breshkovsky, and heard her speak. The dream of some day living in a Republic was born in his soul.

At fifteen, after his mother's death, Isadore managed to make his way with fifty other immigrants to America but meanwhile his father had married again and he was thrown entirely on his own resources. He became an errand boy, working from seven in the morning until six at night to earn \$2.50 a week. He had heard much of the opportunities in America and how even the humblest people could read and write.

So he enrolled in a night school but when he came home after work he was so tired that he would fall asleep at his supper. From the

errand boy job he moved up and at twenty was an apprentice in a shoe shop, earning \$8 a week; but four years later he was a shoe stitcher and every Saturday night they handed him \$25. Then War came.

After he entered the service Warshoevsky married a Russian girl living in Brooklyn. He does not say much about this but there is a suspicion that she has something to do with his eagerness to learn. He arrived in Ellis Island in July, handicapped by deafness, unable to read or write further than to recognize the letters of the alphabet and to form some of them.

It is on such a foundation that the Officers and teachers at U. S. Army General Hospital No. 11, Cape May, New Jersey where Warshoevsky was sent, went to work. They decided to teach him the phonetic method. What he had learned previously did not help

much. But his mind was made up and he was eager to move. At the end of the first week he was able to write a letter to his wife and to write simple sentences and to read newspaper headlines. A few days later he wrote this letter to an uncle and aunt and was helped only on four words:

Dear Uncle and Aunt:

I can write you that I received your letter last week. Forgive me for not writing sooner. I am well today. I hope that you are well. Now I can write you about me. I am going to school every day. I am learning to write and read and read the lips, so you will not yell at me. When I can read the lips I will come and see you.

Write to me soon.

From your nephew,

ISADORE

Guiding the Disabled to a New Job

By T. B. Kidner

EDITOR'S NOTE. The writer of this article has, for the past two and a half years, been the Vocational Secretary of the Military Hospitals' Commission (now the Invalided Soldiers' Commission) of Canada, the civilian body to which has been entrusted, by the Canadian Government, the vocational rehabilitation of Canadians disabled in the Great War. He has recently been loaned by the Canadian Government to the Federal Board for Vocational Education, the body which, under the recent act of Congress, has been charged with the duty of the vocational training and education of American soldiers and sailors, after their discharge from the Army and Navy, and is now in Washington, assisting in formulating definite plans for the work of the Federal Board.

A SUITABLE occupation towards which his training may be directed is the most important consideration involved in the re-education of a disabled man. Primarily, it is, of course, a medical problem but it is equally an educational and a social-economic problem. Obviously the remaining physical ability of the man is prime; and every disabled man who appears likely to be unable to follow his pre-war calling should be submitted to a thoroughly systematic and complete medical examination.

The intricacies of written English are puzzling to Isadore. He was told that each sentence should begin with a capital letter.

"Why," he asked, "should I make the big letter? I am not *blind*."

Private Warshoevsky is still a soldier with a clean record of which he is very proud and he does what he is told. His progress in speech reading has been most satisfactory and within a few months he will be sent back to his little home—back to his shoe stitching bench, a better American and a more valuable citizen than when his country called him.

Other men like Warshoevsky are arriving at Cape May. There under the direction of Lt.-Col. Charles W. Richardson, they will be taught to read speech from the lips, to learn, if necessary, to read and to write. Each will be given his chance and each will make good. Private Warshoevsky can write that now.

From an educational standpoint, the man's character, personality and intelligence, his degree of education and training, and his previous occupation must all be carefully considered.

As a social-economic question, there is first the probability of the demand for labor in the various occupations towards which a disabled man might be directed. While it may be quite easy to provide training for some new occupation, the need for workers in that field may be limited. As the success or failure of an attempt to re-educate a disabled man for some occupation is measured, in the last analysis, by his successful placement and by his retention of a 'steady job', it is evident that the probable demand for labor must always be taken into account in the selection of a suitable new calling for the disabled.

A MANY-SIDED PROBLEM

Having established the amount or power of the man's remaining physical (and sometimes



STANDING BY EACH OTHER—By JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

mental) abilities, the medical man must co-operate in every way with an Occupational or Vocational Counsellor. This officer must have an expert knowledge of industries and also of the methods of training the workers in them, whether in a special school, or in the commercial workshop or industry itself, or by a combination of both. He must also be acquainted with the demand for workers in established industries and in new or projected industries. He must know the liability to seasonal unemployment and occupational disease of workers in a given industry, for disabled men should not be directed towards occupations in which there is a strong probability of their meeting these obstacles to a full livelihood. In addition to his technical and general qualifications, the Vocational Counsellor of the disabled soldier must be very 'human'. The objects of his advice are almost always a little out of key with their environ-

ment and the utmost sympathy and tact are required in their guidance and training.

CREATING A NEW INITIATIVE

It must not be forgotten that from the moment a man enters the Navy or the Army, his whole training is of necessity away from the exercise of his own volition. He rises by rule, eats by rule, works by rule, his hours of recreation are set for him, he is clothed, housed and cared for in every way, so that, literally, he need 'take no thought for the morrow'.

This army habit of mind, so to speak, must be overcome and an important part of the duty of all who have to do with the industrial rehabilitation of the disabled is to help and encourage them once more to think for themselves, to act on their own initiative—in short, to 'de-militarize' them, for their own good and that of the community.



UNCLE SAM WILL NOT DESERT THE MAN WHO DIDN'T DESERT HIM

It is this important phase of the work which renders it absolutely necessary that in the selection of a Vocational Counsellor for the disabled soldier, his personal qualifications, entirely apart from his educational training and experience, should always be of the right type. It is necessary for the Counsellor to 'get under the skin', of every man with whom he has to deal. In the disabled man's military experience he has probably been so often before a board or an officer for some purpose or other, that he is, to use his own expression, always quite 'fed up' with that kind of thing. The attitude of the Vocational Counsellor must be quite the reverse of the attitude of the military officer, dealing with a soldier on military affairs.

From the very newness of this work it is clear that trained and experienced Vocational Counsellors are not abundant. One of the problems which the Invalided Soldiers' Com-

mission of Canada had to face was the finding of a number of men with the necessary technical and personal qualifications for this work.

Most of the few men available were promptly secured; provinces, municipalities and colleges alike being ready and willing to cooperate in releasing or loaning to the Department their technical education experts who had some experience in the kind of work required. *Later, as the numbers of returned men increased, other excellent counsellors were found among the returned officers and men.* Many had been engaged in technical and industrial pursuits before enlistment and, after a short period of work alongside an experienced 'vocational officer', as the Department termed its counsellors, made excellent counsellors in their turn. For one thing, their point of contact with the disabled man was, in most cases, already established, for each had been

over the top and had suffered in common the horrors and miseries of the field of war.

THE VOCATIONAL OFFICER'S TASK

What are the lines upon which a vocational officer proceeds when taking up with a disabled soldier the momentous and serious question of his future occupation? First of all, he must establish between himself and the disabled man an intimate, friendly connection. In many cases, the very natural feeling of depression and helplessness after a serious wounding and a prolonged hospital experience must be overcome and the disabled man helped to realize that he may be able once more to become a useful member of the community. Quite often, several interviews are necessary before the right degree of frankness and friendship is established between a disabled man and the vocational officer, but however long it may take, it must be achieved if the best results are to be obtained.

In the selection of a new occupation the man's own choice or preference must have first call. At the outset a vocational officer attempts to discover it, for unless the new vocation selected appeals to the man, his successful re-education is well nigh impossible. Usually a man is asked to name a second occupation, in addition to his first choice, and to give his reasons for desiring to take up each of them.

HOBBIES AND RECREATIONS

The vocational officer also takes up such apparently irrelevant things as the man's recreations or hobbies, which, are often most significant in throwing light on his character and capabilities. The extent and kind of the man's education are also carefully enquired into and recorded for reference. His intelligence and other characteristics are noted. Probably, however, the most important information obtained from the disabled man is his industrial history, of which a careful, detailed record is made. Wherever possible, the previous experience, training and skill of a disabled man must not be thrown away and it is in his interest that the vocational and medical officers always endeavor to direct a

man towards re-education in his former work or in a connected or related occupation, rather than in an absolutely new one.

ADVISE WITH OUTSIDERS

This is especially true of the productive industries and no effort is spared to induce men to choose and undertake training in technical or industrial occupations, rather than in non-manual, unproductive clerical work. If a man cannot carry on the heavier manual operations of his former trade, he can, in a great many instances, *be trained for some lighter work in the same trade*, and is, indeed, often so trained and *placed in a technical position superior to that which he occupied before enlistment*.

There are often general and local considerations to be taken into account in the selection of a suitable occupation for a disabled man. The medical officer may be able to pronounce upon a man's physical and mental fitness for a particular occupation; the vocational expert may be able to discover a man's aptitude and abilities and to recommend training to suit, but quite often other considerations, neither medical nor purely technical, are involved. Therefore, from the beginning, the Commission provided that the advice and counsel of the medical and vocational officers should be supplemented by that of some person, not officially concerned in the disabled soldier, but able and willing to represent the local viewpoint and sentiment, and also the unofficial public side of the question. Men having special knowledge of the industry concerned are called in and invariably give freely of their time and advice.

IMPOSSIBLE TO LIST OCCUPATIONS

After two years' experience there has been discovered no reason to change the original plan in Canada, whereby the case of every man, who, by reason of his disability requires training for a new occupation, should be considered individually. It is possible that some other countries may have been able to formulate one, but as far as Canadian experience goes (and over 4,300 men have been surveyed for purposes of vocational re-education to date) there is no such thing as a list of occu-

pations suitable for men suffering certain disabilities. There are too many factors in the problem and they are all variable.

Having discussed together from all possible viewpoints—medical, technical, general and local—the man's future occupation, a recommendation that a suitable course of training be provided is made by the Board and forwarded to headquarters of the Department at Ottawa, where it is carefully considered and, generally, concurred in. As soon as possible, the vocational officer arranges for the disabled man to enter upon his course of training, either in a technical institution or school, or in an industrial or commercial establishment, or partly in each.

A CAREFUL FOLLOW-UP

The work of the vocational officer is, however, not over when the man begins his course of training. Each week a careful record and report of the pupil's progress is made to the vocational officer by the instructors, or by the foreman or manager if the pupil is in an industrial establishment. Occasionally it happens that a man is misplaced, or that his work is not satisfactory, and the vocational officer at once enquires into the matter and, if necessary, makes changes. If, for any reason, the man undergoing re-education requires medical attention, the vocational officer brings the

case at once to the notice of the medical officer to whom has been assigned the duty of assisting in this re-education work.

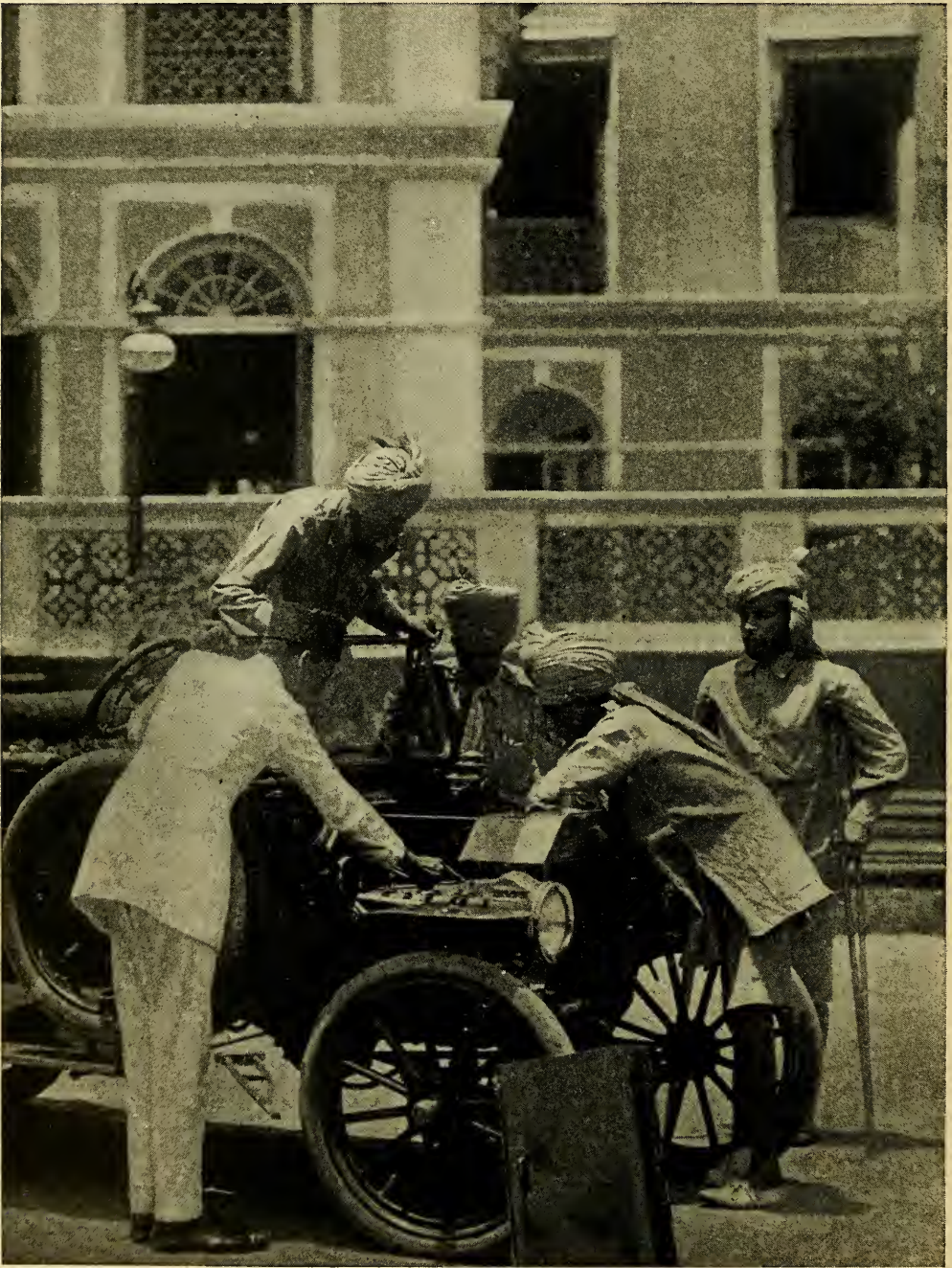
Week by week the disabled man progresses until finally his course is completed and he is able to take up, as a gainful occupation, the work for which he has been trained. Even then, the interest of the vocational officer in him does not cease. Thus it comes about that there is now being developed a 'follow-up' system by which it is hoped to keep in touch, for a time at least, with all men who have been re-educated for new occupations by the Department.

The Government of Canada believes that by providing vocational re-education for disabled soldiers and sailors in Canada, not only will the future welfare and happiness of the disabled be more assured, but that the nation itself will benefit.

Occupational or vocational guidance plays a leading role in the restoration of the disabled to efficiency and consequent prosperity. Sometimes it is difficult work; occasionally it is disappointing to earnest workers, but it is well worth while if it continues to assist the majority of our disabled (as it is doing) to realize once again the power, contentment and happiness which come from mastery over difficulties, and from useful, satisfying and productive work.



Food for the post, fresh air, sunlight and health for the soldier patients who work in the out-of-doors at Lakewood.



THE DIVERSITY OF INDIA

At Queen Mary's Technical School for Disabled Soldiers in Bombay, a great work is well under way. In India it is *education*—not re-education. For it took the war to awaken India and other countries to the stern necessity of training men for industry—civilians as well as soldiers, like these lately returned from the Western Front.

Divine Fragments

Even India has Begun to Salvage its Man Power

By Elizabeth West

ANYONE can understand why Great Britain should undertake the re-education of her disabled soldiers; why should she not, being so honorably eager to pay the debt she owes them? No one wonders that France does, whose new soul cries out to her men for a continuation of that high courage. We all agree that our own democracy, to be true to itself, must see to it that our maimed soldiers have every opportunity to develop their untried capabilities. Even Germany, obviously, must redeem every man to his greatest efficiency, if her abominable program is to be carried out. But that India should have a school for her disabled soldiers—that, now, is marvelous.

Because if all her sons who return incapacitated, took to begging, what difference could that make to her? Already of her three hundred millions, five millions are mendicants—most of them able-bodied. If they had all returned blind, their condition would have caused no comment. Already she has half a million blind uncared for. If they had all died, she would have had plenty left. Losing eighty-seven thousand by plague in April of this year scarcely reduced her number. In few places in the world is life held so undemocratically cheap as in India—so cheap that one life in every four ends before its second year is finished.

And perhaps there are not many places in the world where, to incriminate an enemy, one can get a murder case complete, witnesses and corpse included, for three dollars and thirty-three cents. Sometimes, looking over my school of sweet little outcasts, whom Indians consider 'unteachable' I have said to myself that the growing appreciation of the value of

the individual began when the great Teacher said, "Take heed that ye undervalue not one of these little ones." However that may be, I know that the spirit of India is as remote as possible from that of the great American woman who, having gathered together the first group of sub-normal children, exclaimed, "Behold the church of the Divine Fragments!"

A MILLIONAIRE'S ESTATE

If that woman had seen the Queen Mary's Technical School for Disabled Indian Soldiers, in Bombay, she would have recognized in Lady Willingdon, its founder, a leader of her own kind. In a great verandahed building, lent by a millionaire's estate, it stands back from a khaki colored road—khaki, indeed, is the Indian word for the dust of the earth—in a khaki colored garden of dusty potted palms. By day, when the sun burns down upon it, and the flow of automobiles and ox-carts which pass it, a terrible place it seems. But when evening comes, and the beautiful women of the Parsees, the descendants of old Persian sun worshippers, fill the street, some taking their airing in expensive autos, some in gorgeous carriages, then Bombay is neither terrible nor commonplace.

Instead of a blue sky above, one sees through acacia trees—lightly leaved and heavily podded, a soft mauve dome, in which great silver stars are twinkling. Then, at Queen Mary's School, in the spicy noisy darkness of the city, sitting cross-legged, bare-headed on their cots, two hundred men, some lame, some maimed, some blind, all tired by their day's new work, gurgle and pull away at their water pipes, listening to each other's yarns—two hundred men who fought for us! Divine Fragments!

EDITOR'S NOTE: The data and illustrations for this article were supplied by courtesy of the Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men, New York City.

These few of India's large number of disabled, marched away with the army from homes of various conditions; from wheat fields of the north, from rice fields in the central parts, from jute fields in Bengal, from Madras cotton fields, from tea plantations in the foot-hills, from the forests of Cashmir, from near everlasting snows, where shepherds carry their lambs in their bosoms, in the folds of their coarse brown blankets—from everlasting heat, in which one loin cloth is too much clothing. Many of them came from villages in which not one man could read or write.

THE DIVERSITY OF INDIA

Among them are curly bearded Sikhs, of Samson-like vows and strength, whose beards, untouched by razors, are parted in the middle of their chins, rolled neatly back on either side into a little roll which passes along their jaws, beyond their ears, and is wrapped with the long hair of their heads with a knot on top. Some small olive-skinned, slanting eyed Gurkhas remind me of the Gurkha veteran who for years acted as watchman in a mission bungalow in the Himalayas in which I spent a holiday. When I said to him, "I want you to tell that impertinent stranger not to pass this verandah again," he replied calmly, "I have already told him that. Shall I now kill him?"

Hairy Pathans from the Afganistan frontiers work with Rajputs who trace their descent directly back past Adam to the Sun. Here are men who cut off their enemies' head with one stroke of the outer edge of their curved knives; men who rip them to shreds with the inner edge of curved knives—men who fight with long knives—short knives—revolvers, machine guns, bombs, grenades, airplanes, in deserts or in ice, on horses, mules, camels, elephants even—if they could get them—low caste men, high caste men—the diversity of India.

Most of these were unable to read or write when they entered the army. They were, of course, already men of courage and ambition. Had they not been, they would have chosen the tamer ways of living which their villages

afforded. Their army training has given them an assurance, an experience which makes them leaders, almost kings, in the open-mouthed groups of their townsmen who gather to listen to their tales of other worlds. Moreover, in India, as in the rest of the world, men of strength conquer in spite of handicaps. For years we have had as our punkah coolie a legless man, whose trunk is terribly twisted and deformed. While our neighbors are being driven to desperation by the laziness of their punkah coolies, this faithful servant pulls the rope of our fan with the regularity of a machine, and is so valuable a helper that when the little donkey died which carried him from our verandah to his home, in self-defense we had to buy him another beast.

Judging by this man, and others I have known, I have no doubt that the men now in training will soon be able to earn, as many of the school's 'graduates' are now doing, salaries ranging from six to thirty-two dollars a month. Not much of an income, you say. But consider that the average yearly income in India is generally computed to be nine dollars a year—sometimes much less. Some of them are getting instruction in scientific agriculture, in India where wheat is cultivated and threshed by hand, as it was when David was King of Israel. Others are learning poultry raising, hatching Leghorns and Minorcas by incubators. They must enjoy this, remembering how in their childhood their mothers, not so scientifically as lovingly, adorned for them little white hens, dyeing one wine pink, one blue, and the tail a lovely green.

ALL SORTS OF TRADES

Some are learning tailoring. To be real tailors they must sit cross-legged before a little hand machine on the floor, and learn to stick their needles in the top of their turbans. These men are easily placed in satisfactory positions with their own regiments, or in the army clothing department. Several are being taught to drive cars, a work much in demand now in the mechanical transport service, and one which after the war will be in constant demand among civilians.

In government dockyards, ordnance factories and arsenals, as turners, fitters, engine drivers and machine men, they find more positions waiting than they can fill. In most of the newly-risen industrial centers committees have been formed to see that disabled men find suitable work in workshops and factories. There are classes also in motor mechanics—surely a popular one—in carpentering, motion picture operating, elementary engineering and machine knitting. Considering the speed with which the Indians are acquiring the bad habit of wearing socks, this last seems very lucrative.

Moving pictures of the shops full of soldiers have excited such interest that they are being used throughout India in recruiting stations. While in the school the men are provided food, bedding and clothing free, and railway fare to and from their homes. Many of them, upon leaving, are given the tool required in the new trade.

"REPENT AND BE LIKE HIM"

I believe that these men going back to their home towns will do India as great a service

as they did when in the trenches they held back her hideous enemy. Slouchiness, shiftlessness and laziness are going to be very much out of style in their presence. "Look you now," our cook's wife says to her idle son when he asks for money—"Consider that poor Jivan

Shah! No legs he has—no neck—one arm. Does *he* ask for money? All day long he works—the most honored man on the compound. Eat shame awhile! Repent and be like him."

Disabled men doubtless need our help. But let them think how desperately this world needs theirs, since it cannot live by bread alone.

Is anything so desired among us as the inspiration of beautiful living? "Ho, ho!" I hear someone of the wounded say. 'Having given our bodies for the worthless lot you are, is there something more that we owe you?' Yes, I say, I fear there is. Kipling expressed it perfectly in his most perfect and least known story—"The Knife and Naked Chalk"—in the volume 'Rewards and Fairies'—a story worth committing to memory. The flint-worker has given an eye for the salvation of his people, and in the bitterness of his heart he complains to his mother that the people, in their admiration deny his humanity, and call him a god. He says, "What is to be done to the people who say I am Tyr?" She replies, "He who has done a god-like thing



INDIA AND INDUSTRY

Hundreds of India's returned fighters are being fitted with the best working artificial appliances. They are learning a wide variety of trades and rapidly are assimilated into newly-risen industrial centers.

must bear himself like a god. I see no way out of it. The people are your sheep until you die. You cannot drive them off." The mother was right. We all need the unconscious shepherding of heroes. Desperately we need it.

Where Can a Woman Serve?

A Big Field is Open for Reconstruction Aides

By Major M. E. Haggerty, S. C., U. S. A.

AS the war goes on the women of America show an increasing desire to help in all fields of service—at home and overseas. Interest in the handicapped soldier and sailor is especially sharp, and thousands of women seek definite information from the Government as to how they can devote their time and experience to the work of reconstruction.

Our men are returning in large numbers and there is immediate need in military hospitals for trained women to act as Reconstruction Aides. Approximately 2,000 such women will be needed for overseas service within the next few months, others at home. Reconstruction Aides are divided into groups: Physio-Therapy and Occupational Therapy.

In Physio-Therapy they are required to have a minimum general education equivalent to graduation from a graded school. Their professional training consists in theoretical and practical knowledge in Physio-Therapy embracing Hydro-Therapy, Electro-Therapy, Mechano-Therapy, and Massage. Each aide

must be qualified in at least two of these specialized branches.

Reconstruction Aides in Occupational Therapy are teachers of handicrafts and other subjects to disabled soldiers in military hospitals. They are required to have a general education, at least the equivalent to graduation from a secondary school. Normal school and college graduates and those with comparable technical training will be preferred. Applicants for Reconstruction Aides in Occupational Therapy should be capable of giving service as follows:

Class A. Expert in one or more lines in this class. (Some experience as a teacher is desired, but not required.)

Social worker

Library service

Teacher of adolescents or adults in

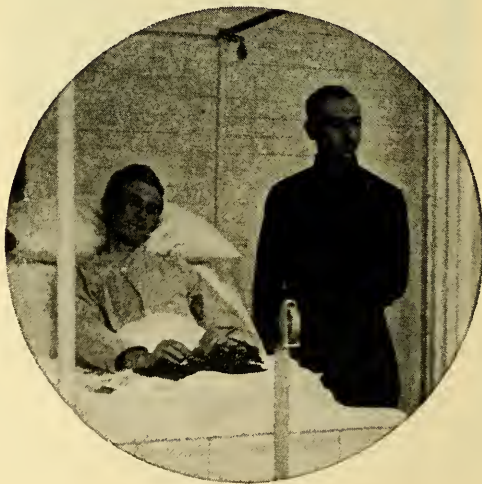
Industrial and fine arts

General science

English

Commercial branches

Free-hand drawing and design



Learning telegraphy in bed—an example of practical curative work.



A LEGITIMATE JOY RIDE

Small tractors may be seen running in the open fields that surround several of our reconstruction hospitals, where soldier teaches soldier. Many of the men will become farmer-chauffeurs—some on their own farms.

Mechanical drawing
 Telegraphy and signalling
 French
 Manual training
 Agriculture (gardening and floriculture)
 Music
 Plays and games
 Mathematics (commercial and industrial)

Class B. As teacher or craftsman in one or more of the lines in this class.

Knitting (hand, machine, rake)
 Weaving (textile production and manufacture)
 Clay and papier mache modeling (clay and glass production and manufacture)
 Wood carving and toy making (wood production and manufacture)
 Metal working, jewelry and engraving (metal production and manufacture).

Class C. Informed on all lines in this class.

Military procedure in hospitals

War Department's program for physical reconstruction of disabled soldiers

Regulations as to insurance, pensions, etc., under War Risk Insurance Bureau

Opportunities offered by Federal Board for Vocational Training.

In general each aide must be expert in one or more fields enumerated in Class A and capable of giving instruction in one or more subjects enumerated in Class B. In addition, each will be expected after her appointment to become familiar with military procedure in the hospitals and informed on all provisions made by the Federal government for the rehabili-

tation of disabled soldiers as enumerated in Class C.

In all appointments and promotions, preference will be given to applicants showing superior qualifications. Every effort will be made to choose for this service women of unusual strength of character. They should be able to do hard and serious work, to spend long hours when occasion demands, to forego many of the luxuries and comforts of normal home life, properly to subordinate their personal interests to the good of the service, and to cooperate with medical officers, nurses and others in the conduct of their work.

The personal qualifications of Reconstruction Aides are in the main those of good



ART FOR THEIR OWN SAKE

A soldier patient with an artistic bent beams at the chance to work at an easel. The Lakewood class shown above, keeps the hospital in good spirits with clever posters and announcements which are useful as well as ornamental.

teachers: knowledge and skill in the particular occupation to be taught, attractive and forceful personality, teaching ability, sympathy, tact, judgment, industry. In the overseas service particularly, a Reconstruction Aide will need to use great ingenuity and cleverness in adapting her work to the conditions prevailing in the military hospitals.

THESE ARE THE QUALIFICATIONS

Reconstruction Aides must be between 25 and 40 years of age. Only in the case of women with unusual qualifications will an exception be made to this rule.

They must be citizens of the United States or subjects of one of the countries allied with the United States in the war against Germany. They must furnish at least two references as to character and such further certificates as to professional ability as may be requested by the Surgeon General.

If married, a Reconstruction Aide can be accepted only for work in hospitals in this country.

All applicants will be required to pass a careful physical examination made by some medical officer of the Army, or by such civilian practitioner as the Surgeon General may authorize to conduct such examinations. Applicants must not be less than sixty inches or more than seventy inches in height; must weigh not less than 100 or more than 196 pounds. Marked disproportion between height and weight may be a cause for rejection. The medical examiner will send his report direct to the Surgeon General, and its contents will be considered confidential.

All applicants are urged to obtain practical experience in occupational therapy in some hospital, as a special qualification for the work. Other things being equal, an applicant with such experience is given preference.

CLASSIFICATION AND PAY

Aides will be divided into three classes: Aides and Head Aides and Supervisors. There will be one Head Aide for every ten Aides. The Head Aide will direct and be responsible for the work of the Aides under her. Where

there are fewer than ten Aides assigned to a hospital, there will be one Head Aide. Head Aides will be continued as such as long as they satisfactorily fill the position. A Head Aide may be reduced to Aide by the authority of the Surgeon General. Supervisors of Reconstruction Aides will be appointed where there is need for more extended supervision than can be given by the Head Aide.

Aides will be assigned to any hospital in the United States where in the opinion of the Surgeon General they will be most useful. They will not be assigned to duty abroad unless they desire foreign service.

The pay of Aides while serving in the United States will be \$50 per month, and \$60 per month when serving abroad. A Head Aide will receive \$15 per month additional. All Aides will receive quarters and rations in the hospital to which they are assigned, and uniforms soiled while on duty will be laundered as a part of the hospital laundry. Where quarters and rations are not furnished, Aides will receive additional pay at the rate of \$62.50 per month. Suitable lodgings and subsistence will be provided at the cost of the United States while detained under orders at a port of embarkation awaiting transportation. The pay of supervisors of Reconstruction Aides in Occupational Therapy will be \$1,800 per year, without subsistence.

All Aides, Head Aides, and Supervisors will receive transportation to point of destination and \$4 per day in lieu of other traveling expenses. *The Surgeon General's Office has no provision for volunteer or part-time workers.*

For foreign service both hospital and street uniforms are required. For service at home, at present, only the hospital uniform is required. This may be purchased at cost through the Red Cross. The expense of the latter will be well under \$50. A part of the overseas equipment will be supplied without cost by the Red Cross.

Women who are interested in this phase of war service should write to the Surgeon General of the Army, Division of Physical Reconstruction, Washington, D. C. Each letter will have careful consideration.



Among the invigorating pines of Lakewood, N. J., stands U. S. General Hospital No. 9. The main building which formerly was an up-to-date fireproof hotel serves its purpose admirably. The medical and curative work being done here is highly effective.

For Further Service

A Plan to Refit the Disabled Soldier Into the Army or Back to Civilian Life

THE Surgeon General, with the approval of the General Staff, announces the completion of plans for the physical reconstruction of disabled soldiers in the general military hospitals. These plans are formulated with a view to close cooperation with the War Department committee on education and special service in the work of restoring men to full or limited military service, and with the Federal Board for Vocational Education, which is authorized by the law to provide vocational training for disabled men after their discharge from the Army and Navy.

The records of 516 cases treated in four hospitals show 134 men able to return to full military duty, 210 fit for limited service, and 172 who are eligible for discharge. In the last group 12 are classed as helpless or institutional cases; 121 are able to return to their former occupations; and 39 will need further training to fit them for earning a livelihood.

These figures show the division of responsibility in the work of reconstruction.

MOST PRESSING NEED

The task of fitting men for further military service is at present the most pressing need because wherever an able-bodied man behind the lines can be replaced by one less fit physically, but vocationally capable, a soldier is gained for active duty. The reconstruction work in the hospitals, therefore, will emphasize technical training in all lines capable of adaptation to the physical limitations of disabled men and in which employment will act as a therapeutic agent. When play and work and study will help a man to get well, this kind of medicine will be prescribed to the patient. If the work he does leads to further service in the Army or to better prospects in civilian life so much the better.

HOSPITALS DESIGNATED

The Surgeon General has designated the following general military hospitals for the work of physical reconstruction:

Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington, D. C.

General Hospital No. 2, Fort McHenry, Md.

General Hospital No. 3, Colonia, N. J.

General Hospital No. 6, Fort McPherson, Ga.

General Hospital No. 7, Roland Park, Baltimore (for the blind).

General Hospital No. 8, Otisville, N. Y.

General Hospital No. 4, Fort Porter, N. Y.

General Hospital No. 9, Lakewood, N. J.

General Hospital No. 11, Cape May, N. J.

General Hospital No. 16, New Haven, Conn.

General Hospital No. 17, Markleton, Pa.

Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, Cal.

United States Army Hospital, Fort Des Moines, Iowa.

Plattsburg Barracks Hospital, Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y.

General Hospital, Fort Bayard, N. M.

POLICY TO BE FOLLOWED

The policy to be followed in these hospitals, as announced by the Surgeon General, is that hereafter no member of the military service disabled in line of duty, even though not expected to return to duty, will be discharged from service until he shall have attained complete recovery or as complete recovery as may be expected when the nature of his disability is considered. In furtherance of this policy, physical reconstruction is defined as complete mental and surgical treatment carried to the point of maximum functional restoration, both mental and physical. To secure this result all methods recognized by modern medicine as conducive to cure will be utilized. In other words, not only the ordinary means of medicine and surgery, including all specialties, will be utilized, but also physical measures such as are employed under physiotherapy, including hydro, electro, and mechanotherapy, active exercises, indoor and outdoor games, and passive exercise in the form of massage. Provision in the form of adequate buildings and equip-

ment for physiotherapy have been adopted in each of the hospitals.

FUNCTIONAL RESTORATION FINAL AIM

Modern medicinal treatment does not end with physical cure. Functional restoration is the final aim of the modern physicians and surgeons. It is conceded that the physical rehabilitation of disabled men is peculiarly dependent upon their mental attitude. The more serious the disability, the greater the danger of mental depression and an indisposition to respond to medical and surgical treatment. The educational work should begin, therefore, at the moment when the man has arrived at the stage where he begins to worry about his future, whether in this country or overseas. The first problem is to divert his attention by simple recreation, through reading, pictures, games, handiwork occupations, and the like, with a view to securing a genuine interest in the attainment of some worthy end—the end most certain to hold his attention and to claim his best efforts in his future vocation. Hence, by gradual steps he may be induced to supplement his previous vocational experience by academic, scientific, or technical instruction, or to choose a new vocation and begin preparation for it if such a course is necessary.

NEED OF 'CHEER-UP' WORK

The need of 'cheer-up' work in the hospitals extends to all who are mentally capable of planning for their own future. This means a relatively large proportion of the entire number. The beginning is made at the bedside with handicrafts of various kinds grouped under the term 'occupational therapy'. When the man is able to leave the ward and can be benefited physically by technical training, he has the opportunity of working at specific trades either in the curative workshop, in specially provided classrooms, or out of doors.

The teachers for this work have been secured from the convalescent disabled soldiers who are already skilled in their vocations and from the enlisted personnel of the Army secured by transfer or by induction of registrants disqualified for general military service

but qualified for special limited service. These instructors work under the direction of educational officers chosen for their professional standing in civil life and commissioned in the Sanitary Corps of the Medical Department.

THREE CLASSES OF DISABLED SOLDIERS

From the military standpoint disabled soldiers may be placed in three general classes:

- (a) *Those who can be restored to full duty.*
- (b) *Those who can be fitted for limited service.*
- (c) *Those disabled to the extent of unfitting them for further military service.*

It is the announced policy of the Surgeon General that patients of the first class (a) should have, when circumstances warrant it, the benefit of therapeutic treatment through play, work, and study, as may be prescribed by medical officers, in order that their morale may be stiffened, their future usefulness increased, and their recovery hastened.

Patients of the second class (b) should have, whenever conditions permit and the medical officers approve, such specific training—physical and vocational—as will in the judgment of the educational officers best fit such patients for limited service of a particular kind. At present patients are being trained in general hospitals for limited service as general and vocational teachers, typists, printers, tailors, cobblers, harness makers, welders, motor

mechanicians, painters, machine workers, woodworkers, bookkeepers, statisticians, telegraphers, photographers, telephone operators, cooks, storekeepers, electricians, etc.

LIST TO BE EXTENDED

The list will be extended with the advice and cooperation of the committee on education and special service of the War Department to meet other needs as they arise. At Fort McPherson, practical experience can be gained in twenty different trades. Moreover, there is immediately adjacent to the hospital a large quartermaster's mechanical repair shop, covering all phases of mechanical repair and construction to which men can be assigned for limited service or to gain experience.

Patients of the third class (c) should be encouraged in every possible way to accept the benefits accorded them for vocational training by the Federal Board for Vocational Education. To this end they should have while in the hospital such physical training and general education as will best promote their physical reconstruction and at the same time contribute most to their vocational training. Patients who do not elect or who are not eligible to continue their education under the Federal board should receive such training as the medical and educational officers deem best in each individual case.



EVERGREEN—FOR THE WAR BLINDED

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Carry On

A Magazine on the Reconstruction
of Disabled Soldiers and Sailors

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1918



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Gertrude Atherton ~ ~ ~ Ellis Parker Butler
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“What’s this thing!” he demanded in a strange voice.

Long Distance

By Edna Ferber

Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff

CHET BALL was painting a wooden chicken yellow. The wooden chicken was mounted on a six-by-twelve board. The board was mounted on four tiny wheels. The whole would eventually be pulled by a string guided by the plump, moist hand of some blissful six-year-old.

You got the incongruity of it the instant your eye fell upon Chet Ball. Chet's shoulders alone would have loomed large in contrast with any wooden toy ever devised, including the Trojan horse. Everything about him, from the big blunt-fingered hands that held the ridiculous chick, to the great muscular pillar of his neck, was in direct opposition to his task, his surroundings, and his attitude.

Chet's proper milieu was Chicago, Illinois (the West Side); his job that of lineman for the Gas, Light and Power Company; his normal working position astride the top of a telegraph pole, supported in his perilous perch by a lineman's leather belt and the kindly fates, both of which are likely to trick you in an emergency.

Yet now he lolled back among his pillows, dabbling complacently at the absurd yellow toy. A description of his surroundings would sound like Pages 3 to 17 of a novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. The place was all green-sward, and terraces, and sun dials, and beeches, and even those rhododendrons without which no English novel or country estate is complete. The presence of Chet Ball among his pillows and some hundreds similarly disposed revealed to you at once the fact that this particular English estate was now transformed into Reconstruction Hospital No. 9.

The painting of the chicken quite finished (including two beady black paint eyes) Chet

was momentarily at a loss. Miss Kate had not told him to stop painting when the chicken was completed. Miss Kate was at the other end of the sunny garden walk, bending over a wheel-chair. So Chet went on painting, placidly. One by one, with meticulous nicety, he painted all his finger nails a bright and cheery yellow. Then he did the whole of his left thumb, and was starting on the second joint of the index finger when Miss Kate came up behind him and took the brush gently from his strong hands.

"You shouldn't have painted your fingers," she said.

Chet surveyed them with pride. "They look swell."

Miss Kate did not argue the point. She put the freshly painted wooden chicken on the table to dry in the sun. Her eyes fell upon a letter bearing an American postmark and addressed to Sergeant Chester Ball, with a lot of cryptic figures and letters strung out after it, such as A. E. F. and Co. 11.

"Here's a letter for you!" She infused a lot of Glad into her voice. But Chet only cast a languid eye upon it and said, "Yeh?"

"I'll read it to you, shall I? It's a nice fat one."

Chet sat back, indifferent, negatively acquiescent. And Miss Kate began to read in her clear young voice, there in the sunshine and scent of the centuries-old English garden.

It marked an epoch in Chet's life—that letter. But before we can appreciate it we'll have to know Chester Ball in his Chicago days.

Your true lineman has a daredevil way with the women, as have all men whose calling is a hazardous one. Chet was a crack workman. He could shinny up a pole, strap his emergency

belt, open his tool kit, wield his pliers with expert deftness and climb down again in record time. It was his pleasure—and seemingly the pleasure and privilege of all line-man's gangs the world over—to whistle blithely and to call impudently to any passing petticoat that caught his fancy.

Perched three feet from the top of the high pole he would cling, protected, seemingly, by some force working in direct defiance to the law of gravity. And now and then, by way of brightening the tedium of their job he and his gang would call to a girl passing in the street below, "Hoo-Hoo! Hello, sweetheart!"

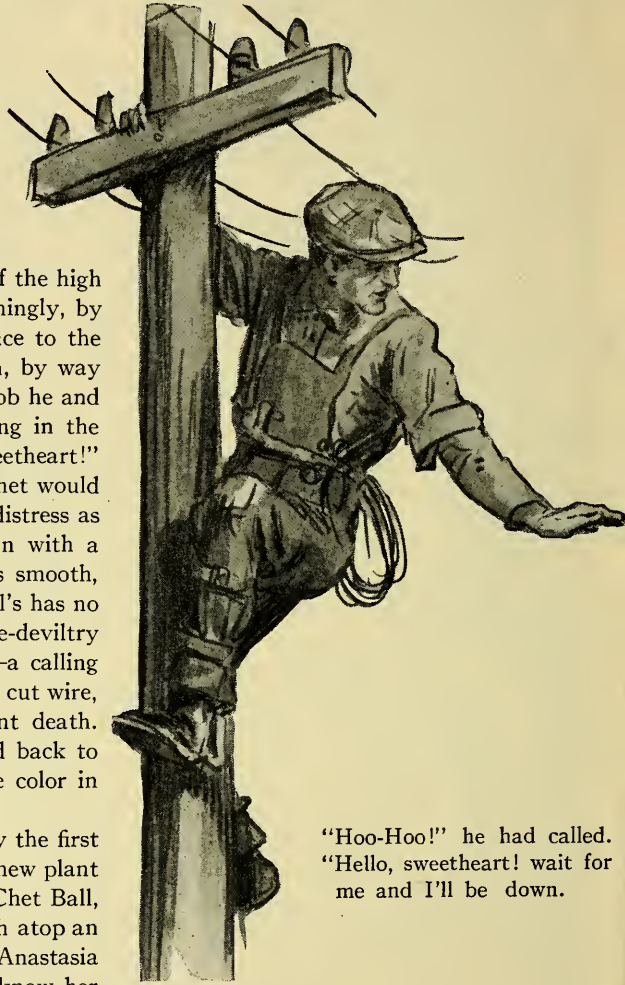
There is nothing vicious in it. Chet would have some to the aid of beauty in distress as quickly as Don Quixote. Any man with a blue shirt as clean, and a shave as smooth, and a hair-cut as round as Chet Ball's has no meanness in him. A certain dare-deviltry went hand in hand with his work—a calling in which a careless load dispatcher, a cut wire, or a faulty strap may mean instant death. Usually the girls laughed and called back to them or went on more quickly, the color in their cheeks a little higher.

But not Anastasia Rourke. Early the first morning of a two-weeks' job on the new plant of the Western Castings Company Chet Ball, glancing down from his dizzy perch atop an electric light pole, espied Miss Anastasia Rourke going to work. He didn't know her name nor anything about her, except that she was pretty. You could see that from a distance even more remote than Chet's. But you couldn't know that Stasia was a lady not to be trifled with. We know her name was Rourke, but he didn't.

So then: "Hoo-Hoo!" he had called. "Hello, sweetheart! Wait for me and I'll be down."

Stasia Rourke had lifted her face to where he perched so high above the streets. Her cheeks were five shades pinker than was their wont, which would make them border on the red.

"You big coward, you!" she called, in her clear crisp voice. "If you had your foot on



"Hoo-Hoo!" he had called.
"Hello, sweetheart! wait for
me and I'll be down.

the ground you wouldn't dast call to a decent girl like that. If you were down here I'd slap the face of you. You know you're safe up there."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth before Chet Ball's sturdy legs were twinkling down the pole. His spurred heels dug into the soft pine of the pole with little ripe, tearing sounds. He walked up to Stasia and stood squarely in front of her, six feet of brawn and brazen nerve. One ruddy cheek he presented to her astonished gaze. "Hello, sweetheart," he said. And waited. The Rourke girl hesitated just a second. All the Irish heart in her was melting at the boyish impudence of the

man before her. Then she lifted one hand and slapped his smooth cheek. It was a ringing slap. You saw the four marks of her fingers upon his face. Chet straightened, his blue eyes bluer. Stasia looked up at him, her eyes wide. Then down at her own hand, as if it belonged to somebody else. Her hand came up to her own face. She burst into tears, turned and ran. And as she ran, and as she wept, she saw that Chet was still standing there, looking after her.

Next morning, when Stasia Rourke went by to work, Chet Ball was standing at the foot of the pole, waiting.

They were to have been married that next June. But that next June Chet Ball, perched perilously on the branch of a tree in a small woodsy spot somewhere in France, was one reason why the American artillery in that same woodsy spot was getting such a deadly range on the enemy. Chet's costume was so devised that even through field glasses (made in Germany) you couldn't tell where tree left off and Chet began.



Then, quite suddenly, the Germans got the range. The tree in which Chet was hidden came down with a crash, and Chet lay there, more than ever indiscernible among its tender foliage.

Which brings us back to the English garden, the yellow chicken, Miss Kate and the letter.

His shattered leg was mended by one of those miracles of modern war surgery, though he never again would dig his spurred heels into the pine of a G. L. & P. Company pole. But the other thing—they put it down under the broad general head of shell shock. In the lovely English garden they set him to weaving, and painting, as a means of soothing the shattered nerves. He had made everything from pottery jars to bead chains; from baskets to rugs. Slowly the tortured nerves healed. But the doctors, when they stopped at Chet's cot or chair talked always of "the memory center." Chet seemed satisfied to go on placidly painting toys or weaving chains with his great, square-tipped fingers—the fingers that had wielded the pliers so cleverly in his pole-climbing days.

"It's just something that only luck, or an accident can mend," said the nerve specialist. "Time may do it—but I doubt it. Sometimes just a word—the right word—will set the thing in motion again. Does he get any letters?"

"His girl writes to him. Fine letters. But she doesn't know yet about—about this. I've written his letters for him. She knows now that his leg is healed and she wonders—"

That had been a month ago. Today Miss Kate slit the envelope postmarked Chicago. Chet was fingering the yellow wooden chicken, pride in his eyes. In Miss Kate's eyes there was a troubled baffled look as she began to read:

Chet, dear, it's raining in Chicago. And you know when it rains in Chicago, it's wetter, and muddier, and rainier than any place in the world. Except, maybe this Flanders we're reading so much about. They say for rain and mud that place takes the prize.

I don't know what I'm going on about rain and mud for, Chet darling, when it's you I'm thinking of. Nothing else and nobody else. Chet, I got a funny feeling there's something you're keeping

back from me. You're hurt worse than just the leg. Boy, dear, don't you know it won't make any difference with me how you look, or feel or anything. I don't care how bad you're smashed up. I'd rather have you without any features at all than any other man with two sets. Whatever's happened to the outside of you, they can't change your insides. And you're the same man that called out to me, that day, "Hoo-hoo! Hello, sweetheart!" and when I gave you a piece of my mind climbed down off the pole, and put your face up to be slapped, God bless the boy in you——

A sharp little sound from him. Miss Kate looked up, quickly. Chet Ball was staring at the beady-eyed yellow chicken in his hand.

"What's this thing!" he demanded in a strange voice.

Miss Kate answered him very quietly, trying to keep her own voice easy and natural. "That's a toy chicken, cut out of wood."

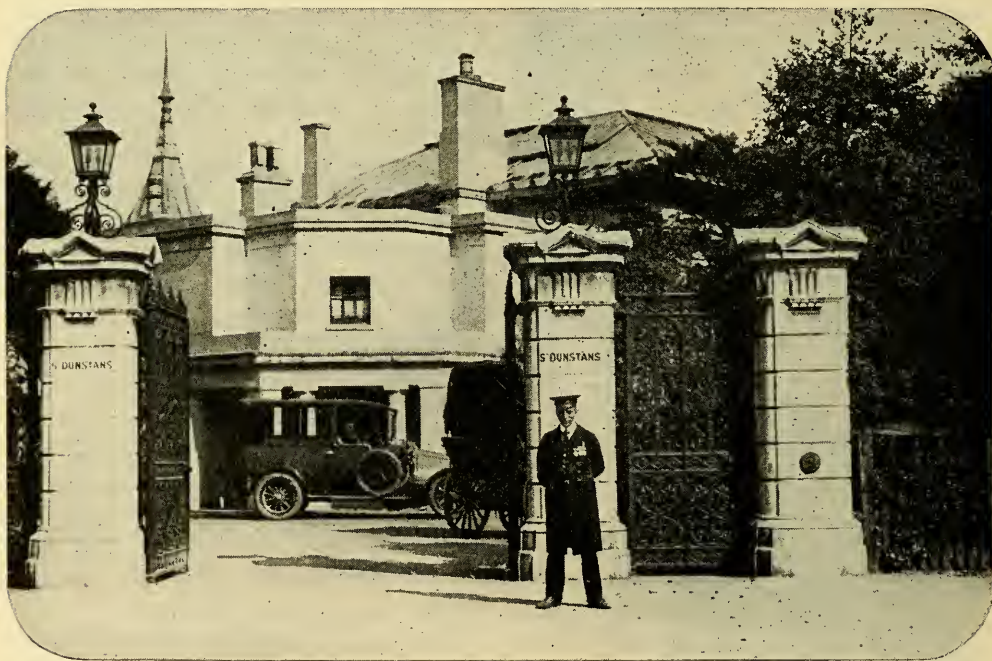
"What'm I doin' with it?"

"You've just finished painting it."

Chet Ball held it in his great hand and stared at it for a brief moment, struggling between anger and amusement. And between anger and amusement he put it down on the table none too gently and stood up, yawning a little.

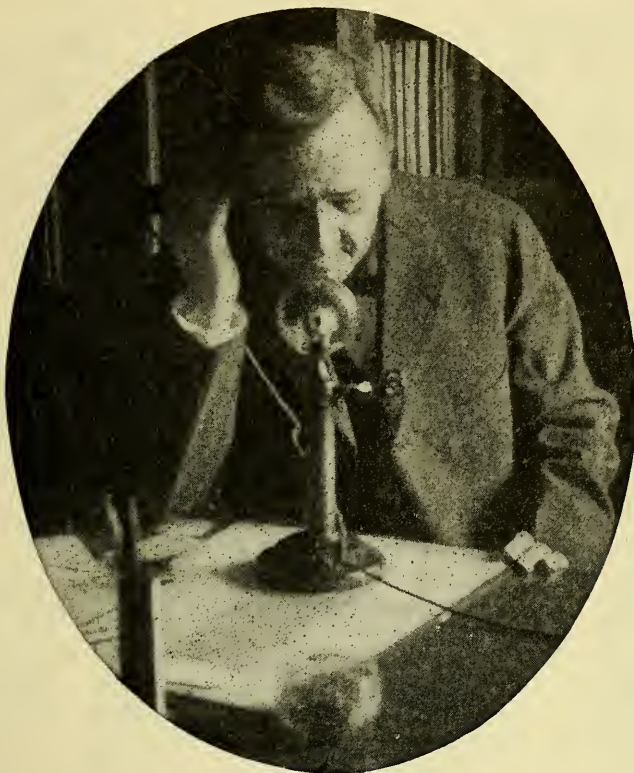
"That's a hell of a job for a he-man!" Then, in utter contrition "Oh, beggin' your pardon! That was fierce! I didn't——"

But there was nothing shocked about the expression on Miss Kate's face. She was registering joy—pure joy.



THE GATES OF ST. DUNSTAN'S

Early in the war, Otto Kahn, of New York, placed his magnificent English house at the disposal of Great Britain for her fighters blinded in service. The results have been extraordinary.



It is highly desirable and it is our duty to afford every opportunity for the sailor and marine disabled in the service of his country to receive, if he desires it, that training and education which will enable him to become a self-respecting, self-supporting, independent citizen, restored so far as practicable to normal health and vigor.

Joseph Daniels

Secretary of the Navy.





FINISHING TOUCHES

When the time comes for renovating and building houses, which have been largely suspended during the war, a good many ex-soldiers and -sailors will be doing the jobs. At Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, the class in interior painting is especially popular with men who cannot stand rigorous outdoor weather, or heavy work.

So Much for So Much

Give the Returned Soldier a Job and Pay Him What He Earns

By Samuel Harden Church

President of Carnegie Institute

I HAVE often wondered what I would do if I were to find myself suddenly out of employment with the necessity confronting me of hunting a wage-paying job in order to provide for my family. I cannot imagine any situation that would be more discouraging. I have always, therefore, been careful to receive every person who has ever called upon me in the search for employment, and if unable to find a position for him in any department under my own direction, I have referred him to others or made such suggestions as would lead these applicants into other promising fields of work.

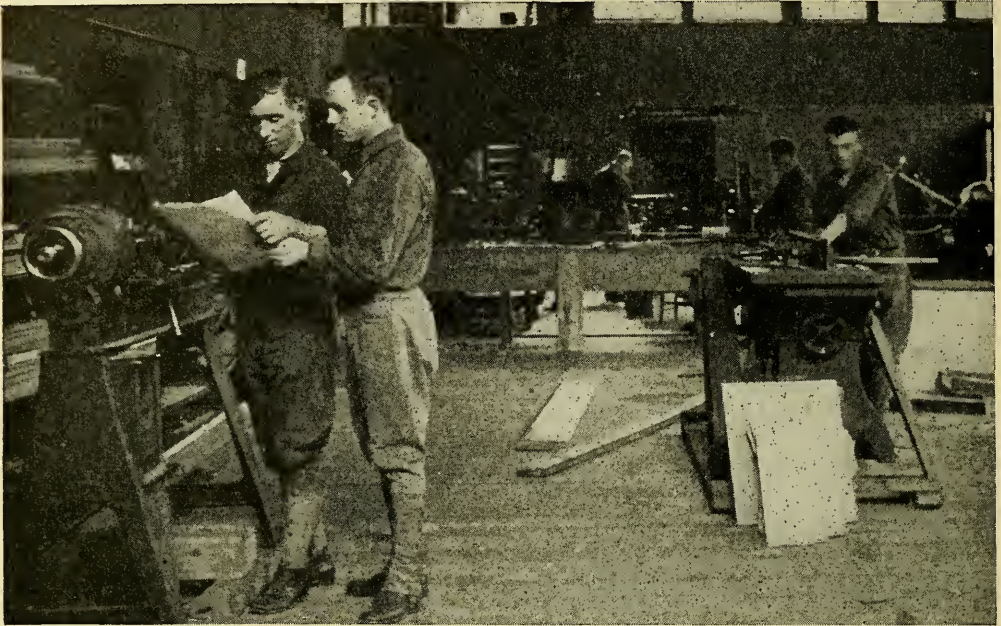
I have never found myself in sympathy with a tendency which has been developing in recent years in some of the industrial establishments of the country, whereby an age limit was set up against applicants for work. This age limit was at first made thirty-five years, and then, when it was found that a sufficient supply of men could not be obtained, it was raised to forty-five years. My feeling is that there should never be any age limit at all, and I feel convinced that the social ideals for which we are all striving will never be accomplished until it becomes possible for every man and every woman upon their own application to find employment suitable to their respective abilities, with a corresponding wage.

The business men who are directing our great establishments have up to a recent time felt themselves impelled, as for example, is done in the army, to demand a physical perfection of one hundred per cent. from their employees, and we can readily see how such a policy will shut out from a livelihood many thousands of men and women who are physi-

cally defective in one way or another, or who have passed the arbitrary age limit, and yet are capable of giving intelligent and devoted service in any tasks which might be assigned to them.

Very recently I have had personal experience with two defective cases of this kind. The first was that of a young man whose sight, through a disease in childhood, had been impaired by the loss of seventy-five per cent. of his vision. He was unusually bright mentally and strong physically, and had completed the course in chemical engineering, which made him adaptable to some of the most important forms of industrial work. The oculists were able to supply glasses which corrected his vision so that with this aid it was almost normal, but when I sent him to one of our captains of industry with a letter of recommendation, the answer came back that he had been put through an eye-test without his glasses and rejected because of the possible risk of injury to his person which might ensue from his movements among the machinery of the plant. When the war brought on a shortage of labor, however, this young man found employers who were eager for his services and he is now occupying a responsible position in one of the largest establishments of the country.

The other case was that of a young man who when a child had been run over by a train, with the loss of both of his legs above the knees. He came into my office wearing artificial legs, which did not seem to fit him any too well, and walking more or less laboriously with a cane. He was just the kind of applicant whose physical appearance would cause nine men out of ten to tell him they had nothing



Our reconstruction centers are well equipped in the matter of carpenter shops. With up-to-date machinery the men are kept busy doing necessary jobs for the post—a mutually profitable arrangement.

for him to do, and yet he had in him a human heart, an intelligent brain, and a rightful ambition to succeed in life. I had no place for him but I kept him going the rounds until finally in this same shortage of labor he found employment as an engraver's apprentice, and he is now learning that trade.

I have described these two cases because they illustrate a common attitude of employers toward the defective members of our race. It calls up Burns' piteous line, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." We are now face to face with the necessity of furnishing immediate employment to increasing numbers of maimed and wounded soldiers who have had their bodies more or less destroyed as they have rushed into the war to defend their country.

If my two young friends, the one with his defective vision, the other with his legless trunk, could be absorbed so easily in useful work, why is it not just as reasonable to call upon the employers of labor in every avenue of human industry to take their share of this defective soldier labor and apply and develop

it as far as it will go in each case? If the output is not up to the standard let the pay be so much for so much. But when your son—when my son—comes home with his body shattered in the hell and death of battle, let him never go begging for a job. Let the job be ready for him—so many jobs for so many shattered men at so many shops, all the time. We must not reject them in an arrogant exercise of power, we must not debase them by the proffer of charity—we must give them the job.

The maximum age limit must go. It has no right of existence in human society, and the old policy of rejecting all applicants except those who are physically perfect must give way to that higher sense of human responsibility whereby every employer of labor must find himself face to face with the age-long cry of conscience that he is not the selfish master of the little field in which he finds himself for a short moment in charge, but that he is, indeed, that higher sympathetic and reciprocal being whose honorable relation to the business life of America finds its full interpretation in the old phrase, "My brother's keeper."

Exit Mr. Tumult and Miss Shouting

By Ellis Parker Butler

WHEN Henry K. Lunk came marching back to Jefferson Junction, Iowa, during the Civil War, with one arm off at the shoulder and the other off at the elbow, the village turned out and held a Henry K. Lunk meeting at Odd Fellows' Hall, with free food, free speech, and free music by the Jefferson Junction Juvenile Band. The mayor told almost three hundred citizens and boys that Henry was a hero, an honor to Jefferson Junction and, to put it in the mildest possible terms, the pride of Jefferson Junction, the State of Iowa, the United States of America, and the Universe.

To hear the mayor tell it the stars in their courses would stand still thereafter every time Henry K. Lunk wanted them to, and the sun would come right down to the corner of Main and Cross Streets and offer its flame every time Henry wanted to light his pipe. Only he would not have a pipe. Jefferson Junction would keep him in genuine imported Havana cigars for the rest of his natural life.

The Civil War was going on just then and every time there was a victory Jefferson Junction howled with joy. Every time there was a defeat the town yelled with rage. There was nothing in the world as big and important as the war, and there was nothing in the world too good for Henry K. Lunk.

At the big Hero Henry meeting in Odd Fellows' Hall there was food enough to last Henry six weeks, and he ate until his eyes stuck out. He sat on the platform right beside the mayor, and all eyes were on him. At the close of the meeting the mayor demanded, as the only possible thing to do, that everybody chip in to create a fund to be given to Henry, and everybody chipped. There was a pasteboard shoebox almost half full of money, and when the mayor handed it to Henry he

reached out his stump of an arm before he realized he did not have even one hand left with which to take the money, and everybody laughed and cried at the same time, and then cheered Henry K. Lunk.

The mayor said, in closing the meeting, that Jefferson Junction considered Henry a sacred charge and that, come what might, Henry would never feel want while one stone stood upon another in Jefferson Junction.

As Jefferson Junction was built almost entirely of wood, with one or two brick buildings, this was a safe assertion. The only place where one stone ever did stand on another was in front of the Hotel, where the village loafers usually played Duck-on-Davy.

But it was a grand night for Henry. He had lost his arms but Jefferson Junction told him he did not need any arms. It offered him free food, free clothing, and free shelter. It was wild to give them to him. It did not whisper it—it yelled it. Mr. Tumult and Miss Shouting made the well-known welkin ring as it had never rung before in Odd Fellows' Hall. That was up to ten o'clock that night. Then Mr. Tumult and Miss Shouting put on their wraps and went home.

For a week Henry K. Lunk received invitations to dinner, but he was not expert at feeding himself with his bad arm yet, and that soon played out.

Then the war ended and Mr. Tumult and Miss Shouting never came around at all except toward election day, and then they did not pay much attention to Henry. He was only one vote. He was only a battered-up ex-soldier in a faded uniform, and there were many other battered-up soldiers in faded uniforms.

The war being over, people grew tired of hearing of the war and of thinking of the war. About the best Henry K. Lunk could do was

to sit on the bench in front of the Hotel and watch the other fellows play Ring-Toss or Duck-on-Davy. He got his pension and lived on that somehow, mainly by grafting his chewing tobacco from someone who could earn a living. He managed to live, but that was about all. He was moving around Jefferson Junction the last time I was there, some fifteen years ago, a sad-faced, useless, sick-of-life old man. He had done his share in one of the biggest things in the world, which is War, but he could not do his share in the other biggest thing—the very biggest thing of all—which is Peace.

The glad words that the presence of Mr. Tumult and Miss Shouting had put into the mouth of the mayor at the end of the meeting in Odd Fellows' Hall never came to anything real. Jefferson Junction did not feed and clothe and house Henry K. Lunk. Why? Because while a nation is at war and on the threshold of victory its men and women feel the greatest inspiration in helping the disabled man, but when the tumult and the shouting cease—as Brother Kipling puts it—and the war is completely over and the country has settled down to its normal work again, the country may not forget but the individual has his own cares and worries, joys and interests.

The country may, by pension or by insurance, give a small meed of support to the mutilated man but it can also give him the only thing you and I care a real hang for—the chance to do our share in the work of the world. When I can't do some useful work I want to quit. If I ever have my arms and legs cut off I want some-

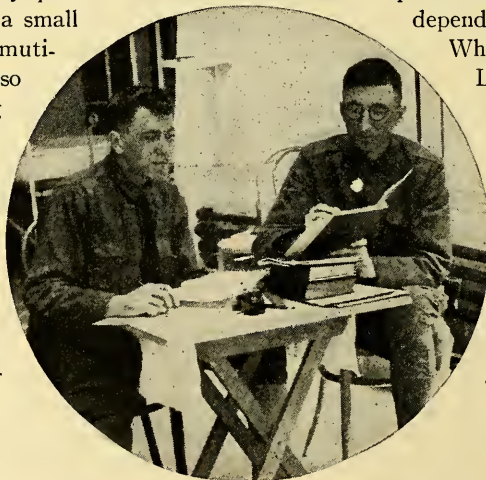
body to make me a set of steel teeth and teach me to bite scallops in the edges of oak table tops. I want to be doing something useful.

Every man and woman has this same feeling and he never knows how deep it is, and how necessary work is to happy life, until he can't work. To give the handicapped man a chance to do work is to give him the only opportunity for real happiness. Then he can look up at the sky every night and say, "I too, am doing my work in your world, O God!" That strikes me as being a lot better than looking up at the sky at eventide and saying, "I could not do a useful thing today, O Lord! but on the first of next month I'll get \$19.64 pension money."

Don't try to think this thing out abstractly. Think of yourself and what you would like best if you lost all of one arm and half of another. You would like to be taught how to be independent by your own labor. You know you would.

The greatest thing in the world today, when this gigantic war has mutilated its thousands upon thousands, is to speed the good work of reconstructing these men. Reconstruction does not mean merely building a new arm that can work; it means reconstructing a life that has been wrenched from its old foundations and left shattered, and constructing in its place a new life of helpfulness, independence and solid self-respect.

When it comes to selling Liberty Bonds Mr. Tumult and Miss Shouting are fine helpers, but when it comes to the returned soldier who can be educated to self-support and usefulness, the nation's librettos should say, "Exit Mr. Tumult and Miss Shouting; enter John J. Common sense."



Ward work in all of the military hospitals is well under way. Here at Lakewood one soldier teaches another the fundamentals of cartooning.



OXY-ACETYLENE WELDING

Thousands of our returned men will have the opportunity of learning new and useful trades before they re-enter industrial life. Many of the hospitals have found that oxy-acetylene welding as shown above provides interesting curative work that can be further continued in the service or after the discharge.

The Final Step

What Happens to the Handicapped Soldier and Sailor Upon His Discharge

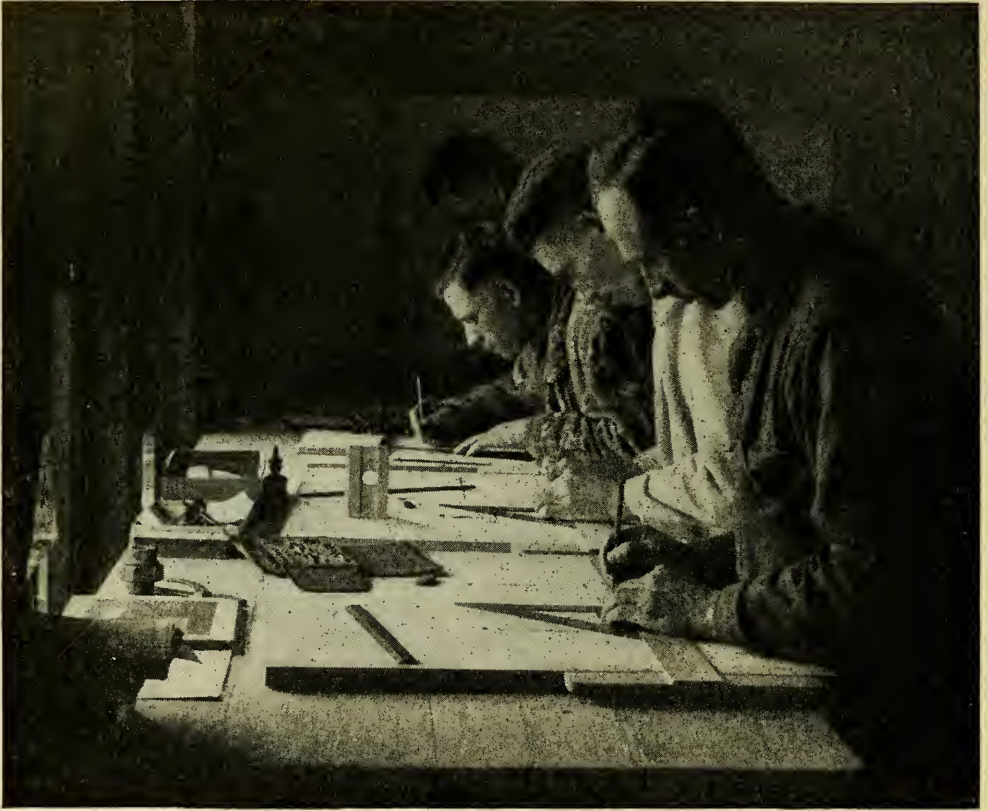
By Charles A. Prosser

Director, Federal Board for Vocational Education

UNDER the Vocational Rehabilitation Law, passed unanimously by Congress and signed by the President in June, the Federal Board for Vocational Education is responsible for getting his old job or a new job for every disabled soldier and sailor, entitled to compensation under the War Risk Insurance Law, who wants that kind of help. The Board is required, furthermore, to give to those handicapped men who need and desire training before going into employment so much edu-

cation, at the expense of the Federal Government, as the man may elect, provided, of course, that his claims are reasonable and that his previous training and the nature of his handicap are not such as to make training useless.

While the soldier and sailor is taking training, he is to be supported by the Federal Board and the War Risk Insurance Bureau jointly and, should he have dependents, they are also to receive Federal aid.



ON THE PACIFIC COAST

As rapidly as possible our returned soldiers are being sent to hospitals near their own homes. The class in mechanical drawing shown here is a part of the educational service in the Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, where soldier patients are offered a wide range of curative and prevocational work.

As long as the war lasts, the Federal Board is responsible, under the law, for those men only who are judged unfit, because of their injuries, to return to full or limited military service. When peace comes, however, every man, discharged from the service, who is entitled to compensation will be a case for the Federal Board provided he cares to accept its proffered services in getting him either placed or trained or both. The Board will stand ready to assist him and its agents will be eager to be of help; but it is for the man himself to determine whether or not he wishes to avail himself of the elaborate organization which the Federal Government, conscious of its high responsibility towards these disabled men, has

provided. If he wants training, there will follow five possible steps:

1. *Decision by the disabled man as to his course of training.*
2. *The training itself, which is to fit him for a definite occupation.*
3. *Trial employment in that occupation.*
4. *Placement, after trial, in a definite job.*
5. *Follow-up work to safeguard his interests.*

It should be particularly noted:

(a) That when a man wants help in being placed, it will be given by agents of the Board who know the employment field, and every effort will be made to get him into that line in which he is most interested, provided the occupation is neither waning nor over-crowded, nor

one in which, through lack of early training or through the nature of his handicap, he is unlikely to succeed.

(b) That while the Board, as a rule, will try to replace him in his former occupation, if he had one, it can train him, if that seems best, for a new line of work.

(c) That he may be trained in any branch of agriculture, commerce, industry, transportation or the professions upon which he and the Board determine.

(d) That every case will be considered individually on its merits, not only by the Federal Board, but by a physician, an employer and a representative of labor.

(e) That the Board will use, as far as possible, existing facilities, public and private, whether in schools, colleges or industrial plants.

(f) That the length of a man's training will depend upon his ability and previous training, as well as upon the nature of his handicap.

(g) That while in training, his health will be looked after by a physician and, should his war disabilities recur, he will be cared for by the War Risk Insurance Bureau.

(h) That the Federal Board is to utilize, as far as possible, the facilities of the Department of Labor, care being taken that the man is neither exploited nor used to disorganize the labor situation.

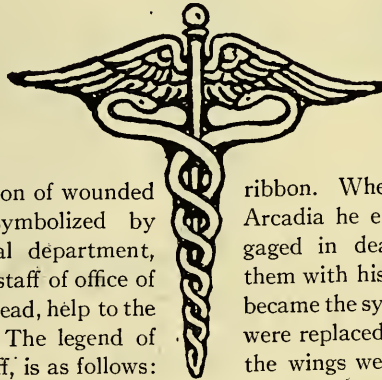
(i) That, whether he is on trial or in permanent employment, his earnings will not be used in any way to lessen the War Risk compensation to which he is entitled.

(j) That where, because of his handicap, a man is unable, after thorough training, to earn the normal wage, adjustments will be made mutually satisfactory to the employer and the other employees in the industry.

(k) That the Federal Board will keep in touch with the man, after he receives permanent employment, so long as may be necessary for his full re-establishment as a worker.

The Magic Wand

By Lieut. James A. Tobey



THE work of reconstruction of wounded soldiers is appropriately symbolized by the emblem of the medical department, the caduceus, for it was the staff of office of Mercury, giver of life to the dead, help to the sick, strength to the weak. The legend of the caduceus, or herald's staff, is as follows:

Mercury was the messenger of Jove and it was his duty to conduct disembodied spirits to the other world and also to resurrect the dead. He had invented the lyre, constructing it from a tortoise shell. This he exchanged with Apollo for the latter's magic wand, which was simply an olive branch with two fillets of

ribbon. When Mercury was travelling in Arcadia he encountered two serpents engaged in deadly combat. He separated them with his wand and so the olive branch became the symbol of peace. The two fillets were replaced by the twined serpents, and the wings were added as the sign of Mercury, the messenger of the gods. Thus, the caduceus represents peace and immortality. In these days of war its wearers have assumed the spirit of the magic wand; they will bring new life to those who will have given up the old in order that the world might have peace. It is a worthy emblem; its followers are worthy of it.



AT EVERGREEN

It is the blinded who are rehabilitated at U. S. General Hospital No. 7, Roland Park, Baltimore. In this beautiful Elizabethan garden is shown a lad just returned from the front. His father and sister, who came to see him the day after his arrival, were overjoyed at the elaborate provision made by the Government for its blinded soldiers, sailors, and marines.



ARE THEY DOWNHEARTED? NO!

All of the men above are British war-blinded at St. Dunstan's, the great center established by Sir Arthur Pearson, himself a sightless genius. Their high spirit finds a joyous outlet through many an impromptu band—typical jazz combinations.

Beggars No More

By Gertrude Atherton

AT the close of the Napoleonic Wars the British veterans, otherwise incapacitated and generally impecunious, were rewarded for their priceless services by permission to beg on the King's Highway.

Possibly no single fact so illuminates the vast strides in civilization since that by no means remote period as the scientific forethought that the Governments of the countries at war are exercising in behalf of the mutilated men who have given their all to break the terrible power of Germany.

When I was in France in 1916 and was taken through hospital after hospital full of mutilés of all descriptions I became convinced that

there was not a remnant of the battle-field who could not become an independent wage-earner if he would. The blind were taught massage (and some made from ten to twenty dollars a day at Vichy during the season) to typewrite, to weave, to make furniture, brushes, the coarse 'tidy' lace so popular in France, to mend shoes, and repair machinery—including the common automobile.

The Government estate at Reuilly on the outskirts of Paris, as well as Miss Holt's 'Lighthouse' in the center of the capital were amazing revelations of what could be done to make the blind happy and independent. One afternoon I took a blind soldier out to a



INVISIBLE WOUNDS

More and more it becomes evident that efforts in rehabilitation must be directed towards men who look all right—but aren't. To strengthen heart action the patients at Lakewood scramble with a cage ball and enjoy it. Other similar exercises for the invisibly wounded are in use at the hospitals.

concert and while we were taking tea afterward he told me his story. Before the war he had had a small business in one of the towns in northern France. He had a wife and three children, the youngest an infant, a father and sister. He was twenty-four years of age, and the future was bright.

He was mobilized on the day war broke out. His town escaped invasion, but some months

later he heard that his wife had eloped with another man, leaving the business to take care of itself, and the children to his father and sister. The business went to pieces. The sister died of repeated shock. The father became paralyzed. The infant died. The other children were living anyhow. He could not return to them until he had finished at Reuilly as a brush-maker. He was blind. And he was only twenty-six.

One could not expect a man to be cheerful under the circumstances and I am free to say that he was not. He only smiled sadly at the gay sallies of the entertainers. He did not smile at all when he told his story, but he did say that he was grateful to be able to return to his children with a trade, for even if his old business had not been destroyed, a blind man could not carry it on.

As a brush-maker he was assured of a decent living. There was one other reason for hope but this I hardly could mention. He was extremely handsome. His black eyes did not look sightless and he was otherwise uninjured. Men will be scarce after the war. Beyond a doubt he will find a strong and helpful mate who will be so thankful at not being condemned to eternal spinsterhood that she will treat him well!

In some of Madame Viviani's ateliers I saw men making toys, those with one arm using the stump with much dexterity to push the machine. Later, of course, they were fitted with mechanical limbs. One man whose right hand was gone and on whose left remained only the little finger and thumb, was writing when I passed through the studios and triumphantly showed me a specimen of his achievement. What he was accomplishing with a penholder held between thumb and little finger was far better than my own handwriting had ever been and better than that of all but a very few of my friends. In short it was almost perfect.

At the Atelier Joffre in Lyons, where hundreds of men were working contentedly upon the most ingenious toys, I saw a sad sight. Several black-coated officials of the Municipal Government entered with a fine large poilu in a new uniform, who at first glance, seemed to

be an unscathed soldier home on leave. But when he came up to us we saw that he had no hands. The arms were there in all their vigor but his hands had been blown off. The gentleman who brought him inquired if the manager of the Atelier had no job that would employ so helpless a man. When the manager shook his head the poilu's eyes filled with tears, but he belonged to a race far too wise to shed many tears over spilt milk. He resigned himself to helplessness until his stumps would be callous enough to stand the artificial hands. No doubt he is making good now, for his patient face was full of character.

War is damnable and death is the least of its tolls. But at least the blind and maimed are no longer in the hideous predicament of a century ago.

Not one but can learn at no expense to himself some trade or profession that will support even those dependent upon him, or, retaining his own self-respect as he must, win him, if he be single, the respect and affections of some fine girl who might not have looked at him in the old days.

Sympathy is a mighty spur to feminine love; moreover, to be practical, a large percentage of these young men will learn a more



To most people the idea of a blind man operating a telephone switchboard seems incredible. Yet this former American soldier blinded in action is becoming very adept. Other sightless men and women prove quick and accurate in the work—here and abroad.

useful and remunerative trade than they practiced before the war. Many were mere clerks or farm hands or rolling stones or bell boys, elevator boys, waiters. This is their supreme

opportunity to rise, and those that embrace it will in time look back upon the war as an evil dream out of which a few blessings took material shape.

A Book for Red Cross Workers

A CLEAR statement of the nation's duty to our disabled fighters *after* the war, is the outstanding message of a book issued by the American Red Cross entitled *Home Service and the Disabled Soldier and Sailor*. The author is Curtis E. Lakeman of the Headquarters Staff, Department of Civilian Relief.

Mr. Lakeman writes graphically and interestingly of what the Red Cross is doing for soldiers and sailors and their families and especially of Red Cross plans to help governmental agencies re-make the men who are discharged from the service because of disability. The main purpose of this study is to inform home service workers of their duties. The author sketches the steps taken by the Surgeon Generals of the Army and the Navy and by the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

This book answers the question "What can Red Cross Workers do for the men who are sent back?" There are chapters on medical treatment, vocational training, employment, compensation, and public opinion. It recognizes the country's debt to men who have sacrificed bodily health and points out the pitfalls in the way of over-enthusiastic public opinion to do honor to its heroes. This is almost

certain to be followed by a reaction which leaves the man to shift for himself as best he can when the enthusiasm has died down. The author acquaints home service workers of this danger and shows how to spread the real purpose of their work; how to serve the soldier and the sailor and his family until they shall be independent of outside help.

The book sets forth the present working plan of the Red Cross and its plans for amplification in support of governmental agencies. The various phases are so described as to bring the entire field of reconstruction up to the moment. It places before the reader an authoritative account of many rehabilitation activities. It is being sent out to 50,000 home service workers in this country. Those who fail to receive it in the near future should apply to the appropriate Division Director of Civilian Relief and ask for A.R.C. 210.

For the soldier or sailor, the survey can best be summarized in the message added by the Director General of Civilian Relief addressed to the men who come back: "No matter what has befallen you, you are still a soldier. We have pledged our faith in you. We are for you and with you—always."





Heroes All

By Bliss Carman

Decorations by Edward A. Wilson

In that new world which we shall make
For freedom and for justice's sake,
When all the hell of war is past
And we have stablished peace at last,
When gladness shall go hand in hand
With victory across the land,
There will be honor, love and tears
For those who fought among their peers
And fell—before the heathen guns,
To save their country for their sons,

And when our war-worn hosts shall come
Safe from their battles marching home,
What crowds along the bannered street,
What frenzied cheers of pride will greet
Those champions of humanity
Who fought to keep our manhood free!
Oh! they shall find where'er they go
Such peace as only strong men know—
Those heroes of the grim crusade—
In that new world that shall be made.

What of the men who cannot see
 Their flags that wave for victory,
 Who cannot follow when the drums
 Proclaim the conquering hero comes—
 The broken men who after war
 Can walk in their old ways no more,
 Who stood to save the mighty day
 And flung their youthful best away?
 How shall their dear gift be repaid
 When this old world has been remade?

They shall not lose their modest pride
 Nor high ambition cast aside,
 But serving ever they shall stand
 Among the great determined band
 Who dared, and still must dare, to save
 The free republic of the brave.
 Such souls shall never know despair,
 Nor be less valiant than they were,
 But front the future unafraid
 In the fair world they will have made!



The Only Hopeless Cripple

By Herbert Kaufman

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HOW much of his body does a man need to earn a living in this year of wheels and wires? For instance: Legs are not requisite at the cigar bench; expert type-writers never look at the keys; the watchful eye of a supervisor is not hampered by the absence of arms. What with telephones, elevators, motor cars and like couriers and carriers, a respectable remnant of the human frame can overcome most of the handicaps of mutilation.

If the head stays intact, a missing feature or so isn't necessarily a sentence to dependence. Commonsense is a general servant and with a little coaching, can learn to substitute for any of the missing five.

We are to have so many disabled folk that the problem of their autonomy will perforce direct unprecedented attention to reclamation and re-education of industrial as well as military *blessés*.

Employers will cooperate with institutions and put the maimed of the Republic on a preferential basis in such special occupations as they can demonstrate parity with normals.

Our streets shan't ring with the whine for alms—the hat holders and cup bearers already there reproach enlightenment. We should have helped them to their feet long ago. The remarkable achievements of retinkered European soldiers indicate that the only hopeless cripple is a deliberate shirker.



SOME OF THE WEAVERS

In every hospital here and overseas American women are doing a wonderful work. These reconstruction aides at Lakewood are teaching handicrafts that hasten the cure by giving the soldier something to divert his mind from himself. It is called occupational therapy.

Re-Weaving the Web

A Soldier Tells What it Means to Begin All Over Again

By Sergt. Gordon Cooper

EDITOR'S NOTE. Sergeant Cooper was in the first detachment of Ambulance Drivers to answer the call of Marshall Joffre after America's declaration of war. He saw eight months of active service at the front. This is an account of his disappointment upon being informed he must return home. It shows also how his return was transformed from a bitter disappointment into a force for good.

WHEN the Roentgenologist had finished his X-Ray examination of me, with short, abrupt remarks as to his findings, he flashed on the lights and left me alone with the doctor. The doctor was a young man, but one who had watched the play of emotions on the face of many a wounded poilu, and later as the curse spread, of many a stout-hearted American. He looked at me searchingly, and then softly, "I'll have to send you back to the States."

And then all the old desires for the sight of faces and scenes loved of old became a shame to me. How could I have desired to go back—

even for a fleeting moment? How could I wish that I might sit in the glow of an evening fire and listen to the murmur of beloved voices? And I went to my bed with an aching heart.

After eight months of driving an ambulance with the French Army, in heat and cold; in ice and rain and snow; in mud and filth; when star shells made the night hideous with their ghastly flare, and screaming shells sang their song of hate, and never had there been so bitter a thought as this. "Sent back!" Sent back physically unfit! A derelict on the ocean of life! Useless and cast aside! Better to stop a Boche shell and have the glory of dying than to creep back to a life of eternal question and eternal silence.

And they laughed at me when I offered to absolve every one from responsibility if only

they would let me go back to the front. If I could have gone back perhaps a merciful shell would search me out. It would have been sweet beside the bitter thought of going home before the finish. We say on the front: "You never hear the shell that hits you." And would it not be more merciful to have that sweet oblivion in preference to the hated thoughts of an uncertain existence when others were going on and on and on?

AT THE LAKEWOOD GENERAL HOSPITAL

And in this state of rebellion and resentment they sent me back. None knew of my coming. Not even the mother, whose face had haunted me like a spirit through the darkest night and the hardest toil, knew that I was coming back.

So that when I was approached with the appeal to help in the rehabilitation and re-education of disabled soldiers my refusal was almost a snarl. For diplomacy's sake I shielded my bitterness by saying that only a commissioned officer could demand the respect necessary in teaching soldiers.

In addition to this was the realization that many of the companions and friends of the old days were now commissioned officers. I found myself a private in the ranks, while the others, no better equipped than myself were wearing officers' uniforms. A letter received at this time from an old friend was signed 'Captain' instead of 'Bob'. The thought rankled.

The quicker they would discharge me and leave me to my problem, unquestioned and free from the curse of ever recurring examinations and eternal diagnoses, the better they would suit me. My spirit rebelled at the delays that kept me in uniform.

Then one evening a man who understood sat down and talked with me. He was one of those, devoid of stereotyped formality and military affectation, who knew the human heart. Such men are few and far between—but they are the kind who are the soul that win the war.

He showed me the mighty task that the leaders of America had upon them. He made me realize that though I felt that I was a piece of luggage in the possession of this Government, yet I was an *essential* piece of luggage.

He showed me that my individual case was but one of thousands, and that it was unfair for me to expect any more attention than the others. He showed me that I could help, not only my own state of mind, but those others who were unfortunate like myself. He made me realize that the education and equipment of mind that I had was an instrument for good over here just as powerful in its way as many of the instruments for use 'over there'.

THE LESSON OF SERVICE

I got a new vision of life. I was made to realize that it is intensely better to be unfit below the shoulders than above. I awoke to the fact that it is just as noble to serve in America as it is in France. I learned the whole lesson of service. I saw that men made unfit for the work of the past must be equipped for work in the future. I saw the dignity of labor made new and interesting, and even more powerful because of the handicap of their disabilities. I saw that men suffering the loss of a leg could be just as efficient at a typewriter or typesetter as a man with two good legs. I realized that a man whose health had suffered the ravages of the French front could render his service with a greater effect than ever before. I realized that a war cross is not the only thing that can distinguish a man for service. I realized that learning was never so precious as to those deprived of the use of limbs and the exuberance of health.

I was shown the possibilities of a commercial school where men could become skilled in business; the rounding out and polishing up of neglected educations appeared to be a divinely appointed task; woodwork and auto-mechanics linked up with the skill of tailoring and shoemaking seemed to take on a newer meaning.

VISION BECOMES REALITY

Now the vision that this man painted to me has become a vivid reality. Restless minds have become engaged and active; patients whose existence was a terrible monotony now hurry here and there in the pursuit of their studies and tasks; what was once inactivity and stagnation is now a constructive, enthu-



THE WAY BACK—By CESARE

siastic organization. Men are being made 'mentally fit' that they may earn respectable salaries in life after they are discharged, so that they need not feel themselves objects of charity when they receive their payments of insurance from the Government.

With the doffing of civilian clothes and the donning of a military uniform, one takes upon himself the vow. That vow, today, means the submission to all that is abhorrent in the mind of a civilized world. It means that modern warfare must become the devotion of every ideal; that a laugh must take the place of a shudder when one must sleep in mud and slime with every manner of creeping thing about him. It means that the fine sensibilities of decency must be sacrificed to savagery in order to combat savagery.

When he comes back there will be the overwhelming rush of emotions—emotions that make him ask, "Why?" *Why* did he come back when that sturdy companion of many

nights and days lies behind shrouded in the sacred soil of France? Why was *he* spared when many a worthier soul stopped suddenly in his charge across a shell-cursed land of hell and horror? If he is a thinking individual these questions must find a place in his mind. And they must be satisfied before he ever begins to gather up the scattered threads to re-weave the web.

No one can go through the experiences of the firing lines of France without asking "Why?" He must not only ask "Why?" but "How?" and the question dawns in his mind for many a day and night, before the answer comes. If he does not ask it, he is a fool and an idiot. And when he does look back he must face the issue fairly and squarely, and then begin all over again.

The web is lengthening and broadening; the woof is welded with understanding; the broken threads have been skillfully pieced together, and life takes on a newer meaning daily.



Before our returned soldiers and sailors take up farming as a new vocation, the Government will educate them by the newest scientific methods. These men at Letterman General Hospital have achieved fine results in truck gardening.

"I Will Stay to the End Though I Have But One Hand"

MANY letters come to CARRY ON from all manner of persons—mothers and wives, business men and professional men, soldiers and sailors. Some ask questions, some offer advice, and most of them reveal an appreciation of the problem at hand.

But of all the communications received none is more compelling in real patriotic faith and devotion than this letter written by the mother of two American soldiers:

McWilliams, Alabama

August 21, 1918

Surgeon General, U. S. Army

Sir:

The little magazine CARRY ON has been sent me by a friend and I have read it with a great deal of interest, as I have a son in France wounded with one hand off. This is the second time he has been wounded. As I note from one piece in CARRY ON that the wounded have a chance to come home for convalescence and to build up in life again, I can't think I am asking too much for my son to be afforded this opportunity.

My son has taken a great interest in this war and was mad with the Germans before he went there, on account of their treatment to the French children. With time he has grown more angry with them. He is not thinking of the future for himself at all. He is just thinking for revenge and to kill the Kaiser. That is out of the question with him now, and before anything more serious happens to him, there would be no greater pleasure given me than for him to be forced home to prepare for his future life. I would rather he was dead than both hands off, or so he could not acquire an occupation and would be dependent on charity or on what pension the Government must provide with so many to provide for.

If I was able to take care of him myself it would be done with all pleasure, but I am not able physically or financially. I am old, sick, and poor and could not help him to anything. Besides I have another son at Camp Jackson, South Carolina, and he could well take his place and do more than he can do with one hand. Seems like from what all the writers of CARRY ON write they are for the wounded soldiers to come home, but my son wrote me he wanted to be there when the Huns surrendered as they were in a manner whipped, but of course he does not know this or how long it will be before they do surrender, not before he may be a helpless invalid for life.

He was one of the first volunteers from this country. Underwent the examinations before he was taken, then told the examiners he was going anyhow, that he knew he was able and would fight till he died for the country, so they took him. His age exempted him as well as his health, but he has made a most remarkable obedient soldier for which I am proud, and am glad he still stands to defend the country, but he does not realize that his day is done, his battles fought and must take a back seat for those who are not maimed to carry on the war.

I am not writing on account of him coming home to do for me, because I know that is not to be expected. When I received his last letter he said, "I will stay to the end though I have but one hand." I thought of writing to the war department or to the President and my friends said they would pay no attention to my letter so I postponed writing till I got this magazine, the CARRY ON, and I decided I would try what I could through this magazine, for these notable men to appeal to my son's reason to give up the thought of being there for the surrender and come home and

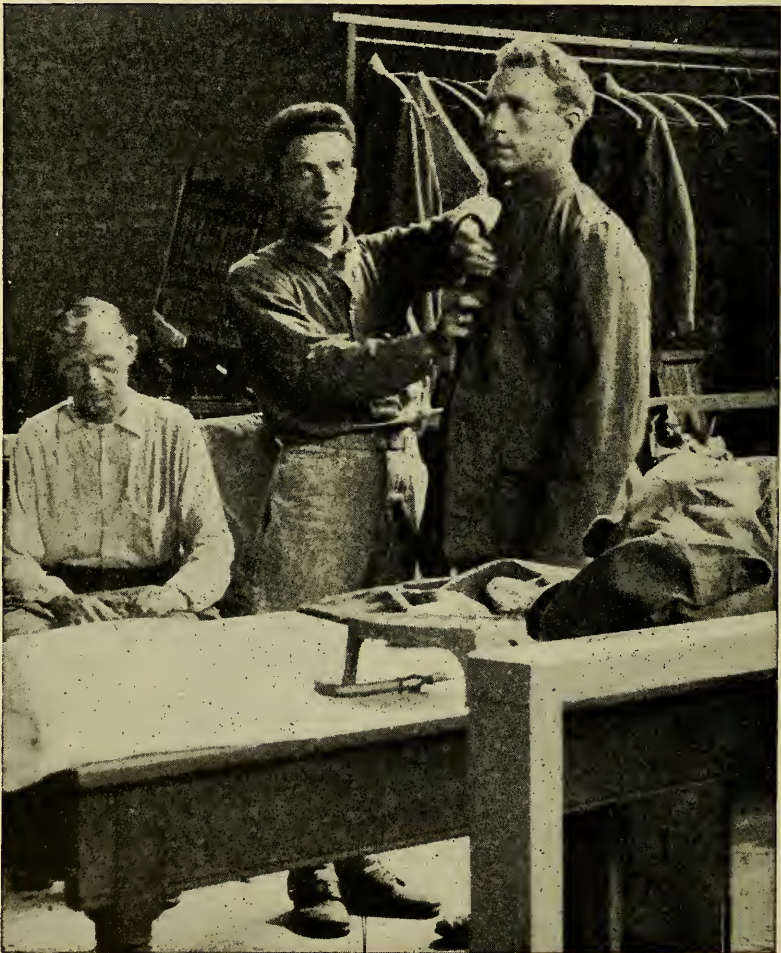
prepare for the future of his life. He is a country boy with a limited education, and his chief ambition has been to fight for the helpless and to let those who can help themselves go ahead. But none get all they want in life and while he can't get all the Germans I think he has done all God intended him to do in this great war. I am sure God was able to hold him up and would have done it if it had been His will.

I see you will send on request CARRY ON for a year without charge. I will be glad to have it sent me, as I enjoy the pieces so much.

They appeal to so much common sense and reason that I am sure my son has never thought of. If he gets the privilege to come home later, I think he could be made to think of it and given the privilege, and then if he don't want to accept it, for him to be ordered to do what is best for him before he is in worse condition, as he will risk anything now regardless of the future.

Your true friend of the War

(Mrs.) B. MCWILLIAMS



SARTOR RESARTUS

The sooner a disabled soldier can go back to his own trade, the speedier his recovery. At Lakewood, for instance, there is a tailor shop where returned soldiers do fitting and pressing for the post. Men who were tailors before the war can teach others who want to learn.



It is a fact that a man may still be a good telegrapher even though he has lost one of his arms, one of his legs, or one of his arms and both of his legs.

Future Young Americans

A Telegrapher Suggests a Field

By George Saint-Amour

EACH time that one of my telegrapher friends looks me up to say, "Au revoir, I'm going 'over there'," I say to myself:

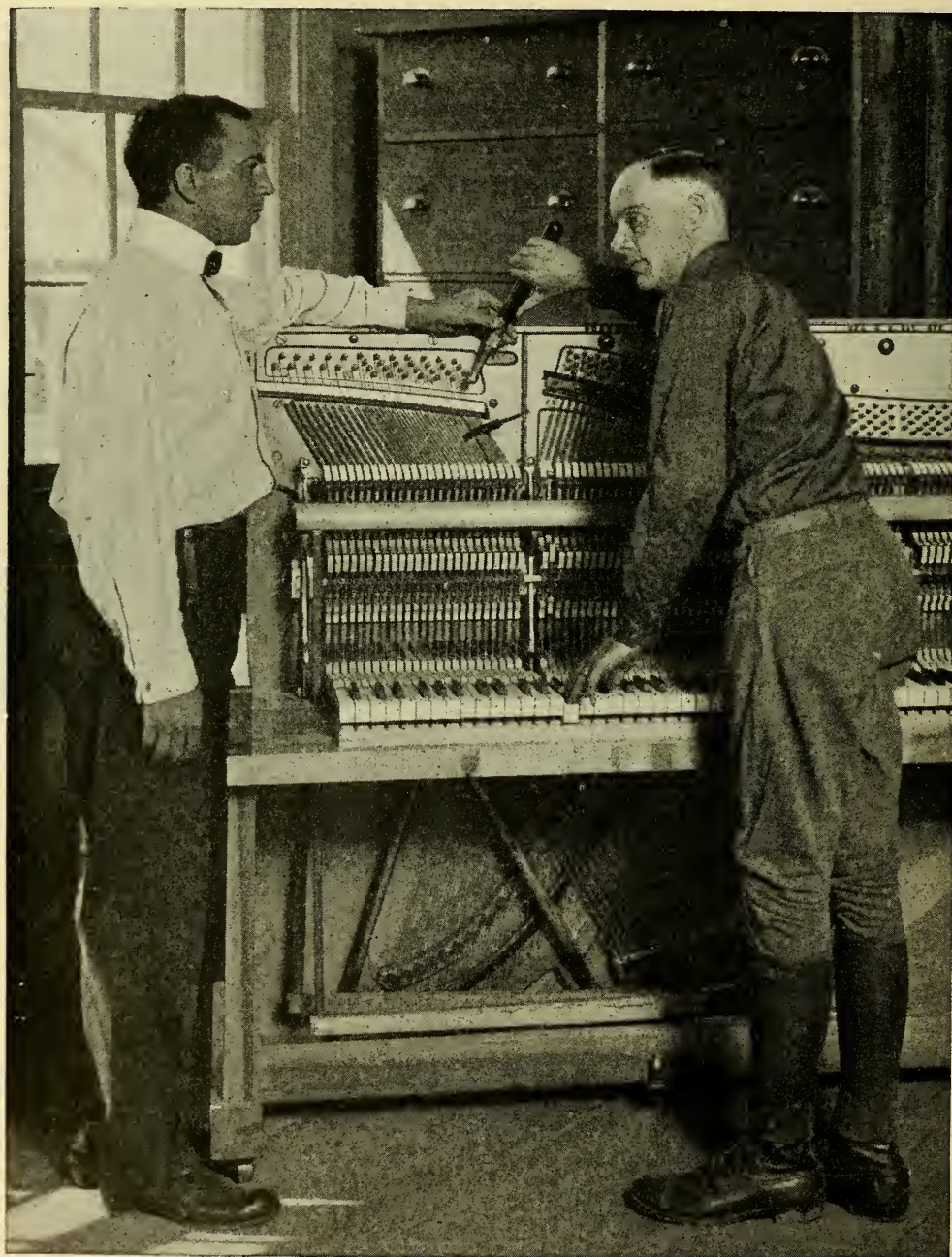
"Well, he has a good chance to come back fit to do his regular work, anyhow."

For it is a fact that a man may still be a good telegrapher, even though the Boches have shot away one of his arms, one of his legs, or one of his arms and both of his legs.

There is a truly serious shortage of telegraphers in the country. This situation is not due primarily to the war; it has existed since long before the war. The two major telegraph

companies have for years been experimenting with systems more fundamentally mechanical than the old Morse system, trying to do away with the dots-and-dashes artists, but the old-fashioned telegrapher remains master of the situation. No system has been invented that comes anywhere near taking his place, and to this day the Morse man or woman is the highest paid individual in the workaday departments of the business.

Telegraphers who work for brokers receive from \$35 to \$50 a week; telegraphers who work for the press associations receive from



AN EAR FOR AN EYE

One of the practical professions for a blind man who has a 'good ear' is piano tuning. It requires some mechanical ability but it is not difficult to learn. This soldier, who lost his sight in France, is being taught by a blind instructor.

\$30 to \$40 a week, and telegraphers who work for individual newspapers receive from \$45 to \$50 a week.

Even the telegraph companies had raised the wages of their most expert and hardest worked telegraphers to from \$100 to \$150 a month before the government took over the wires. Hereafter—under the government—the \$50 and \$65 a month jobs should disappear certainly; and thus telegraphy offers a rather inviting service for returned soldiers who, by war, have been incapacitated for many other kinds of work.

A common school education is sufficient. Nothing approximating so-called higher education is requisite to becoming a strictly first-class telegrapher.

There is only one branch of the work which requires two perfectly good legs, and that is in the railroad switch towers where the telegraphist has, also, to throw semaphore levers.

Nearly all railroad telegraphy is sitting-down work—where a man with both legs and even one arm gone, may get along very well.

One-armed men soon acquire the knack of operating a telegraph typewriter in the commercial offices (the machines are single-case; that is, all capital letters) with speed sufficient to do ordinary message work, for which the telegraph companies have been paying \$65 to \$85 a month.

The very hardest, most trying work in telegraphy is the 'sending job', located in great

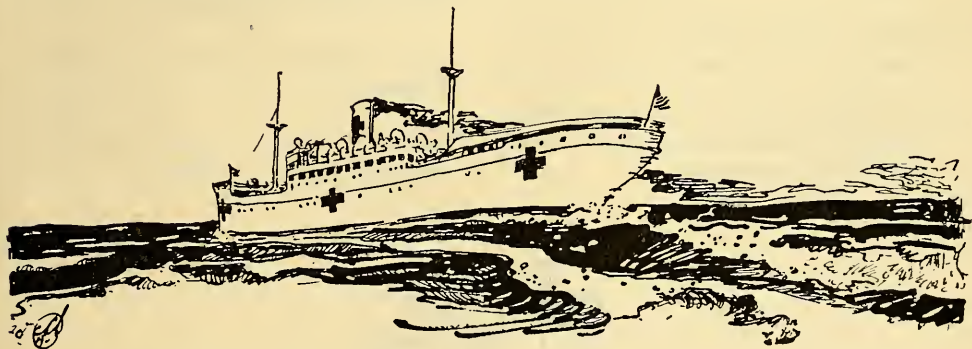
news centers like New York and Washington, and the chief requirements for the work are a wide knowledge of current events which may be gained by newspaper reading, steady nerves, unlimited energy, and a good right or left hand.

The next hardest and perhaps more difficult work is on the receiving end of one of these fast press circuits such as I myself work, and the latter jobs require, again, a knowledge of current affairs, the art of quick, accurate spelling, and the ability to concentrate absolutely on one's work.

It seems to me that the right kind of a man could select from our maimed young saviors of civilization many who have the peculiar qualifications fitting them for telegraphy, and set them to learning it, with decided resultant advantage to the boys themselves, and to society in general.

Some telegraphers rise in the world of affairs. Thomas A. Edison, as we all know, was an expert on the wire. Andrew Carnegie began as a telegrapher. Vice-President Charles W. Fairbanks was a newspaper telegrapher. Quite a few real writers and dramatists have come from the telegraph ranks.

The work itself offers no high salaries, no particularly alluring prospects, but it is an honest, respectable, decent, and fairly comfortable means of earning a living—it is a means of achieving one of the finest things in this world, independence!



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Carry On

A Magazine on the Reconstruction
of Disabled Soldiers and Sailors



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Sand by George Barr
Mc Cutcheon

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Attention Editor CARRY ON, Washington, D. C.

C A R R Y O N

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WAR NEUROSES

Medical authorities have no problem of greater importance than the treatment of war neurotics. At Plattsburg they are meeting with marked success by the introduction of new methods in occupational work. This loom operated by soldier patients is one form of helpful appliance that furnishes worth-while mental education.



Sand

By George Barr McCutcheon

Illustrations by F. T. Chapman

MATT, the Marine, stretched himself lazily, comfortably on the flat of his back, his tranquil gaze fixed on the fragrant wisps of smoke that rose from his pipe and scurried aft with the rush of the wind that softly raked the deck. He was going home.

He had been through that little business at Chateau Thierry and was going home to tell the tale. A good many of his pals were not going home—but he wasn't thinking of them just now. Instead, he was thinking how wonderful it was to be alive and how great it was to have been in that scrap out there on the Marne. True, there were some parts of the little affair that he had missed, for the very good reason that something occurred to interfere with his enjoyment of the fighting—and the memory of it, in a way of speaking—

something that would have made him boiling mad at the time if he had been fully aware that it was happening. He had seen it happen to other fellows going forward that day, fellows right beside him, and some ahead of him, but it had not entered his mind that it could ever happen to him. It did, however, and he missed quite a bit of the excitement and pleasure.

Indeed, the way he had it figured out, he missed practically everything that happened in the next fortnight or so after that first grand dash into the thick of the astonished Huns. He remembered only that at the very top of his exaltation, at the crest of his eagerness and strength—when it seemed to him that he would never be able to stop going forward—some amazing, invisible thing began



pushing him backward so swiftly that he could not keep his feet. He recalled now, as many times before, that he was surprised, bewildered, puzzled by this most unnatural thing—and the fact also that he abruptly decided to lie down and go to sleep right there on the field of battle—actually disobeying orders in a way that ought to bring him up before a court-martial in short order, and later on, quite justly, before a firing squad.

But now he was going home happy and reasonably satisfied with everything. He could, of course, get along quite nicely without the arm, and as for the smash in his side—well, that was where people couldn't see it and would never know about it unless he told them (he wasn't quite sure they oughtn't to be satisfied with the empty sleeve and not go asking *too* much of him!). Besides it wasn't any worse than the scar on his cheek, and that was visible to any one.

Everything looked rosy to Matt the Marine. He had been cited for bravery—a most astonishing thing to him, for he had never thought of being anything else but brave, if that's what you call *wanting* to get at the Huns—and he was feeling very confident about the future. The Germans were beaten. All those bully pals of his had not died in vain. The world was going to be better—and perhaps bigger. Anyhow, it was very nice stretching one's legs and back out here on deck, in the lee of the deck building, with the midday sun streaming down upon him from the south—and a lot of other fellows lying about taking it easy too. He had had an amazingly satisfying luncheon, and his side-partner, Tony, had quit grumbling about the sun hurting his eyes.

The folks at home would be proud of him individually, just as the whole nation was proud of him collectively. He was glad to be

a Marine. He was one of the unfailing cogs in that fighting machine you read so much about in the papers—that human machine gun you see in the posters under the caption: “The first to fight!” It was all very pleasant, despite a slight feeling of annoyance that it was all over and he had got *his* on the first day instead of the last day of that important battle. Still, when you come to think of it, he might have lost the arm some other way before the war, and never got into the fight at all—or, worse even than that, by some frightful mistake, he might have been created a ‘slacker’!

He was roused from his ruminations by the voice of his side-partner, Tony.

“Say, Matt, are you asleep?”

“No. Do you want anything, Tony?”

“Nope, I just been thinking about you, Matt, and what darned rotten luck you’ve had. I’m worried about you, I don’t mind sayin’, and—now, don’t get sore! You always get sore when I try to—”

“I don’t do anything of the kind. It’s just my fool way of trying to make you quit worrying about me.”

“Well, is there any good reason why I ain’t got a right to worry about you?”

“There certainly is. You seem to think I’m all in—no good—busted up for life, because I’m shy a right arm and a couple of ribs, and a little hide off my jaw and some teeth on that side—the Lord knows I can chew as well on the other side as I ever could on this one—and you keep wondering what in thunder is going to become of me. Now, I want you to stop it, Tony. It ain’t good fer a feller that’s been gassed to be worrying about other people.”

“That’s all right, but I’m practically over the effects of that gas, and I’ve still got both my hands. What’s worrying me about you is this: how can a feller earn a living at your trade without having both his hands to work with? A stone mason’s just got to have two hands, Matt.”

“You talk as if there wasn’t anything else in the world except stone cutting. Can’t I pick up another trade? I don’t have to go back to the old one. There’s lots of jobs a one-armed man can tackle.”

“Yes, but they don’t pay living wages. Take my old job, for instance, ‘fore I went into this thing. Sign painter. Well, you can paint signs with one hand all right but you can’t trim a block of stone unless you’ve got two. You got to have something to hold the chisel with besides your knees, you poor boob.”

“Well, you quit worrying about me, that’s all I got to say.”

Tony was silent for a while. Matt eyed him thoughtfully for a moment or two and then resumed his tranquil pursuit of the puffs of blue that floated away in a somewhat increased volume. Presently, Tony spoke again.

“‘Course, there are no end of jobs I could take up besides sign-painting. I don’t like it much anyhow. Sort of hurt my eyes, the turpentine and things did. But I don’t think you’d have any sense at all about anything ‘cept stone cutting.”

“You must think I’m a born idiot.”

“Now, there’s that girl of yours. Supposin’ she *does* marry you, Matt, spite of what’s



happened to you. How in thunder are you going to support her on what the government allows you for being disabled and all that? You can't do it—and I know you ain't the kind that would do it, anyhow. But facts are facts, Matt. You got to look at 'em square. In the first place it's going to take you a long time to learn a new trade—a one-armed trade, mind you—so's you'll be worth twenty or twenty-five a week to anybody. Maybe she'll wait, and maybe she won't."

"Well, if she won't, she won't, so that's all there is to it, kid."

"It would be different with me. I've kind of got out of the notion of ever getting married. The girl I was keen about 'fore I joined up wasn't so darned sure she'd have me anyway. Said she'd think it over while I was off fighting, and if I made good at it, she'd—well, maybe she'd say yes. But that's all off. I didn't make good. I made a hell of a mess of it and, of course, she'll hear all about it and—well, there's no use talking about it, I guess."

He relapsed into silence.

After a moment, Matt spoke again.

"It wasn't your fault the blamed old gun got choked. What do you mean, makin' a mess of it?"

"Why, you poor simp, I oughtn't to have let 'er get choked, that's what I mean. I ought to have had sense enough to go a little slow with 'er, 'stead of trying to shoot up the whole German army in ten minutes. Course it was my fault. I spilled the whole pot of beans, and let the Huns take the gun—and darned near get through the line, and, Oh, well, if it hadn't been for somebody else coming up just in the nick o' time there's no telling what might have happened. It's just those little things that turn the tide of battle, Matt. If I'd done my part in proper shape, right then and there, a lot of boys wouldn't have been killed and wounded, and ole Mister Boche would have had his tail between his legs for good and fair, and beatin' it for home so fast—"

"Oh, piffle!"

"But that's all past and gone—and it isn't piffle, either. They say the war is over for good and all, and that we Americans helped 'em do the trick, so I guess there's really

nothing to complain about. I did the best I knew how. The only trouble about me is that I'm a good sign-painter and that's all."

"I'd like to ask how you happen to have that little decoration pinned on your breast if you're such a good sign-painter. The government don't pin medals on sign-painters, lemme tell you that."

"Oh, well, there's no sense in arguing about it, Matt. We never got anywhere doing it, and it ain't what I started to talk about anyhow. The main point is, what are you going to do to earn a living when you get back home?"

"I'm going to get a job filling toy balloons," said Matt gruffly. "That's easy to learn and when they bust on me I'll think I'm right back on the front."

"Don't get funny."

"Now, look here, Tony, how many times have I told you there's some kind of an organization at home that's going to fix fellers like me up with new arms and legs, and maybe beans for all I know, and teach us how to forget things. Well, me for that. I wasn't a slacker before the war and I'm not going to be one after it. I'm not going to have people say: 'Look at that poor guy; he's lost an arm and he's all through. The government's going to support him, and all he's got to do is to set around for the next fifty years and talk about what a hell of a time he had in Belleau Wood. No, sir, my boy. I'm going to make people *forget* I was at Belleau Wood, and I'm going to make a lot of pikers wish *they* had only one arm."

"And you'll get married, and all that?"

"Sure. If anybody'll have me."

"Well, that kind of relieves my mind, Matt. I had a sneaking idea that maybe you'd be discouraged, having lost your regular trade, and that you'd sort of drift along and let things go to thunder."

Again Matt favored Tony with a glance out of the corner of his eye, and fell silent.

"I don't like a quitter," said Tony, after a while.

"Neither do I," said Matt.

"I haven't much use for a guy that quits cold and says, 'what's the use'. Specially young

fellers, like you and me. This thing of sitting still and letting the government feed you ain't going to make a feller proud of himself, no matter what he did over there in France. No, sir; the only way for a feller to be proud of himself is to feel he's of some use in the world and that he can earn a living—and get rich as Rockefeller maybe—no matter how much of himself he left behind in France. You're the right sort, Matt. I'm glad you ain't going to set back and say the world owes you a living. I wasn't much good as a soldier, but as long as I've two hands and a brain I'll work for a living—and I'll get over this gas business all right, don't you worry—and I'll stick my little old pension and insurance money away as velvet besides. A feller was telling me the other day about the way they provide these new-fangled arms and hands that work almost as well as the kind God gave us in the beginning. You think you'll get one of 'em, eh?"

"Sure, I'm going to have everything that's going, Tony, old boy."

"Fine. That's the way to talk. By golly, a guy like me don't know how lucky he is that he's got both his hands. I should think it would be mighty hard to get along without a hand."

Matt put out his remaining hand and tucked the blanket in around the edge of the wheel chair in which his companion reclined. His gaze swept the figure of Tony, the lad who so bitterly declared he had not 'made good' the day the Boches directed their gas and grenades at an isolated machine gun in the side of the hill, and then he looked scornfully at his own empty sleeve and shook his head. One of Tony's legs was gone and the other was badly shattered. Again he looked at his comrade's face. There was a faint smile on Tony's lips.

"Getting tired, Tony?" he inquired. "Want to go in to bed? I'll wheel you in."

"What time is it, Matt?"

"Four o'clock."

"Gee, then it isn't dark yet, is it?"



Leaving Too Soon

The Disabled Soldier Should Remain in the Hospital for Full Restoration, Physical and Mental

By Colonel Frank Billings, M. C., U. S. A.

Director, Division of Physical Reconstruction

IT is stated on good authority that modern military medicine and surgery is able so to treat and manage combat injuries received in battle that within the maximum time of three months, from eighty to eighty-five per cent. of the men were returned to full military service. Of course, many went back to duty within a much shorter period of time.

Of the other remaining fifteen to twenty per cent. a comparatively large number are able, within a like period of time, to return to special or limited non-combat service. The completely down and out, from a military point of view, are relatively small in number.

During the war, men disabled by sickness and combat injuries have eagerly cooperated with the medical officers in the desire and effort to become speedily well and able to return to the battle front. In the military hospitals overseas one frequently heard the question, "When will I be able again to get into the game?" And on the other hand, one rarely, if ever, was asked, "When can I be discharged from the army?"

Now that the armistice has been signed and there is every evidence that peace will be declared within a few months, there is a manifest desire on the part of the disabled soldiers for early discharge from the army. This sentiment of the soldiers is encouraged by the relatives and friends and by many other people, who apparently have not fully considered the best interests of the disabled men.

BENEFITS OF VICTORY

This unfortunate state of mind of the soldiers, their friends and of the public, must

be overcome if the sick and disabled men of the army and navy are to receive the necessary continued treatment to restore them as nearly as possible so that they may go back to civil life capable of enjoying the benefits which the winning of the war affords.

What has been done for the disabled soldiers in time of war in France can be as efficiently performed during the armistice in the military hospitals overseas and in the United States.

If during the war there was a reason for disabled men to receive efficient treatment so that they could, as speedily as possible, return to military duty, there is an equal reason that they should receive like thorough treatment that they again may engage fully in the industrial battle of civil life.

HELPING THE MORALE

That this continued treatment may be administered efficiently, the residents of cities in proximity to the military hospitals should not injudiciously interfere with the difficult task for which the Commanding Officer is responsible to the War Department. The morale of the disabled soldier will be easily lowered by suggestions that army regulations as to uniforms, leaves of absence, etc., are unnecessary hardships and that the soldiers should be privileged to leave the post at any time, disregardful of the periods of time fixed for treatment including such measures as play and curative work. It is recognized that sick and injured men should have diversional entertainment, and that the public may greatly aid the Commanding Officer in this undertaking. But this should be done cooperatively and after



A blind man can be an expert bowler. At Evergreen these sightless soldiers are given the location of pins by a seeing man and instinct does the rest. As for dancing—the seeing girl is always a sure guide.

conference. The public should bear in mind that the Commanding Officer and the medical personnel of the hospital have in mind, quite as fully as other citizens, the best interests of the sick and convalescent men.

The government has made ample arrangements for soldiers and sailors disabled by sickness or combat injuries. The Medical Department of the army has a sufficient number of beds in military hospitals overseas

and in the United States and a personnel of splendidly qualified medical officers to give continued treatment to the disabled soldiers until the fullest possible recovery shall have been secured. The Bureau of War Risk Insurance is authorized to pay compensable disabled soldiers a pension based upon the maximum disability, and this pension will not be reduced in amount by the improvement of the disability which the soldier may acquire

through training and education. The Federal Board for Vocational Education is authorized to give compensable disabled soldiers training and re-education after their discharge from the army, which will qualify them more fully for an old job, or if they need it, will train and educate them for a new and lucrative occupation.

Forty military hospitals in the United States have facilities and equipment to carry on the physical reconstruction of disabled soldiers.

A FREE EDUCATION

It is recognized in modern medicine, that methods of treatment embraced under the term 'Physical Reconstruction', will hasten the correction of temporary disabilities, will greatly improve the physical defects due to permanent disabilities, and will develop latent special senses to replace lost function. The blind may be made to see and the deaf to hear through the education of other senses. The left hand may be trained to function for the lost right member. A proper treatment of the remaining muscles of the thigh or leg will enable them to serve excellently as the motive power of an artificial leg.

The staff of the military hospital includes general and technical educators and instructors whose duty it is to aid the medical officers

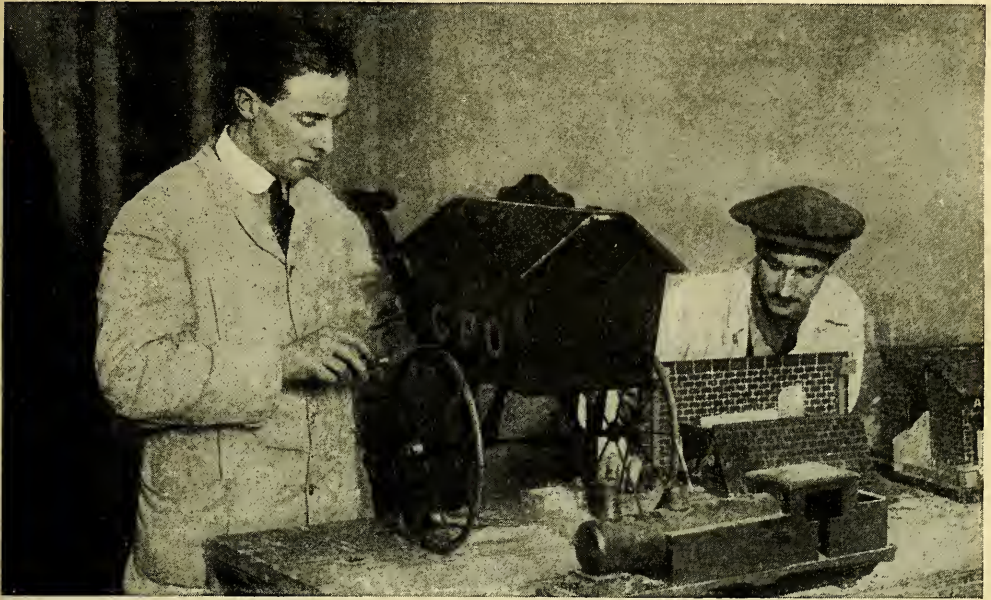
in the application of work as a curative measure. This therapeutic work is essentially prevocational or even vocational in character. This curative work is applied primarily to hasten physical and functional restoration. At the same time it trains the soldier to be a better workman at his old job or starts the training for a new one if he has a disability which unfits him for the old occupation. The partial vocational training which he receives in the hospital will be continued by the Federal Board for Vocational Education after his discharge from the army and will be without cost to him.

It must be apparent to any thinking individual that the disabled soldier who desires training by the Federal Board to fit him for a new job must receive as complete medical and surgical treatment as possible before his discharge from the army, for otherwise he will not be physically fit for the training.

It is rational for every man to desire as nearly perfect health and content of the mind as may be possible. This desirable condition of body and mind is within the command of the disabled soldier if he will take advantage of the opportunity offered by the government. It should induce him to remain in the military hospital as long as may be necessary.



Without the tactful, intelligent help of women, reconstruction would not get very far. As the blind are being helped by these teachers at Evergreen so are men with all types of handicaps being educated in other hospitals.



NOT MADE IN GERMANY

Another fallacy has been exploded: That the best toys must be made in Germany. These British soldiers are fashioning many things to gladden young hearts; and our men are doing the same.

Do It Yourself

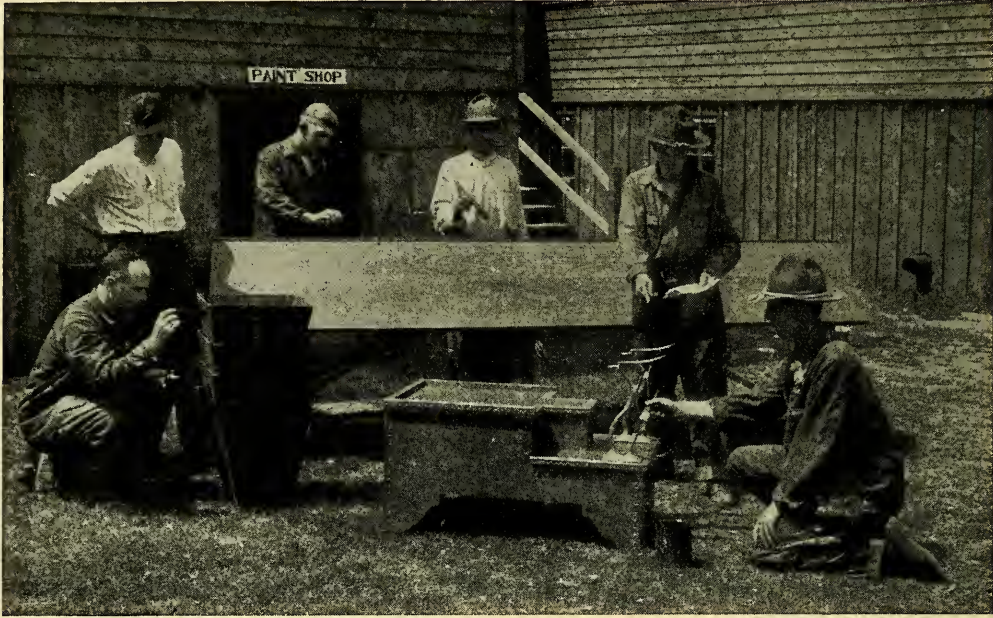
By Captain Arthur H. Samuels, S. C., U. S. A.

THE great harbor of New York—giant of debarkation ports—has for the past few months roared and shrieked its gratitude as transport after transport crept through the maze of smaller craft and warped into Hoboken docks. It was to be expected that the country would accord a grateful welcome to its wounded fighters.

All of the agencies of benefaction have their representatives on hand to cheer the men by word and by gift and every possible effort is made by the government to move the disabled quickly and comfortably to the concentration hospitals of the port. And from these they are sent to reconstruction centers—as near to their homes as conditions permit.

The machinery of the government is being geared up to care for our disabled soldiers, sailors and marines, as indeed it should be. Representatives of the Federal Board for Vocational Education are distributed throughout the country and are in direct touch with the men before they leave the hospitals, to provide, if necessary, for their re-education or for further training in given lines of work. The ubiquitous Red Cross is following up: seeing to it that families are not in want and that the men are not drifting.

The press of America is united today in its attitude toward the disabled man. Several newspapers have started symposiums of letters —‘experiences’—from handicapped men who have made good. Social workers and clear-



Painting that is both useful and ornamental is well paid for. At Fort McHenry they are teaching their men how to rehabilitate cast-off articles—a splendid form of occupational therapy.

thinking men and women everywhere are spreading the gospel of 'Not charity—but a chance'!

And yet because this gospel is so new, so revolutionary in the economic and social scheme of the country, attention must be constantly called to the need of hewing to the line: of not confusing mawkish sentiment with genuine good sense.

It is much harder to resist the mute appeal of a disabled man than the spoken one. Pity is aroused very quickly, and generally the wrong kind. But it is not easy to distinguish between deserved and unmerited financial need.

Nevertheless, the public which has stayed at home has had the opportunity of learning the philosophy of this problem. The wounded man has been too busy to think about even the possibility of a future handicap.

Now the great job of reconstruction is really just beginning. During the war the public was being prepared for a situation that was bound to follow the armistice. That day has come. Our men are back by the thousands and they are going to act as they are influenced to act

by their families, their friends, their employers: The Public.

Practically every man and woman in the country either has or certainly will come in contact with a disabled fighter. What are you going to say when you meet your wounded man? Will you tell him merely that you are proud of him—which naturally you are; or will you really help him?

No matter what type of wound he bears—invisible or obvious, in body or mind—he *can* be helped. In some cases he can be made more fit for work than before he went away.

But the time for generalities has passed. We must get down to cases. Every citizen of the United States should know that provisions have been made by the government for the future life of its disabled.

Tell your soldier to go to work and demand his rights for training if he needs it. Help him to a job, and guide him patiently and intelligently. Honor him for what he has suffered; but do not destroy heroism by heroics. And above all do not wait for some one else to take the personal interest that you should take. Do it yourself.

Paying a Draft of Honor

How the Government is Helping the Disabled Fighter
to his Civilian Place

By Charles H. Winslow

Chier, Division of Research, Federal Board for Vocational Education

PRESIDENT WILSON calls attention to the fact that the government stands squarely back of its disabled fighting men. The President says that the government's great program of rehabilitation, which is being carried out fully and generously, "is merely the payment of a draft of honor which the United States of America accepted when it selected these men."

In these days when peace negotiations and the grave problems of readjustment of all business are uppermost in the minds of men, "this nation," the President writes, "has no more solemn obligation than healing the hurts

of our wounded and restoring our disabled men to civil life and opportunity."

The re-educating, retraining and replacing in civilian industry the great numbers of disabled men has become a much bigger task than was anticipated at the time of the signing of the armistice. Many new and difficult problems are being met by experts of the Federal Board for Vocational Education, which has full jurisdiction in this work.

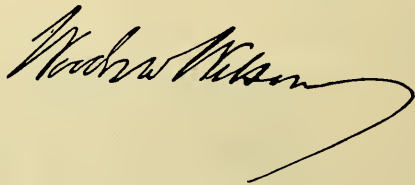
According to estimates made since the announcement of the total American overseas casualties, there are more than 200,000 disabled men under treatment in the hospitals



In reconstruction centers the drafting department is the largest and most sought out. This is especially true of Fort McHenry, where this picture was taken.

President Wilson's Message on Healing the Hurts of Our Wounded

"This Nation has no more solemn obligation than healing the hurts of our wounded and restoring our disabled men to civil life and opportunity. The Government recognizes this, and the fulfillment of the obligation is going forward fully and generously. The medical divisions of the War and Navy Departments are rendering all aid that skill and science make possible; the Federal Board for Vocational Education is commanded by law to develop and adapt the remaining capabilities of each man so that he may again take his place in the ranks of our great civilian army. The cooperation and interest of our citizens is essential to this programme of duty, justice, and humanity. It is not a charity. It is merely the payment of a draft of honor which the United States of America accepted when it selected these men, and took them in their health and strength to fight the battles of the Nation. They have fought the good fight; they have kept the faith, and they have won. Now we keep faith with them, and every citizen is endorser on the general obligation."

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Woodrow Wilson". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

in this country and overseas. Of this number, it is probable that more than one-fourth have been disabled by disease. Contrary to the general idea of the casualty list, only a very small percentage of the total have suffered disabilities which resulted in the amputation of limbs.

It is not merely the men who have lost legs or arms that the government is offering to retrain and restore to self-supporting activity, but the Federal Board offers its aid *to every man, regardless of his disability, who is entitled to government compensation.* The Board realizes that many of the thousands of men who are suffering from the effects of shell shock, gassing, shrapnel and gun-shot wounds which weaken their systems, tuberculosis, bronchitis, heart and nervous diseases, may be unable to re-enter their former occupations. To all these men, as to those with more evident handicaps, the Federal Board is extending the opportunity to be re-established in civilian life.

The cases of several thousand of the men who have been discharged by the Surgeon General have already been considered by the Federal Board. As many others are being sent from the incoming ships to the hospitals throughout the country, the fourteen district offices of the board are getting in direct contact with them. Cases are being surveyed in a most thorough manner, not only by the Federal Board; but each individual case is carefully considered by an employer, a repre-

sentative of labor and a physician in the home district of the man. Every effort is being made to train and place each man in an occupation which is most suitable and in which he is most likely to be satisfied and successful.

Within the next few months it is expected that several thousands of disabled men will be taking training under the jurisdiction of

the Federal Board and at the expense of the government. Those who had been actually placed in training in December were taking courses in a widerange of trades and professions, including twenty-seven different occupations. Industrial schools, colleges, offices and shops located throughout the country are being utilized so that most of the men are being trained close to their own homes. Thirty-one per cent. of the total now in training are taking commercial courses; seventeen per cent. are learning the various phases of agriculture, farm management, poultry raising, dairying, etc.

Others are studying

law, medicine, banking, and some are being trained in engineering, telegraphy, tailoring, window trimming and designing, accounting, store management, machine shop practice, meat inspection, traffic management, and so on.

The Federal Board is prepared to meet the emergency, and is ready to give full attention to the individual case of each of the two hundred thousand disabled men who needs and elects to take advantage of the liberal rehabilitation program of the government.



A LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR

All manner of modern appliances are installed in our reconstruction centers. The soldiers shown here are being instructed in the use of the stenotype—a lightning conductor for dictation.

Ain't it
a Grand
and
Glorious
Feeling?

By Briggs

AFTER YOU'VE BEEN
WOUNDED AND YOU STAY IN
A HOSPITAL IN FRANCE
SEVERAL LONG AND WEARY
MONTHS



-AND THE GOVERNMENT
TELLS YOU IT WILL TEACH
YOU A NEW TRADE
WITHOUT CHARGE



- A
THE
JO



- AN
FIXED
THAN
COM



EN YOU LAND IN
A. YOU CAN'T
HURRAH CROWDS



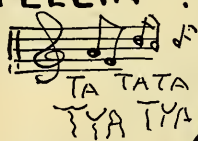
-AND YOU GO TO ANOTHER
HOSPITAL HERE NOT CARING
WHAT HAPPENS BECAUSE
YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO
EARN A LIVING WITHOUT
YOUR RIGHT ARM



LY YOU ARE ALL
ET A BETTER JOB
ER HAD - ALSO YOUR
ON AND INSURANCE
AND EVERYTHING



-OH-H-H BOY!!!
AIN'T IT A
GR-R-R-RAND AND
GLOR-R-RIOUS
FEELIN' ?



BRIGGS

How I Commandeered My Left Hand

By W. A. Rogers

EDITOR'S NOTE. The author of this article is one of the leading cartoonists of the country. For many years he has been on the staff of *The New York Herald* where his work has brought him an international reputation.

IN the midst of the presidential campaign of 1912, I had the misfortune to fall in attempting to board a street car, and break the main bone of my right arm close up to the socket, split my shoulder blade and fracture my collar bone. When the surgeons had collected the pieces and before they had anchored them in place with splints, I had a little time to think out how I was to continue my work as a cartoonist during the ensuing six or seven weeks of the campaign.

My right hand was out of commission and I never had so much as made a mark with my left. But, I said to myself: "Nothing has happened to your brain; and your right hand has always obeyed it. Why not commandeer your left hand and insist on its obedience to the nerve impulses sent to it from headquarters?" On my desk was a piece of white paper. Pens, pencils and ink were at hand.

I looked at my left hand and the muscles of my left wrist and I said, "You look pretty good to me and I am going to make you draw right now. You can do it and you must." The first few lines of a rough sketch in pencil went fairly well, except that sometimes a line

intended to go to the right started off to the left.

That difficulty continued more or less during the six weeks that I used my left hand. I overcame it on each occasion by stopping and coaxing the hand along much as you would a balky horse. At the time of my accident I knew the history of several artists who had lost the use of their right hands and had learned after months of painful effort to use their left; but never even then with the vigor and freedom of their right hands. I felt that they had started on a wrong theory. Now let me tell you where my theory came from and what it was.

During the summer of 1912, I had spent my leisure moments in reading a fascinating work called *Brain and Personality* by Dr. W. H. Thompson. It carried me into a new world or perhaps it would be more accurate to say it revealed the marvelous

world about us and within us with which we are so little acquainted.

I learned from Dr. Thompson how the impressions from the great outer world get into the little world which is contained for each of us within ourselves; and which is the only world we know. And, when these impressions reach us—reach certain centers in our brains which control sight or hearing or the other senses, they set up a series of actions in our



Drawn with the right hand just before the accident.

bodies and we become active beings. I learned how, connected with the speech center was the controlling center of writing: how, knowing the words and letters you wish to use, your writing becomes automatic with scarcely a thought as to the shape of the individual letter. How the ability to draw proceeds from a different portion of the brain where form predominates and where each stroke of the pen, pencil or brush comes from a separate impulse. About the only things in drawing that become in time automatic are your faults.

To a man who has been smashed up the thing to keep in mind is that with his brain intact and in good working order, his broken body can be made to do extraordinary feats. Faith in one's ability to overcome obstacles will accomplish wonders.

In my case I had faith—faith in the power of intense will to carry the brain impulse through an unaccustomed channel. I fully believed that a line perfectly conceived in the brain would be reproduced on the paper even though the process might be a little slow.

When my family physician and the surgeon came together to set my arm I was at my desk at work on a cartoon.

"How fortunate it is that you are left-handed," they both exclaimed.

"Well, gentlemen," I replied, "I never was until today. I have only commandeered my left hand for the balance of the campaign."

I feel very sure that any right-handed man having the skill of a draughtsman could have done what I did if he had known how to go at it.

When I met with my accident I was full of Dr. Thompson's remarkable book. I had been

fascinated by its array of facts, many of them entirely new to me, and by the deductions the learned surgeon had made from them and by some I had made for myself.

I felt sure that if the centers of impulse, educated by years of practice, were still sound and normal that it made scarcely any difference what physical means you used to carry out their commands.

It was not more than the inconvenience of breaking in a new pen.

I have gone into details as to my mental attitude because after all that was half the battle. The principal physical difficulty one has to contend with in a broken condition of body is weakness. I found it was unwise to overtax the

muscles at the beginning. They would respond for say fifteen minutes and then would become jerky and unreliable.

Of course, practice overcame that: but, aside from weakness and a good deal of pain in the bad arm and shoulder which had to be borne with what stoicism I could command, I got about as good results with my left hand at the beginning as I obtained after several weeks.

The thing to do is to throw the mental impulse directly toward the part of the body

where the physical effort is to be made; to make up your mind that you can do with imperfect or unaccustomed means what your will directs.

The two cartoons reproduced in this article were made a few days apart. The first one I drew with my right hand just before the accident; the second with my left hand just after it. They both appeared in *The New York Herald*, during the month of October, 1912.



Drawn with the left hand
just after the accident.

The Fable of the Perfect Man

By Wallace Irwin

Decorations by Rea Irvin

Three convalescent Soldiers from the trenches Over There
Inspired a Healthy Pacifist a-walking through the Square.

The tallest of the Soldiers wore a stump below his thigh,
The Second had an Empty Sleeve, the Third a Bandaged Eye.

"Oh, Horrors!" cried the Pacifist and raised his Cotton Glove
As he showed the Whitest Feather that was ever on a Dove.

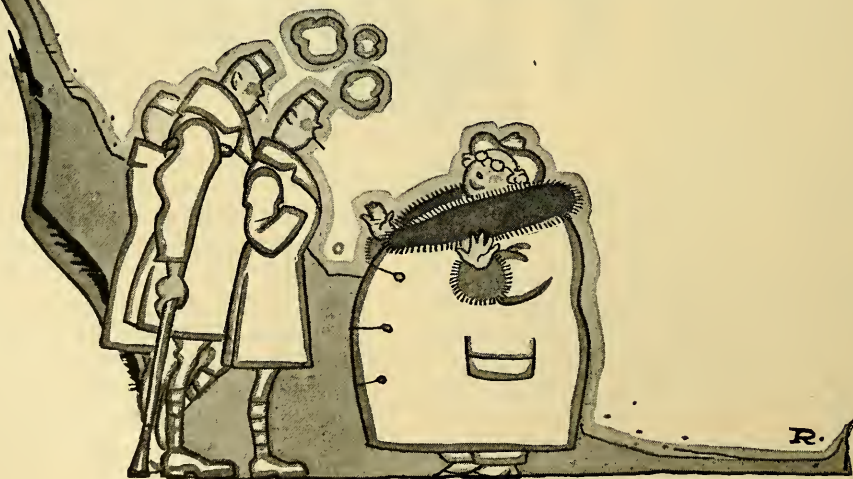
"A Terrible Example! You're a maimed and battered Lot.
You *would* go fighting Germans—yes, and see just what you Got!

"While I, who wisely stayed at Home upon the Trotzky plan,
Wear not a Scratch from head to foot. Behold the Perfect Man!

Then the Tallest of the Soldiers, when he'd drunk that Wisdom in,
Leaned easily upon his crutch and pulled a Sandy Grin.

"I've lost a Leg perhaps; but ere they laid it underground
It told a different story from the One you're Kicking Round.

"It stood me in the Trenches and it took me o'er the Top—
'Twas marching into Grand Pré Gap the day it had to drop."



Then said the Second Soldier, "When this Wing was trimmed to stay
It was pumping a Machine Gun which was pointed Berlin-way.

"Yes, I miss my good Right Handle; but I say it not in Jest—
I Used it when I Had it, so I guess it needs a Rest."

Then the Third One Joined the parley. "Though my Eye is blind and dead
It can see a darned sight clearer than the Two inside your Head.

"For it still can see the Vision of the Slaughter and the Hell
Where 'twas stopped from further action by the Splinter of a Shell.

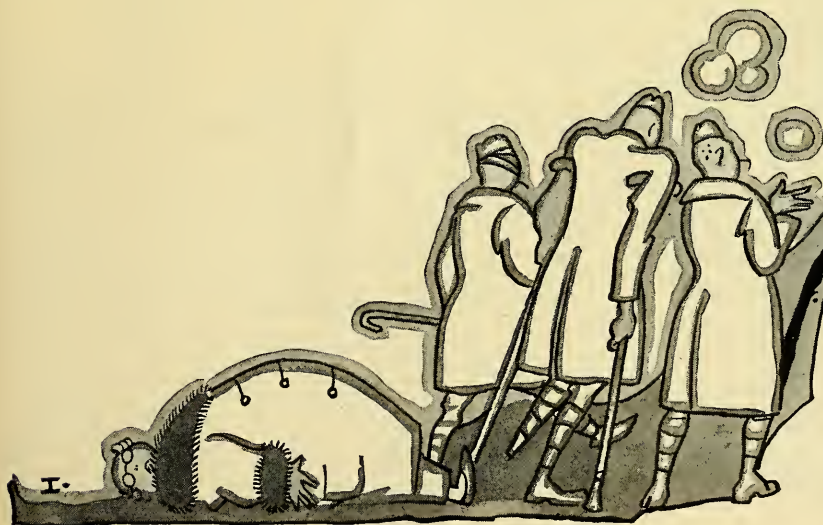
"And my Optic Nerve has registered a Little Scene or Two
Which would ossify a Quitter—by that word I'm meaning You."

"But Gentlemen," the Pacifist declared, "that's very well;
Yet my Physical Perfection should convince you—" Something Fell.

The Innocent Bystanders were Unable to decide
What Struck the gentle Pacifist and Strewed him far and wide.

Some said it was the Lame Man who had landed him a Kick;
Some said the One-Armed Corporal employed a Boxing trick.

But it was the One-Eyed Sergeant who leaned tenderly and said,
"I guess he'll See things different now." So they left the Wretch for Dead.



The Gist of the Matter

By John Galsworthy

LET the reader imagine that for one, two, or three years he has been cut off from his home folk and all those occupations, interests and amusements which made up for him the sum of life; that from morning

to night he has done what

he was told; that for

long months together

perhaps, he has been,

confronted with the

fires of hell; that

for longer months

he has lain in bed

staring a hole in

the opposite wall,

or trailed hospital

and street, still

under discipline,

still without power

or initiative to de-

cide anything, still

a number—haled

here, haled there,

fed like a child,

amused like a

child; suffering

from paternalism

and patronage; sit-

ting in the parks

with his eyes on nothing; blank of all definite

expectation; provided with all material com-

forts and sunk in a sort of Capuan dream; or

eating his heart out under a cheery, or at

worst, an expressionless mask—let him imagine

all this, and consider what he would do when

his discharge comes.

In his long-idle and cruelly-tried soul there

would be no other impulse but to shake the

dust of discipline from off his feet, and make

a bee-line for home. Whatever his state,

bitterly in want perhaps of continued treat-

ment and training for a new start in life,

utterly incapable of making good in the future

without this help, yet he cannot

—and you cannot expect him

to—stay and take it at

once. A good long draught

of home and freedom is

his imperative de-

mand; and when

that is over, and

he begins to own

his soul again, he

takes too often the

line of least resis-

tance.

Our friends, the

Italians, have an

invaluable specific

against this. They

make the man's

discharge provis-

ional on his return-

ing to a training

school for a month

or six weeks, that

he may be shown

the process, and

tempted to take the necessary training to secure

his future. At the end of that time he may

depart if he likes, but as a general rule he stays.

Seeing the shape that our system has taken,

there are now perhaps insurmountable difficul-

ties in embodying this specific. But it seems a

very great pity. For there is no blinking the fact

that, at present, owing to lack of moral pres-

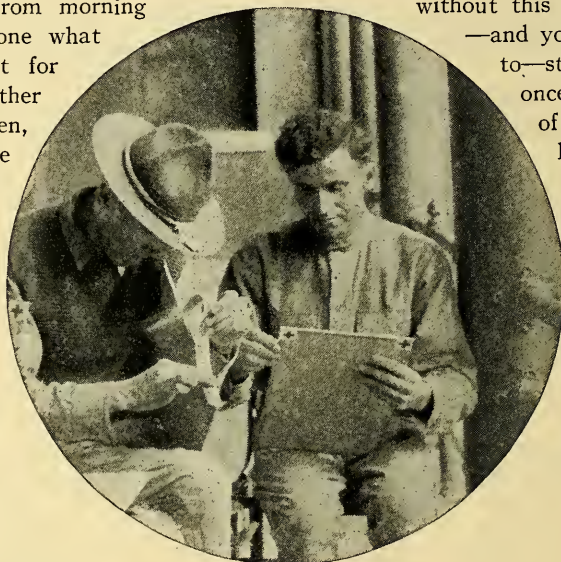
sure on them at the right moment, our men

are only coming forward for retraining in

minimum numbers.

Hospital life is an ideal foster-mother of

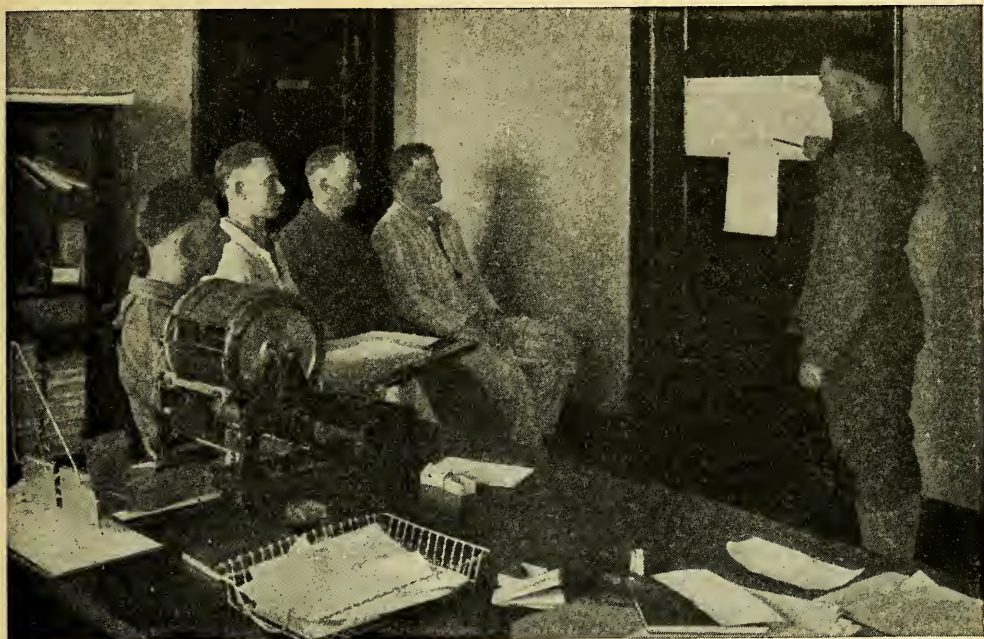
lethargy, mental and physical. With few



KEEP HIM BUSY

Active minds are healthy minds and soldier patients must be kept properly occupied whenever possible. These men at Fort Des Moines are making writing tablets for the Red Cross and they like the diversion.

EDITOR'S NOTE. This article is reprinted from *Reveille*, the British magazine on Reconstruction, of which Mr. Galsworthy is editor.



A CLASS IN BIOLOGY

The sciences are a part of the curriculum in our hospital courses. These men at Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, are taking a lesson to prepare for a vocation after their discharge from service.



Printing is a trade that requires concentration of thought. Therefore it is natural that the class at Plattsburg, where many of our war neurotics are being sent, is getting results.

exceptions, the wounded man in hospital is rusting mentally; he is, automatically, encouraged thereto by every condition of his life—the lassitude left by severe strain, hard work, and pain; the helplessness of his body; the monotony of the routine; the very care with which he is tended; his eagerness to have finished with it and get out, which would destroy him if it did not soon turn to stoic apathy; anxiety about his future, presently reduced perforce to a don't-care mood; aimless walks and amusements in his hours of leave; lack of any say in his own fate.

All these conditions soon dry up his mental energy. He becomes what is called 'hospitalized', and goes back home on discharge, almost incapable of initiative; indisposed to a wide and resolute view over his jeopardized future. On the top of this mood comes the present fatal facility with which he can get work. For him and for the public the present scarcity of labor grievously blurs the real nature of his position, cruelly deceives him about his future

chances. Often, he is able to take up his old job; if he is really as efficient as he was nothing can be better. As a rule, he is not; but he finds his former employer sympathetic, and short-handed—head and heart for once agree. Neither of them stops to consider how long he can keep that old job.

The disabled man does not pause to remember that he is only, say, twenty-five or thirty years old, and has thirty to forty working years before him; his benevolent employer does not pause to recollect that he used to find it necessary, before the war, to get the most efficient labor, or go under to his rivals; that his maxim was and will be again: "No square pegs in round holes." While the war lasted the square pegs were welcome, and all was well. But now that the war is over, the cruel force of industrial competition comes into fuller play than ever before. What rude awakening is coming for them both!

It seems hard to counsel an employer to consider whether he is really serving the in-



NEXT!

Before long, perhaps, your barber may be telling you battle yarns as he clips or shaves. For among the thousands of returned wounded are many—soldiers and sailors—who will follow the tonsorial art. Two good hands are necessary qualifications.



THE SENSE OF TOUCH

An accurate sense of touch is a blinded man's best asset. At Evergreen it is being developed in various ways one of which is shown above.

terests of a disabled man by taking him back under these present highly exceptional conditions, instead of saying: "My friend, I can easily take you back now, but in your own best interests I won't. Go and get trained for a job *which you will be able to keep*, no matter what is the future state of trade and industrial competition. We must both look ahead. There are hard times coming, and you are young." That is, however, exactly what we do counsel employers to think and say, unless the disabled man is worth 100 per cent., or at least 90 per cent., in comparison with able workmen.

Even those who do not go back to their old jobs find little difficulty just now in getting work of a sort near their old homes, and, helped by their pensions, think themselves all right. We cannot repeat too often or with too great emphasis our conviction that they are living in a fool's paradise. There is a square

hole to be found for all these square pegs, a proper niche for every disabled man, often a better position than that which he held before; but if he will not fit himself for it, and if the public will not help him, nay, force him to find it, we are in for most horrible tragedy and disgrace a few years hence.

There is yet another hindrance to the working of the scheme—the British character. The Briton is an incurable amateur, sometimes of genius, generally of merit, but almost always an amateur. This amateurism is our strength and our weakness; it brings sportsmanship, elasticity and gusto; but it hampers us with fecklessness, extravagance, and muddle. The Briton is also—we speak in the large—a practical person with short views: the greatest and most generous spendthrift under the sun; very combative and competitive deep down, yet very lazy till he is roused. And, of all men, he loves to paddle his own



OVER THE TOP

When you see blinded soldiers of all ages playing leapfrog and other boy-hood games you realize that pity is not always necessary. At St. Dunstan's, England, and other blind centers the patients are the cheerfulest of all.

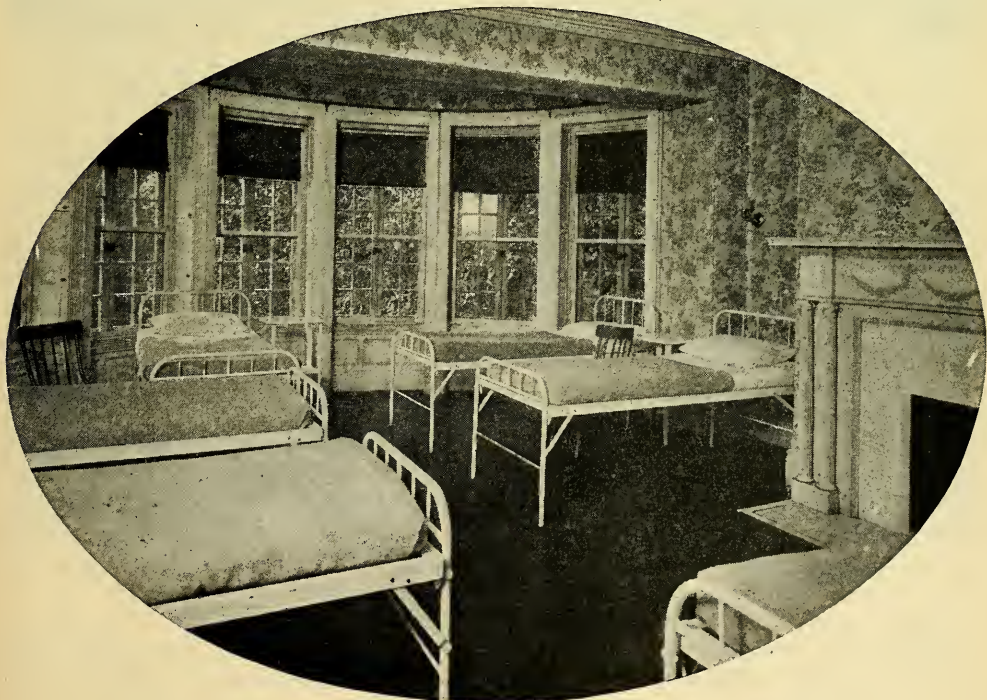
canoe. These qualities make him fascinating to the observer, and would break the heart of any administrator who was not himself a Briton.

The Briton disabled by this war belongs, of course, chiefly to what are called the working classes; add to his British character the working man's philosophy always to make the best of today without considering too much what tomorrow may bring forth, and we have perfect conditions for a hand-to-mouth treatment of his endangered future. His whole instinct and habit is to say: "I'm not worrying; something will turn up." Micawber was very British. "Time enough to bother"—we seem to hear him say—"when we see the rocks." The attitude of his leaders is sometimes not dissimilar.

According to some, the present indifference of the disabled man to the schemes provided for his rehabilitation is of little consequence. "There is the machinery of training," they say, "not only for now, but for whenever he

likes to avail himself of it. When the war is over and he gets pushed out of work, he will be glad enough to come and get trained for the jobs which he can do." We by no means share this cheery view. It is based on a misconception of human nature, especially of the British nature. We think that when a man has been back in civil life some time, and is beginning to forget the jolt and jar of the war, he will rather stay even on the rocks, living on his pension, on charity, and odd jobs, than put himself to school again. Further, we think that the energy of local committees and of people generally interested now in this great problem will rapidly evaporate when the war is over and we are no longer in danger.

Human memory is very short, and human gratitude not too long. We are not all angels—like soldiers in time of war, editors when writing their screeds, poets before, and mayors after, dinner. Finally, we think that those special permanent niches which could now be secured by disabled men if they would train



Nowhere are there to be found more beautiful hospital buildings and surroundings than at Evergreen for the Blind at Baltimore. This airy attractive ward is typical of the place.



To the uninitiated, the picture of sightless men enjoying a game of pool is quite wonderful but at St. Dunstan's, England, they play it skillfully and happily.

for them, will be usurped by the flood of returning labor, and that what is at present a real opportunity will rapidly become invisible. We are convinced that if the government's scheme for special treatment and special training is not made proper use of within the next two or three years, it never will be.

Our eyes look out on a Britain daily more and more peopled by sufferers in this war. In every street, on every road and village-green we meet them—crippled, half-crippled, or showing little outward trace, though none the less secretly deprived of health. Yet, there are but few who cannot be fitted again into our national structure, and restored to the happiness of a useful, self-respecting life. If we, who know or watch the sufferer, are foolish or indifferent about his future, he too will be foolish and indifferent. If a man's friends and people acquiesce in his drifting into the first job, however unsuitable, which comes along, he will surely drift; if they are content that

he should drone away a future of twenty to fifty years on a pension and makeshift earnings, he will do so in a vast number of cases. We must make him feel that this can only end miserably for him; impress on him that by a little effort and a little gumption he can be fitted with a secure and profitable job; persuade and urge him till he makes the necessary effort. Then only will he rally to recovery of full working powers, full self-respect, and happiness.

Now is the time to say to him: "Pluck up your spirit; better your position in life. Take the permanent and special chances given you while they are still open. Don't hesitate. Don't drift. It's fatal!"

Patriotism and gratitude demand this of every wife, father, mother, and friend of each disabled man; demand it for his sake who gave so much for them; and for the sake of our country, whose wings are clipped by the devastation of this war.

Teaching Devil Dogs New Tricks

By Major Thomas G. Sterrett, U. S. Marine Corps



They always smile—those marines! No matter what they lost at Chateau Thierry or Belleau Wood—an arm, a leg or an eye—the spirit remains to carry them on and on.

IT was in a first-aid station. A nineteen-year-old Marine lay dying—one of the boys who at Belleau Wood forever barred the road to Paris. The surgeon tried to encourage him, but he only smiled and replied:

"I'm done for. I know it. But say, doc, just remember this—they can kill us, but they can't lick us!"

Of all the stories that have come out of France, this one, to me, best expresses the un-

quenchable spirit which carried the Marines through seven hells—in spite of fifty per cent. casualties—and wrung from the Huns the epithet of 'Devil Dogs'.

This is the spirit which does not fail with the victorious cessation of hostilities. It leads the wounded Marines to say, "They can shoot us up, they can disable us but they can't come any nearer queering our future careers than they can come to trimming us in a stand-up scrap!"

I speak only of the Marines for they are the men with whom I have served in various parts of the world and the men I know best.

Given this unquenchable spirit, our disabled men need only the educational opportunities, such as the government is now providing in the great hospitals, to enable them to return to civilian life better equipped to become useful and productive members of their respective communities.

Private Henry Ross, of the 6th Regiment Marines, is one case that has recently come to my attention. He was one of that handful of Marines who rushed the town of Bouresches, in the Chateau Thierry sector, and held it

against all comers. By some miracle he went through a month of some of the fiercest fighting of the war before he was struck in the thigh at Soissons.

Before he enlisted with the Sea Soldiers down in Boston, he was only a husky 'hand' in a rubber factory. Now day after day, he hobbles on his crutches down to what used to be the indoor tennis court of the Lakewood Hotel. Today it is the workshop of the U. S. General Hospital No. 9 and there Ross is learning to operate the linotype. From the manner in which he is tackling the mysteries of this new trade, he will be a skilled operator when he is discharged.

I have chosen his case merely as one example out of countless similar ones. The scope of subjects offered the men in the academic, commercial and industrial divisions of the Educational Department of the hospital at Lakewood were a revelation to me. I feel sure that no Marines will fail to make the most of their opportunities in this regard any more than they failed to seize their glorious opportunity to muss up the Prussian Guards last June.



AGAIN—THE TRACTOR

Life in camp and in the field has proved so attractive to many of our men that a goodly number are taking up farming as their life job. All of the reconstruction hospitals are equipped with tractors and other up-to-date agricultural machines.

AND now that our adventure, such as it has been, is drawing to its close, can you really look down deep into your heart and say that you are wholly glad? Do you realize that probably never again in all your life will you belong to a brotherhood more honorable, to a fellowship more privileged than this of the Army of the United States? Never again will any organization to which you can belong win you more heartfelt and universal recognition, admiration, and kindness from every source. Never again will you be more generally acceptable to the ladies. Never again will you be thrown with finer fellows, or make better friends.

Did you ever know before what real hardship was, or danger, or suffering, or fatigue, or boredom, or a lot of other very real things we sometimes meet, and sometimes don't, in the ordinary course of events? Did you ever before learn what it is to feel really happy, or really proud, or really grateful, or really anything? Perhaps you have not yet. But surely you have been given opportunities.

You will probably never again have a worse time and a better than you had in the United

States Army. All your life you will talk about those times, and look back to them with pleasure and a certain pride—yes, even you who have never been east of Fort McHenry. Those will be for you the happy days—the hardships, the boredom, the unpleasantness, all will have been forgotten, only the happier side to all those dear old days will remain.

The great war and the emergency Army of the United States are rapidly passing into history. Supposing—you who are fretting to get back to money-grubbing or family affairs—that you do spend a few weeks or months more in the service, what is the great loss? Life is long and you will never again take part in a greater war, or belong to a prouder, more honorable company of men. You will never again—whatever your tailor—wear clothes that do more become a man. Why hasten unduly to sever your connection with the finest body of men on earth, to cut short an experience the like of which you will never see again? Why, the hurry? You are going to be a civilian a good many years.

From The Trouble Buster U. S. General Hospital No. 2

Where Thanks are Due

IN the past year gratuitous contributions to war activities by our best known writers and artists have been taken more or less for granted. And yet no group of persons has offered more willing and generous and prompt support, even at considerable personal sacrifice.

The men and women who have contributed to the pages of CARRY ON have received no pecuniary reward. Each article, story, illustration, and cartoon has been created and given with a genuine enthusiasm and affection for the wounded fighters of America.

To Mr. C. B. Falls, of New York, whose

cover designs and lettering have added much to the interest of CARRY ON, go the warm thanks of the editor. His help at all times has been invaluable. The advice of Messrs. H. Scott Train and Heyworth Campbell, art editors of the *Woman's Home Companion* and *Vanity Fair*, respectively, is in no small way responsible for the physical appearance of CARRY ON.

To them and to other contributors who have made possible whatever success this little magazine may have achieved, the editors desire to express thus publicly their sincere gratitude.

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Subscriptions

THE circulation of CARRY ON must be limited to those directly interested in the development of reconstruction work. Many thousands of requests have reached the Surgeon General and have been listed.

Men and women who would like to receive this magazine and have not yet had an opportunity to subscribe, may do so by forwarding a request, and CARRY ON will be sent without charge. Send name, address, and occupation to

CARRY ON

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NOTICE TO READER: When you finish reading this magazine, place a one-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas. NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster-General.

Carry On

A Magazine on the Reconstruction
of Disabled Soldiers and Sailors

*Vol. 1
No. 6*

*March
1919*



In Memoriam

Theodore Roosevelt

// He was frail.

He became a tower of strength.

He was timid.

His name became the synonym

for
Courage. //

Edited by the Office of the Surgeon General, U.S. Army
Published for the Surgeon General by the American Red Cross

The Creed of the Disabled Soldier

ONCE more to be useful—to see pity in the eyes of my friends replaced with commendation—to work, produce, provide, and to feel that I have a place in the world—seeking no favors and given none—a MAN among MEN in spite of this physical handicap.



C A R R Y O N

Volume I

MARCH, 1919

Number 6

Edited by the Office of the Surgeon General, U. S. Army



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THE MAN WHO OVERCAME

"It is the plain duty of every American citizen, man or woman, to stand back of these fighters and to give them the help they deserve."

"What the men need is an opportunity to make good as straight citizens."

Theodore Roosevelt in CARRY ON, August, 1918

The Man Who Overcame

By Herman Hagedorn

Author of "The Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt"

Acting Secretary, Roosevelt Permanent Memorial National Committee

ROOSEVELT was frail. He became a tower of strength. Roosevelt was timid. His name became the synonym for courage. Roosevelt was a dreamer, dreaming of ancient heroes. He became one of the great doers of all time and when he died joined the company of those magnificent spirits he once had worshipped from afar.

Two lines which he ran across one day as a boy in Browning's *The Flight of the Duchess*, exercised a decisive influence on his life. These were the lines, recounting the ambition of a poor sprig of an honorable family:

All that the old Dukes had been without knowing it,
This Duke would fain know he was, without being it.

The young Duke, it seemed, wanted to appear to be like his famous ancestors without taking the trouble necessary to make himself their equal.

Roosevelt, thirteen years old, felt that those lines were aimed straight at him. He resolved then and there actually to *be* that which he wanted with all his heart to *appear*.

He was made of the stuff of heroes. From his birth he was encompassed "by the terror that walketh by night." For years he was racked by the agonies of asthma, and night after night in summer his father would drive him in the buggy through the countryside so he might breathe. For weeks on end he lay in bed. But he was indomitable even then, reading and writing and gathering his sisters and his brother and their friends about him and, between fits of coughing, telling them wonderful stories of adventures that never came to an end.

He determined to conquer the weakness of his body and after twenty years of struggle he

did conquer it. On the plains of Dakota he finally put the asthma under his heel, so that it never showed itself again. The rough life brought its own perils. He was bucked off a horse during a round-up and finished the round-up with the point of a shoulder-blade broken; at another time he rode after cattle from dawn until dark with a fractured rib.

It was so when he was twenty-five; it was so when he was fifty; it was so all the days of his life. In the spring of 1910 he was hunting hippopotamus at Lake Naivasha in central Africa when he was laid low by an attack of the Cuban fever to which he had been subject at intervals ever since the Santiago campaign. And these were the entries in his journal during the days he was prostrate:

July 16. Fever; wrote.

July 17. Fever; wrote.

July 18. Feeling better.

July 20. Five hippos.

Three years later he was in the jungles of Brazil. He and his men were in grave peril. They faced the alternative of death by drowning in one of the countless rapids which impeded their journey, if they hurried; and death by starvation, if they did not. Roosevelt was taken ill with malignant fever and for two days lay at death's door. He pleaded with his men to proceed without him, to leave him to die, rather than to sacrifice the whole expedition. His loyal companions refused. By the force of his will he pulled himself up from his sick-bed and went on with his journey, succumbing to the fever at last only when they had reached civilization and all danger to the expedition was over.

History will speak of Theodore Roosevelt as a great statesman and as one of the world's greatest leaders. But men and women who

are encompassed with difficulties will remember him with tenderness and gratitude as a man who overcame. Men with weak eyes will remember that Theodore Roosevelt had weak eyes all his life and became a successful hunter, an omnivorous reader, and a keen naturalist. Men with defective hearing will remember that Theodore Roosevelt lost the use of one of his ears and could still distinguish the calls of birds and lead a people magnificently. Men stricken with pain will remember that once

Theodore Roosevelt worked at his correspondence until he fainted and the couch on which he lay was drenched with blood. Cripples will hear the word that Theodore Roosevelt spoke when a physician told him in the last month of his life that he might be confined to his chair the rest of his days: "All right! I can live that way too!"

The millions will remember the inspiring leader; but a few with terrors to face will always cherish most the man who overcame.

Carry On

IN the first number of this magazine, June 1918, Surgeon General Gorgas promised that "the Medical Department of the Army will 'Carry On' in the medical and training treatment of the disabled soldier until he is cured or as nearly cured as his disabilities permit."

Today I can assure you that the Medical Department of the Army has Carried On. Over there, amid the dangers at the front and in the aero-bombed districts in the rear, our doctors and nurses strove day and night to cure the disabled and return them as rapidly as possible to the fight—eighty per cent. of the wounded went back to the front within six weeks. The remainder, as soon as able and travel was available, were returned to this country where, under more normal conditions, proper care could be administered.

Over here the same spirit of service to the disabled soldiers pervades the medical and nursing corps. Thus from the debarkation hospitals, through the general and base hospitals, into the convalescent centers the message has gone, "cure the disabled and expedite their discharge—but don't discharge until their cure is completed."

During this period of treatment and convalescence every effort is made to prevent hospitalization, meaning habits of indolence and discontent, and the spoiling of the soldiers

by misguided hero worship. Curative work, prevocational and even vocational training, physical exercises, and healthful recreations, are provided in the general and base hospitals and in every convalescent center for the sole purpose of hastening the cure of our disabled soldiers and returning them to civil life as productive citizens. Eighty per cent. went back to fight—ninety-eight per cent. must return to the industrial army ready and anxious to carry on.

The sick and wounded soldiers want to go home. They are tired of army life, of hospital life. Home appeals to them as never before. But Carry On, my men. Get well before you get out. Well men even though handicapped can secure jobs, sick men cannot.

Carry On, mothers and fathers, sisters and sweethearts. Urge your boys to stick contentedly until their physical reconstruction is completed. Carry On, doctors and nurses. You want to go home also, but continue until this job is finished. Carry On and spread throughout the land this spirit of reclamation of disabled men.





Major General Merritte W. Ireland, Surgeon General, U. S. A.

Pictorial Story of Reconstruction

The following pictures from General Hospital No. 3, Colonia, N. J., are representative of the work being done in forty-six different reconstruction hospitals



Unloading patients from a hospital train. In from three to eight days after landing in this country these men, except the acutely sick, are sent to the reconstruction hospitals or the convalescent centers nearest their homes.



Many a tiresome hour is made pleasant by ward occupations. These afford recreation and help to restore function to disabled parts. Whenever possible, a practical trend is given to this work.



Many soldiers must spend weeks and months in the hospitals awaiting the healing of their wounds. 'Keeping busy' influences greatly the rapidity of recovery. Business courses are very popular. Many a future executive will trace his start to these convalescent days.



Off for a ride through the neighboring city. All is not pills and work. The disabled men are furnished many and varied forms of entertainment by the American Red Cross and other organizations.



Work in the machine shops has restored strength to atrophied muscles and motion to stiff joints in hundreds of cases. Seventy different kinds of shops and training courses are represented in the hospitals, primarily to help cure the men and yet affording sufficient variety as to allow many to improve themselves in their chosen work.



From the man denied the privilege of going to school in his youth to the one whose college studies were interrupted by the war, academic courses are offered in every hospital. Lessons in left hand penmanship are necessary for many.



Teaching Lip-Reading

The Record of a Rescue

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

OUT of the great war-storm there came back, amidst the other salvage, a nameless, recordless wreck. He was an ignorant negro, a private, and all that was known of him when he landed in the Debarkation Hospital from the transport was that he was deaf and dumb, sick, deeply depressed, semi-hysterical, and practically mindless. In fact, he was diagnosed as a mental defective of an extreme type, an asylum case. All of his papers were lost and his identification tag was missing. There was vague evidence that his name was James¹ but whether this was surname or given name was uncertain. Had he been marooned on a desert island, he could hardly have been more completely cut off from the world of men about him.

Marooning for life, indeed, might have been his fate, had he been formally adjudicated an asylum case. Fortunately he was assigned to the Section of Defects of Hearing and Speech, and sent to U. S. Army General Hospital No. 11 at Cape May, N. J., where he came under the care of an aide who sensed, through his melancholic torpor, the glimmerings of a mind that yet might be aroused to activity. She set herself to the task of rousing it.

Upon his arrival, he seemed quite oblivious of his surroundings, and sat staring fixedly at

the floor. Persistent waving of a hand under his very nose would attract his attention to the side but his blank gaze would soon fall away and be lost in nothingness. After an hour's endeavor, he was induced to pick up some crayon spread before him. A pencil was set in his grasp and he feebly traced something which looked like the letter 'p'. He was also stimulated to try to use his voice, but all attempts to achieve pronunciation of the simplest words failed. And when a piece of candy was put in his hand, he simply stared at it and let it drop. The dim mind could not even recall that candy is good to eat. To all intents and purposes the unfortunate man seemed imbecile.

The first hint of reason came rather fortuitously. Having a gold thimble, the aide held it up to 'James', thinking that its brilliance might attract him. After a moment's intent contemplation he slowly put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a large aluminum thimble, which he held up for the inspection of the surprised and gratified nurse. She immediately pronounced the word 'thimble' giving it exaggerated visual expression, and he was able to read it, and identify the object: also 'box', 'watch', and other simple names of objects. The mind, which seemed dead but was only sleeping, had awakened. A little later in the day he was able to write the

¹ As the name proved to be his surname it is not given here correctly. S. H. A.

letters 'p', 'f', 't' from dictation. On the following day the rising tide of his mentality had reached a point where he spelled out his own name, and, after a concentrated effort of twenty minutes responded to the repeated suggestion 'home' with the legend 'ELLEnton S: C.'

From that time his mental hold on life improved steadily. By the end of the first week of training he could both speak and write a dozen simple words. Being shown a letter he proffered his first voluntary request: he wanted to write home. The effort got this far before collapsing:

Dear morther I Do-wn com Back Fum France.

But the mind, though broadening and improving, was still flaccid and he decided to appoint the aide his amanuensis to this effect:

Dear mother, I done come back from France. Are you all right? I been bad off sick with chills and fever. I have lost my speech. I is completely deaf. I could hear a little some before I left home but I can't hear any. I done come back from France. I'm getting along all right now. I done got well. I am learn how to write. I am in the hospital. I hope you won't worry. I will get my speech back and I don't know when I can come to see you. I will come away when they let me come. I hope God will be with you till we meet again. I hope you had good luck with the crop. Goodbye. I don't know the name of dis town.

BEN JAMES

The mental effort involved in this seemed fairly to lift him to his feet. He was set to doing small errands about the hospital, and after some misgivings about going around alone, soon gained confidence in himself and took great satisfaction in knowing that he was useful. His morale was thus re-established. Presently his history came out.

Before the war he had been a farm laborer in South Carolina. One month's schooling at

the age of eighteen was the extent of his education. Twice he attempted to get into the army and was twice rejected, probably for partial deafness, but in June, 1918, he was sent to Camp Jackson, and on to France in August, as a private in an Engineer regiment. His military record is still vague. At Brest he was knocked down by a freight train! "but hit skeered me wuss'n it hurt me."

"I rid on the train fer two days," he reports, "'till I got to a place where dey wore falst faces wif specs in 'em an' a thing what goes in your mouth."

Such is his impressionistic picture of a gas-equipped company in full panoply. Here he is of the impression that his "heart went wrong," though there is no present clinical evidence of this. In any case he was sent to a hospital where he was very sick and could neither hear nor speak, and thence transferred, probably, to Base Hospital No. 8 where the general opinion was that he was crazy. Where and how his records were lost will never be known. His deafness, incurable, was probably caused by catarrh, but his difficulty of speech was hysterical and is completely cured.

'James' is now being instructed in lip-reading, at which he shows gratifying progress. He will be educated, and taught a trade; and when he is discharged from the service, will get a better job than he could have hoped for without the 'handicap' which has actually proved an asset. But it was a narrow escape for him. For, in his mental and psychological condition, his mind, unattended to, would soon have been submerged beyond rescue. Partly to the fortunate chance of his being officially adjudged deaf instead of mentally defective, partly to the devotion and patience of the aide in an almost hopeless case, he owes the fact that he is today salvage not wreckage of the war.



It Can Be Done

By P. H. Knight

BOTH of my arms were amputated midway between elbows and wrists in 1902. I was then thirty-four years old. At or about that time, the os calcis was removed from my left heel



Telephoning and routine desk work present no difficulties.

with tendon of Achilles. A brace made of steel, leather, and felt is a substitute for the tendon of Achilles and, with it, I can walk several miles every day with ease. I frequently walk five miles just for the joy of walking. I require no aid in putting this brace on in the morning and removing it at bed-time. I do it alone.

I have the following implements each of which has a fitting that is an exact duplicate of the butt ends of the hooks. These hooks and the implements fasten into the wrist plates of the artificial arms with a spring catch, so

that I can release either or both hooks and insert the other implements at will.

Knife, fork, and spoon for eating
Hair brushes
Tooth brush
Whisk broom and hat brush
Blacking brush for shoes
Gillette razor and lather brush
Tooth-pick
Fountain pen
Match-holder
Telephone-holder

On the dressing table in my bedroom, I keep



Solving a knotty problem.

a pair of extra long hooks with which I put on and take off collar and necktie. The remainder of dressing and undressing is done with the standard hooks which are not long enough to reach collar button at throat. I button the collar at back of neck before I put the shirt on. I dress in about twenty minutes and undress in about half that time. Shaving takes from twenty-five to thirty minutes depending on condition of razor. I do this entirely alone, washing and drying face afterward, taking the razor apart and drying it and changing razor blades when they are dull. Brushing hair, and clothes, attending to teeth, and shining shoes are simple matters.

Before I recovered, the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company offered me a position in their engineering department. I was not working for them at time of accident but had been in their employ in previous years. My work requires me to review documents, keep records, and decide as to responsibility for any extra expense that is alleged to be caused by an imperfection of design.

I meet with little difficulty in telephoning, or the ordinary routine of desk work. Have been receiving good living wages for more than twelve years.

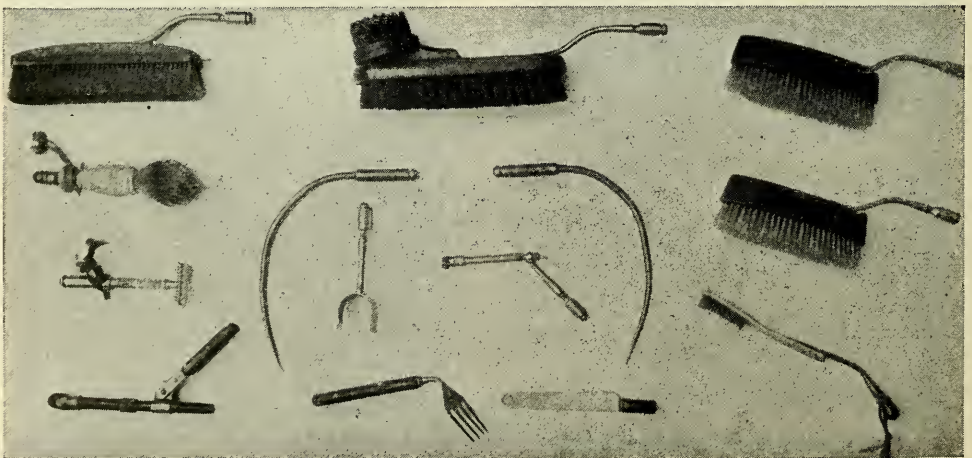
About four years after my accident, I married one of the several nurses that helped care for me in the hospital. We have four children.

I have been able to help some with the work about our home. When there, I shovel the coal into the furnace and remove the ashes, sweep or shovel snow from the walks, and run the lawn-mower.

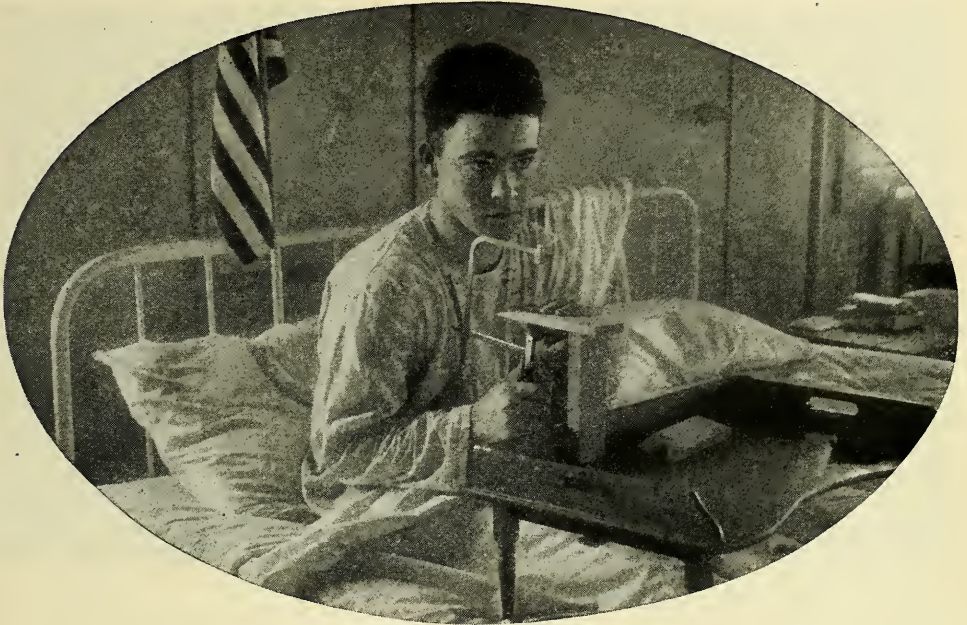
In the direct care of the children, my aid has been limited to amusing them or putting them to sleep, and teaching them to read as they grow old enough. I can carry a child in my arms quite comfortably, and have several times taken a crying baby up from its bed and put it to sleep in my arms and put it back on its bed without waking it.

When spending money, I invite people to remove my purse from my pocket and make the change. Have always received courteous treatment in this respect and have never detected an instance of incorrect change.

Of course, it has taken a long time to acquire the ability I now have. When I first tried to button my coat I did not succeed in the same day that I started it. Progress was very slow. But one can learn a lot in a few years if he will learn a little every day.



Implements which converted a cripple into an independent man.



"Sawing away on bits of jewelry at Fort McHenry."

Bedside Occupational Therapy

By Lieutenant Samuel J. Vaughn, S. C., U. S. A.

ALL pills and no play (or work) makes the soldier not only a dull boy but an exceedingly discontented and blue one as well. And a discontented man with a grouch, according to all the tenets of modern practice, defies all the curative agencies known to science. The miracle of modern medicine, as vouched for by reputable physicians, is that it often works best when not administered or when something else is substituted for it.

The modern surgeon has not been slow to conclude that if occupied minds and busy hands will render his work more effective and agreeable and will materially increase a patient's chances of speedy and permanent recovery, such means shall be made use of in the fullest possible way.

So, when one goes through a military hospital like Walter Reed, Fort McHenry, Lake-

wood, Letterman, and the forty or more others, where Physical Reconstruction work is being done, he sees scores and even hundreds of bed patients engaged in all conceivable sorts of play, handwork, and study. He is furthermore impressed with the fact that such activities are not in response to purely sentimental considerations, but that they have their primary justification in their therapeutic and curative influence, and therefore have a very definite place in the treatment of the patients.

The statistics of all the countries at war show that the overwhelming majority of all disabled men, either from sickness or wounds, are able to return to combat service or to their regular peace-time pursuits. Hence, the all-important task of the hospital is and has been to reduce to the minimum the period of active medical treatment, to shorten as much as



Bedside work of patients at Fort McHenry.

possible the stage of convalescence, and to use to the utmost all the agencies that will contribute to these purposes. In short, it is the business of the hospitals *to get men up and out of them.*

The wards of a hospital filled with sick and wounded fighting men are busy places. The business is not all that of the ordinary sick-room with its unremitting activities that eternally suggest sickness and pain and distress, although *no necessary* activity of care, attention, and treatment is ever neglected. Yet these necessary sick-room activities are minimized and covered up by those that look toward health, active duty, hope, and home.

In one bed sits Joe busily making a basket and trying to forget the pain and disappointment of his freshly amputated foot. On an adjoining cot lies Pat too weak to sit up but knitting away his troubles. In another, Gustav is sawing away on interesting bits of jewelry while his broken knee lies firmly clasped in cast or splint. On one bed are scattered the numerous parts of an old watch and 'Sandy' sits industriously and happily polishing them and "tryin' to make a watch out'n 'em." Here and there a man is seen struggling with a text-book on gas engines, automobile repair, business law, account-

ing, or trigonometry. The whole back end of the ward seems a network of wires, and "Hello! Hello! Hello!" roars across the room as the sick men try out the telephones which they have assembled from the dismantled parts and connected up with battery and wire. In another 'sector', the steady click, click of the typewriter replies to the nervous clickety click of the telegraph instrument of the one-armed operator across the way. In one corner another soldier plies the shuttle of a simple loom; while Sam, the colored sergeant, with a talent for drawing sits triumphantly at the *side* of his bed and smilingly caricatures the rest of the group as he reminiscently drones 'The Long, Long Trail'.

The bedside or ward occupations are of three general kinds, classified according to the purposes for which they are used. The first group consists of those activities which are designed purely for diversion. The second group consists of work of such a character as not only to give diversion but also to give a start in a kind of avocation, 'side-line', or hobby. The third group is made up of definite vocational courses of work or study directly connected with the patients' former or proposed occupations.

Imagine a lot of skilled machinists, drafts-

men, and other tradesmen, back from strenuous times 'across' alternately lying and sitting in bed from six weeks to six months with nothing more interesting or exciting to look forward to than the daily dressing, the provokingly regular, prompt and immutable chow, and the possibility of other operations with more long waits, more dressings and more chow! Such a state of affairs is impossible under the present arrangement. The men need diversion; they want it, and needless to say, they get it. So, for the time they are 'marooned' or 'interned' they are glad to turn their hands to simple weaving, basket-making, stencil cutting, engraving, chip carving, leather work, etc., that the Reconstruction Aides and other educational workers are so successfully carrying on.

Many there are among the disabled men who are ambitious to do more than simply employ their time with temporary diversions. They wish to take up something that they may turn to as a kind of side line to their regular trades, or as a convenience in their business. Thus, skilled mechanics of various sorts learn typewriting, start simple jewelry or engraving, take mechanical or freehand drawing, learn the elements of certain lines of electrical work, or familiarize themselves with any one of a

number of other things offered by the educational department.

There is still another very large group of men who desire, while in bed, to further their progress in lines with which they are already familiar or toward which they hope to turn their attention in civilian life. For these men, courses are offered in bookkeeping and accounting, stenography and typewriting, gas engine, electrical theory, jewelry and engraving, commercial art, telegraphy, salesmanship, journalism, etc.

There have been at Fort McHenry as many as one hundred hernia patients at one time from the Tank and Motor Transport Service taking bedside instruction in the theory of the gas engine. Many of them took the records of their work back to their companies when they returned to duty and subsequently reported the marked advantage such studies had been to them in their courses of training. The same or similar conditions in this respect are found in all the hospitals.

Not only do the bedside courses keep the men busy and contented and provide them with interesting avocations that may become quite profitable, but they likewise become 'feeders' for the regular vocational courses given in the curative workshops during the period of convalescence.



At Lakewood, N. J., "the click, click of the typewriter replies to the nervous clickety click of the telegraph instrument across the way."

CARRY ON

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Editorials

OUR SURGEON GENERAL

MERRITTE W. IRELAND was born in Columbia City, Indiana, May 31, 1867. He was graduated from the Detroit College of Medicine in 1890, and Jefferson Medical College in 1891.

His Army career dates from May 4, 1891, when as a First Lieutenant, he was assigned to duty at Jefferson Barracks. He served with distinction during the Spanish-American War, and was promoted to the rank of Major. During the next three years he saw service in the Philippines, returning from there to duty in the Surgeon General's Office, where he remained ten years. In 1912 he was again ordered to the Philippines, this time as a Lieutenant-Colonel. When our troops were ordered to the Mexican border in 1915 he was recalled and placed in command of the large base hospital at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

In May, 1917, Colonel Ireland accompanied General Pershing to France as a member of the American Expeditionary Forces. His familiarity with army medical routine and his indefatigable efforts won him the position of Chief

Surgeon of the American Expeditionary Forces. It was only logical, therefore, on the retirement of Surgeon General Gorgas that Major General Merritte W. Ireland should become the Surgeon General of the United States Army.

ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL

MR. HERMAN HAGEDORN, the author of 'The Man Who Overcame', printed in this issue, is Secretary of the Roosevelt Permanent Memorial National Committee. This Committee plans to raise by popular subscription a sufficient fund to erect a suitable memorial to Theodore Roosevelt. This is a mission worthy the support of every man, woman, and child of our Nation—he belonged to all of us.

A memorial to him must take the form of action. Not a great monument, but something which will improve the contentment and happiness of our people, will help the underdog, will solidify the principles of Americanism—a memorial that will be a daily reminder of the Spirit of Roosevelt.

He spent and was spent
 For Truth and for Right;
 He gave up his best,
 He fought the good fight.

Vanamee

DISCHARGED

DISCHARGED—a word which in civil life has a sinister meaning, in the army denotes a service completed, a work well done, a return to home and family and Peace.

The Division of Physical Reconstruction of the Surgeon General's Office has lost four of its most active workers since the last issue of CARRY ON.

Lt.-Col. Casey Wood, Lt.-Col. Charles Richardson, Major Michael Murray, and Captain Arthur Samuels have finished their service and retired to their civilian activities.

CARRY ON will miss the help of all these officers and especially the efficient services rendered by Lt.-Col. Wood and Captain Samuels, both of whom served as editors of this magazine.

THE INDUSTRIAL DISABLED

EACH year of the last fifty years the industrial demands of this Nation have resulted in a far greater number of disabled men than the total list of our casualties from this war.

Every year witnesses the sacrifice of more lives in industry than were lost in battles.

And yet it took the war to awaken the national conscience to this enormous human wastage.

We have spent millions to provide the machinery for salvaging the disabled soldiers. Does not the conservation of man-power for the economic strife demand equal provisions for the industrial disabled?

After the present emergency is passed is there a future need for CARRY ON? Who should ask in the presence of the above facts?

THE WAY IT'S DONE

Do you remember a particular teacher, back in the old grammar school days, who subtly inspired you to go on through high school?

Do you recall that high school teacher who planted something within your very soul that caused you to continue your education on into college—or, if not college, yet gave you a vision of what the future might hold for you providing you carried on?

And when the president of the school board talked to your class about the bigger things in life weren't you inspired?

How many of us would have *carried on* without those inspirations?

The disabled soldier is almost a child again. He has faced hardships, seen horrors, done things and lived things which no word picture can describe. He has passed through those bitter days when the future appeared so dark that it was worse than death.

And now he is back in your hospital, your camp. Don't blame him if he wants a rest, wants to have his own way. Don't discard him because he can't understand what all this is about—this reconstruction business.

Just remember that unless behind your efforts there is a soul—the same human inter-

est—the same inspirational methods which surrounded us back in the old school days, very few of these disabled men will be taught to carry on.

Compulsory attendance in the hospital schools and shops won't do it. Rigid military methods directed, as is necessary, at the entire group won't do it. It takes the personal contact between the disabled man and his instructor. It takes the personal interest and the subtle influence of the doctor, the educational officer, the commanding officer of the hospital and even the commanding general of the camp—an interest which will inspire these men to go to work, to grasp every opportunity to overcome their handicaps.

Witness the scene of General Scott messing with the disabled soldiers, talking to them, and by his every word and action imbuing them with the desire for a better future.

Put a soul into Reconstruction.

EMPLOYMENT OF DISABLED SOLDIERS

IT IS the hope and the aim of the Government that no soldier, sailor, or marine shall remain out of employment for any considerable length of time after his discharge. Instances may, and undoubtedly will, arise where disabled men will return home without proper arrangements for re-employment.

Here is where cooperation is needed between each individual and the governmental agencies. If a disabled soldier should be seen seeking charity under the guise of selling trinkets on the street corner, it is the duty of the individual citizen to report such facts to the proper authorities, in this case the Federal Board for Vocational Education, Washington.

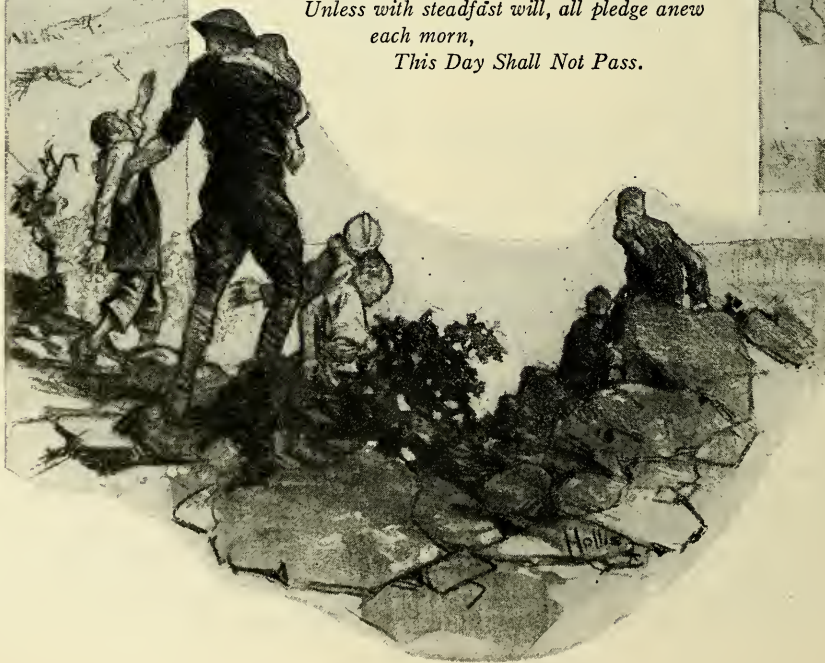
In Canada, every community has a local committee for the placing of returned soldiers in suitable positions. The ideals of reconstruction will be met only by the formulation of some such system of re-employment in this country, and every community must realize that it has a vital part in any plans which may be devised.

This Day Shall Not Pass

By OTTO P. GEIER

*The world but yesterday sprang into mad disorder,
Today the human race plans lasting peace.
But at what fearful cost—five million dead and more
Have paid the bitter price, that we might 'Carry on'.
Yon days were full of evil strife for class and self,
This day fills full our minds with thought of Common
Good.*

*Our eyes then frankly veiled themselves to weal and woe
Unlike this day when hearts pulsate with Will to Help.
Made answer yesterday to calls, "let others help;"
Know now Democracy demands that Each Must Serve.
That day condoned disease, the weak, civic slackness,
This day demands fit men, full life, a city clean.
On yesterday we dreamed ours a Democracy,
The part we play now visions its realities.
Of what avail if freedom gain the whole wide world,
If after all we now should lose our soul's new gain?
A call to arms—to hold this hard won outpost 'gainst
Selfish thought, indifference—death to social ends.
You of today—beware—will lapse to you of yore
Unless with steadfast will, all pledge anew
each morn,
This Day Shall Not Pass.*



Chain Stores for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors

By Harold Whitehead

Educational Director, U. S. General Hospital No. 7

AT the U. S. General Hospital No. 7 for blinded soldiers and sailors at Baltimore, there has been developed a splendid system of commercial courses. These courses include: salesmanship, personal efficiency, public speaking, economics, commercial arithmetic, creative accounting, grammar and spelling, typewriting and the use of office appliances, business English, commercial correspondence, organization and practice of retail store management.

These subjects are all treated in a practical way by a faculty composed of practical teachers. This faculty is convinced that blindness does not limit a man's capacity so much as lack of education and experience; that manual work for the blind is limited to what may be done automatically, while the mental capabilities of the blind are not limited in any manner whatsoever by their affliction. In short, in the light of experience it seems quite



Interior of a Victory Store.

evident that ability plus training will open many commercial opportunities for the blind.

One of these opportunities is conceived to be retail store management. Therefore, plans have been prepared to launch a 'chain of stores'. While blind men unskilled and untrained in store management are almost certain to fail as proprietors, the same men may become successful managers if all details of management are worked out.

The candidates for these managerial positions will of course be given careful study before being seriously considered. They will have to be men of pleasing personality, and of proven stability and trustworthiness. They will have to maintain a high average in their commercial studies and demonstrate their worth as salesmen in the model store on the hospital grounds. They will then be given an opportunity to show the practical value of their training in our store in the strongest competitive section of Baltimore.

The commodities offered for sale will be somewhat as follows: magazines, newspapers, cigars, and other tobacco products, box and bar candy, and other quick sale articles that require no weighing, measuring or cutting.

The Victory Stores, as they have been named, have been designed in a distinctive and uniform style and color.

The choice of all locations has not and can not be determined upon until the educational work progresses beyond its present stage and

the number of blind to be employed is known. The choice of locations is in the hands of experts who are studying the situation.

The stores will be small enough for two people to attend comfortably, and the fixtures will be so arranged that the blind salesman can reach practically anything in the store without having to move far in any direction.

The policy of the stores will be to sell advertised goods when feasible; to consistently advertise; to have some weekly special at low price; to stock only quick selling articles; and, to sell for cash only.

The general plan of organization will be the same as that of other successful chain store organizations with the addition of a correspondence educational department. The management of the enterprise will be in the hands of a board composed of five business men selected by the Red Cross Institute for the Blind which is the sponsor for the plan.

In each store there will be a blind manager and a sighted assistant, the former in charge of sales, the latter—a wounded soldier—in charge

of records, reports and general clerical work.

A system of fixtures has been designed and will be uniform in all the stores. Once a blind man has learned the stock locations he may be sent to any of the stores and be familiar with the stock.

The blind managers are to be started on salaries with generous commissions.



Typewriting is taught to all blind soldiers. By use of the dictaphone some become expert office men.

They Also Serve

By Sergeant First Class John N. James

A WOUNDED doughboy, weak and pale but ever cheerful, lay sick unto death in a big ward of a still bigger institution of healing, Debarkation Hospital No. 3, New York City.

In an adjoining office a group of serious-faced army surgeons debated the pros and cons of this baffling case. A crisis was fast approaching. A bit of Krupp ordnance had found its final billet in this lad's leg. The wound, serious enough from the first, was not healing properly. The only hope of the boy's life lay in an amputation. But could the patient, already weakened by the ravages of his wound, withstand the shock and the loss of blood?

It was a grim dilemma. On the one side, an operation that had to be performed to save a life; on the other hand, the consequences of

this most necessary operation were very likely to be fatal.

There was but one solution—a transfusion of blood.

So the surgeon called Chaplain Ernest E. Davis into the consultation. Could Chaplain Davis find a soldier who would volunteer a quart of his blood to save the life of a wounded 'buddy'? The chaplain said he would try.

The chaplain stepped out of the ward surgeon's office, and happened to wander into the mess hall. (The point of the story is this—had the chaplain gone to the detachment office, the guard room, the fatigue headquarters, or any other office in the big Greenhut building the result would have been the same.)

To the assembled cooks and K. P.'s the chaplain spoke in this wise: "Fellows, there's



A ward in Debarkation Hospital No. 3 showing disabled soldiers just returned from France.

a wounded soldier in such-and-such a ward who needs your help. Tomorrow he undergoes an operation. He is going to lose his leg. Unless he receives a quart of good rich blood from some healthy man that operation is very liable to be fatal. You don't know this boy, in all probability. But that shouldn't make any difference. Who will volunteer to undergo a blood-transfusion operation to save this boy's life?"

And in chorus the K. P.'s and cooks of Debarcation Hospital No. 3 (there are about 200 of 'em) answered, "I will, Chaplain!"

Four men were selected in the 'first draft'. From these the surgeon chose one to undergo the transfusion—Cook Anthony Pugliesc. And immediately Cook Pugliesc became all puffed up with sinful pride, for the surgeon made it known that the reason for the selection lay in the outward and visible signs of inward plentitude of red corpuscles. "I ought to have a lot of 'em," said the cook. "It's my own fault if I don't get enough to eat. C'mon, le's go!"

So the well soldier and the wounded soldier were placed side by side; two arteries were opened, and soon the stout heart of Anthony

Pugliesc was pumping rich red blood into the weakened body of his new 'buddy'. At length the operation was completed and the two patients slept.

And now Private First Class Earl Bridges, late of Company B, 120th Infantry, is resting easily, safely over his dangerous operation, gradually regaining strength—that new strength that flowed into his veins, and brought him back from the very gates of death.

But there are three other soldiers who are all put out because they, too, were not chosen to help out on the job. These are the other volunteers of the 'first draft', Cook Harry L. Stafford, Cook William Murray, and Private James P. Kehoe. These three declare that "it's all wrong," for had they (either one or all) been selected, the wounded 'buddy' would be all well by this time.

An all-seeing Government does not bestow military crosses and wound stripes for these little acts. But who will say that Cook Anthony Pugliesc, in his humble way, has not saved the life of a wounded comrade, a feat that usually calls forth encomiums and citations by the yard?

To paraphrase a bit, "They also serve who only stand and cook."



In the greenhouse at Walter Reed Hospital.



Tuberculous patients at work in the garden at U. S. A. General Hospital No. 16, New Haven, Conn.

What About the Farm?

SCAN the lists of subjects offered for the physical reconstruction of the disabled soldiers and you will almost invariably find Agriculture scheduled as one of the health-giving and profitable occupations.

Go into the classrooms and you will find men studying about the chemistry of soils, rotation of crops, commercial fertilizers, scientific stock husbandry, truck farming, fruit growing, farm buildings, etc. Visit the shops and you will see soldiers studying the gas engine, experimenting with farm machinery, and doing all sorts of work which may be designated as farm mechanics. Look about the grounds and you will observe, in some cases, as at Walter Reed, large greenhouses with quantities of plants being prepared for the spring planting. In other cases as at Camp Dix, you will see abundant evidence of crops harvested last season and of plans in the making for still larger undertakings in garden and farm work the coming spring.

The first impulse on hearing such statements and seeing the photographs of the men at work is to say, "Very nice as a diversion and as a curative measure, but of what possible use can

a knowledge of Agriculture ever be to legless, armless, and sightless soldiers?"

When farming is mentioned, there immediately come into mind visions of plowing, harvesting, hoeing, spading, machine operation and repair, and numerous other things that seem to require good hands, feet, and eyes.

In this connection we may draw both information and inspiration from some of the stories of the thousands of successful farmers who, by sheer grit and determination, have succeeded in spite of physical handicaps as great as those with which the soldiers return from across the seas.

The following are quotations from a few of the hundreds of letters on file in the Surgeon General's office:

Vernon, Texas

I lost my left arm twenty years ago but I can do any kind of work that is done on the farm and I do the work myself and also do my carpenter work. I do all kinds of plowing using two to six horses. I bridle, harness and hook them to the plow or wagon. I also handle the binder and mowing machine and for several seasons ran my threshing machine and was my own separator

man and found that I could handle it just as well as any man. Sometime ago a man called on me to make some window and door frames, and I made them and fitted the sash, hung the doors and put on the locks and did a good job of work.

Amery, Wis.

Leg amputated at thigh. Use a peg leg. Can and *do* do everything on the farm.

LaGrange, Ky.

Both of my legs are amputated below the knees. I can plow with any kind of a riding plow, mow hay, rake hay, haul manure, cut wood, and work the garden. I can hoe corn, cut corn, shock corn, and usually make a fair hand in filling my silo and helping my neighbors to fill theirs. Can shovel rock and dirt. Can do anything on the farm that does not require fast walking.

Glasgow, Montana

My left leg is off at the thigh. I use an artificial limb and am firm in my belief that I can do anything any man can do except win a foot race.

Merill, Mich.

I lost my left arm three inches below the elbow in an accident on a corn husker. Ever since the accident I have followed farming and manage to do substantially as much work, and the same kind of work as before. I have simply become expert in handling the plow, pitch fork and other farm implements by constant experience. *I can see no difference in my efficiency or the quantity of work which I do now as compared with that before my injury.*

Michigan City, Ind.

My left arm is amputated six inches from the shoulder. Have cut one and one-half cords of wood by myself in a day. I have never tried to do any work since my loss *that I could not make good at.*

Bayero, Colo.

Twenty years ago, I lost my right hand and three fingers of my left hand. I can do most all kinds of carpenter work, can drive from four to six horses, and can *do anything on the farm except shock corn.*

Carrollton, Mo.

My right hand is amputated at wrist, right foot amputated above the ankle, left foot amputated just back of the ball of foot. Wear an artificial limb on right leg; had a steel plate with a toe-joint made for the left foot and am wearing

an artificial arm. I do all my own chores, care for, manage and harness my own horse, mow my own lawn, attend to my own furnaces—in fact, *there are no things which I did before I was injured which I am not able to do at present.*

Cherry Run, W. Va.

One hand amputated. Crippled in the right hip. Right leg is one inch shorter than the left. I can chop with an axe, saw with the cross-cut saw, plow, cut grain with the grain cradle, and *can do anything at all there is to be done on the farm.*

Morgantown, W. Va.

Legs paralyzed as a result of spinal fever. Always walk on crutches. Have done plowing, shucking corn, planting and digging potatoes, binding wheat, oats, etc., grubbing, chopping, sawing with a cross-cut saw, digging post holes, caring for stock, and many other light jobs.

WHICH WOULD A REAL SOLDIER BE?

LETTERS FROM TWO PARTIALLY DISABLED FARMERS WITH SIMILAR DISABILITIES

Florida, January 11, 1918

I have both arms off, *my right arm is taken off at the socket and the left arm I have a three-inch stump, and you have no idea how much this stump helps out.* I am farming 180 acres; I have eighty in corn and eighty in oats every year. I plow corn with a riding cultivator, haul corn, or anything, drive the binder when cutting oats, the mower when cutting hay; in fact, I do everything my hired man does but hitching and harnessing the horses, milking the cows, and a few odd things; but while he is doing that I am feeding the hogs, horses, and cows, and attending to business affairs. I do the feeding by taking a scoop shovel on my shoulder and holding it with my stump and chin and it does not hurt or bother me in the least.

I do my own planting of corn and sowing of oats. Of course, I have things fixed and made handy for me. All the doors and gates are made so I can open them.

I do all my driving with the lines over my shoulder. I drive four and five horses abreast by hitching them so I can drive them all with just two lines. I learn how to do new things every day. I can drive a Ford car as good as any one, cranking it with my feet. Since my accident I have bought 120 acres of land, have not quite

paid for it yet, but expect to in three years. I paid \$2.25 per acre.

I am married. We have a little boy four and a half years old who also is a great help to me. I never allow myself to get the blues, or discouraged. I try to always look on the bright side of things. I find it helps me. I do all my own correspondence and write my checks with the pencil between my teeth.

Yours very truly

Dear Sir:

Louisiana, March 13, 1918

One of my hands below elbow was shot off in an accident. The other hand was shot in the forearm. I cannot and I have not been able to do any work myself. Fortunately for me I was and am able to control my children who did my work as I directed them. Otherwise I should have been an object of charity.

My success—if any—at farming is due that way.

Injured soldiers should be allowed a pension. Other people should follow gainful occupations.

The Government is making elaborate plans for helping soldiers to get profitable employment on farms and for aiding them in securing land of their own. A bill now before Congress

proposes a hundred million dollar appropriation for the reclamation of tracts of land in almost all the states and the establishment of community settlements for the men who have worn the uniform. At least some sort of legislation along this line will undoubtedly be passed.

The Federal Board for Vocational Education is ready to give to those who qualify under its provisions the necessary training to enable them to take up agricultural work with every hope of success.

Here are four things therefore that should be known by every man who has been in the service of the United States:

1. Even severely disabled men may succeed at farming, as the letters above indicate.
2. The hospitals are ready to give them a start in the subject of agriculture.
3. The Federal Board for Vocational Education can provide the additional training necessary to make them successful farmers.
4. The Government is planning to do every thing in its power to furnish employment and to provide land for soldiers, sailors, and marines who may be interested in farming.



Disabled soldiers learning the use of modern farm machinery.

Convalescent Centers

By Lieutenant-Colonel Harry E. Mock, M. C., U. S. A.

GOOD-BYE, fellers, I'm leavin' y'u."

"Where you goin'—home?"

"Nope, to Camp Dix to the Convalescent Center."

"What in hell in a convalescent center? Another excuse to keep you in the army, suppose!"

"Guess so, anyway they say it isn't another hospital and I'll be that much nearer home." And like a true soldier, still playing the game, Private John Hicks with his stiff elbow and paralyzed left hand to say nothing of a piece of Hun shrapnel in his right leg limped away to obey orders.

Hicks had been in three hospitals in France—the evacuation, base, and finally the special orthopedic hospital, and had already spent his three months back in this country in two others. Of course he had sense enough to know that this was necessary, "all done for his own good—but a feller sure gets tired of hospitals."

It wasn't half bad in this last one for the Reconstruction Aides had taught him to use a typewriter. Someway, trying to hammer the keys had brought a little strength back into his paralyzed fingers—not much, of course, but, as he expressed it: "Kinda feels like I'll use the old pickers yet." Then the 'docs' had been on the square. When he landed in this place he thought he was done for as far as ever working again. But they had baked his arm, rubbed it, and put him wise to many little tricks about using it. And that was some good job they did on his leg, healing up that dirty wound.

Today the C. O. said they needed his bed and so he would be transferred to Camp Dix—Convalescent Center. No, not a hospital but "a place where he would be a soldier once more just for a short time before they discharged him."

For the last month he had been going to school at the hospital—not exactly a school but a shop where Captain Hendricks and Sergeant Chesley were teaching him stunts about building an automobile. Before the war he had worked around a machine shop and chauffeured a little, but in the last four weeks he had learned more about mechanics than he ever knew before. Take the carburetor, for example, he "knew what the thing was but now he knew how the durned thing was made and what it was for." Yes, he hated to quit that school work.

So, thinking along this line, he consulted Captain Hendricks.

"Cheer up, man, you'll get some more school work in the Convalescent Center. It's like this: You don't need any more medicine, the hospital's crowded and they need your bed. So off you go to the camp nearest your home, into the center for almost well men, where you will be on duty until the doctors are sure you are cured. Orders are not to discharge a man until his maximum restoration is secured. Know what that means? Just this—until you've all the motion back into that elbow and hand that they can help you get into them; until that limp of yours is forgotten and until you're so full of 'pep' that you're crazy to get out and go to work or go to school. Trying not to turn out any loafers from this man's army."

"But I want to go to an automobile school like this one."

"Sure boy, and you will. It's all under one educational system and you'll find a school just like it in the center or up at the base hospital which you can attend."

Therefore you see why Private Hicks wasn't downhearted. He wasn't to be discharged yet, 'tis true, but he was going nearer home. The 'docs' were going to keep on "fiddlin' with his

mit until she worked." He could go to school. All this, and still he was through with hospitals.

At Camp Dix, after being examined at the base hospital, Private Hicks was assigned to Platoon 4, Company 2, Convalescent Center. He had trained at Camp Dix before going to France but this was an altogether different kind of a place.

Still the same old company streets and the same old barracks on the outside! But when he entered the building where Company 2 was housed he thought he was in an up-to-the-minute Y. M. C. A. hut. Downstairs, no beds, but a regular club room with billiards and pool, checkers and chess, hand polo, card tables, books and magazines, and a real piano. The bare walls were decorated and color everywhere gave the impression of a homey room with a real log fire in a big fireplace. Many of the men in the place seemed pretty badly banged up but all were apparently happy.

The sergeant took Hicks upstairs and pointed out his bed. Same old barrack room there but its proximity to the club room below robbed it of some of its barrenness. A yellow-topped corporal sitting on the next bed was primping as though he expected a visit from his Jane.

"Just in time for the party, new-comer!" by way of introduction from the corporal.

"What party?" asked Hicks.

"Never mind, hurry and get into your dress suit and you'll soon find out."

Supper was late and Hicks was hungry. When the call finally came, he went down with the bunch. Six other men had just arrived and they were all assigned to a table. But it wasn't like the old-time mess, this was a banquet hall.

"Attention!"

Like a machine the 115 men sprang to their feet.

A general, two colonels, several captains and lieutenants had entered. After they were seated at the head table, the men resumed their places.

"Who's the general?" whispered Hicks to his neighbor.

"General Scott, of course, and that's Colonel White and Colonel Beery with him. Big doings tonight."

"What is it—the annual banquet?"

"Where do you get that stuff—annual? Somethin' doin' every night here."

Just then the band—Convalescent Center, Camp Dix, painted in big letters on the bass drum—struck up a lively tune and all joined in a song which was a parody on 'There was an old soldier who had a wooden leg'.

Such eats! But Hicks soon learned that good eats were part of the cure in this center.

When they reached 'cakes and cream' a huge cake was brought in by four K.P.'s and placed in front of General Scott. The general then arose and with his great sword carved the thing—yes, carved it into 125 pieces.

When the cigars were passed the talk-fest began. Funny, of course, for every day hundreds of new stories are created in the army—real stories too. But when the General talked it made a fellow feel just like going home and being a better man than he ever was before he entered the army, no matter what his trouble.

Maybe the Hun got your arm or a part of your face or left a piece of shrapnel in your lung *but he didn't get your goat.*

This was the spirit of that banquet, and next day when Hicks met Captain Jones he received more of the same spirit.

"You're in Platoon 4 today, my man," said Captain Jones, "but just as soon as we find you have strength for the gym work and shop work, we will boost you through Platoon 3 and into Platoon 2. When that stiff joint is as loose as we can make it and those fingers, which are not really paralyzed, are once more working, into Platoon 1 you go and that means 'discharge within forty-eight hours'. When you leave here you'll be able to go to work, or if you can't return to your old job, the Federal Board will train you for one you can do."

"But I want to go to the automobile school like the one I was in at Walter Reed," said Hicks, who didn't find it at all difficult to talk back to this good-natured captain.

"All right, if you were able to do that over there, we will have Major Davison examine

you today and if he says you're fit then Platoon 2 tomorrow.

Next day Hicks was promoted to Platoon 2. This allowed him to take part in many of the rougher games; also he was given forty-five minutes of good stiff physical exercise twice a day—but not until the end of a week—graduated exercises until then. And best of all he spent three hours morning and afternoon in the auto school. Many of the men were taking this course; not only men from the center but a number who were able to attend from the base hospital. In the evenings he would often go to the base hospital lectures on motor mechanics and other subjects which the educational officer arranged for the men. In fact it seemed as if this educational officer and the Y. M. C. A. director and a lot of other people were making them go to school all the time,

and yet it was so interesting and was fixing them for better jobs when they got out so that none seemed to mind it.

The doctors had their innings too. Every day the elbow and hand were baked and then a sergeant, who knew his business, would rub it and bend it and work the fingers until Hicks could see that it "was comin' along," as the sergeant said. For awhile he was sent to the base hospital every morning for special treatment but he didn't mind this as long as he still lived in the center.

One day about two months after his arrival, he was under the chassis of a car replacing the differential. He was hard at work and very interested—but not too absorbed to hear Professor Townsend, the 'Y' instructor say: "Look at that man Hicks under there using his game arm and hand. Guess Captain Jones will be firing him in a few days."



A bed patient taking a course in drawing.

An International Conference on Rehabilitation of the Disabled

By Douglas C. McMurtrie

REHABILITATION of the disabled is a comparatively new field of work, and the science of it is of but recent development. Much of the best work has not been reported upon in such way as to make the experience available to others.

To bring to workers in this country the benefit of the experience on the part of our allies in the re-education of disabled soldiers, and to provide for discussion of American practice and of American problems, there will be held in New York, March 18 to March 22 inclusive, under the auspices of the Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men and the Red Cross Institute for the Blind, an unofficial "conference on rehabilitation," international in representation and the scope of subjects to be covered.

The conference is fortunate in having secured as delegates some of the best-known men in the field of rehabilitation, both at home and abroad. From France comes Dr. Maurice Bourillon, the "grandfather of re-education" as he is called—president of the Permanent Interallied Committee on War Cripples, and Director of the French National Institute for Crippled Soldiers, in Paris; Edmond Dronsart, director of the School of Re-education for Maimed Soldiers, at Montpellier, France, and Lt. Henri Gourdon, representing French work for blinded soldiers. From Belgium comes L. Alleman, educational director of the Belgian Military Institute for War Cripples at Port Villez.

Heading the British delegation is Major Robert Mitchell, director of technical training for the British Ministry of Pensions; he is accompanied by Major Francis Meynell, of the Ministry of Labor, Captain Sharpe of the

Shepherd's Bush Military Orthopedic Hospital, London, and Mrs. Ethel Wood, secretary of the London Local War Pensions Committee—the largest committee of its kind in Britain.

From Canada comes a full delegation from the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment, which has complete responsibility for rehabilitation of the returned disabled soldier. Led by Sir James Lougheed, Minister of the Department, F. Gerald Robinson, Deputy Minister, and W. E. Segsworth, Director of Vocational Training, the delegation will also comprise the other principal officers of the Department.

The Office of the Surgeon General of the Army will be represented by Colonel Frank Billings, and members of the reconstruction staff, and by Colonel E. G. Brackett and members of the orthopedic staff.

The Federal Board for Vocational Education will be represented by Dr. C. A. Prosser, Mr. James P. Munroe, Mr. Arthur E. Holder, and a number of members of the central office and district office staff.

The Bureau of War Risk Insurance will send as delegates, Colonel Charles E. Banks, chief medical advisor, Captain H. C. Houlihan, chief of compensation and claims, and members of their staffs.

The American Red Cross will be represented by Colonel C. H. Connor, assistant director-general of military relief, by Curtis E. Lake-man, director of after-care, Department of Civilian Relief, and other national and divisional officials.

The part of the program related to work for the blinded soldier is being arranged by Lt.-Col. James Bordley, and will be participated in by members of the staffs of the

military hospital for the blind and the Red Cross Institute for the Blind.

A wide range of subjects is scheduled for discussion. The skeleton program is as follows:

I. National Programs of Rehabilitation

- (a) France (e) Canada
- (b) Belgium (f) Australia
- (c) Italy (g) New Zealand
- (d) Great Britain (h) India

II. The American Program of Physical Reconstruction

III. The American Program of Compensation

IV. The American Program of Vocational Rehabilitation

V. Functional Restoration; Medical Gymnastics versus Occupation

VI. Bedside and Ward Occupations

- (a) Character of the occupations
- (b) Selection and training of staff
- (c) Recreational and diversional work in military hospitals

VII. Artificial Limbs and Other Prosthetic Appliances

- (a) Types of artificial legs
- (b) Types of artificial arms
- (c) Types of special working appliances
- (d) Appliances for special conditions of disability

VIII. Provision of Artificial Limbs and Prostheses

- (a) Provision of final limb in military hospital versus immediate provision of temporary limb and fitting of permanent limb after discharge
- (b) Nationally standardized limbs versus miscellaneous commercial types
- (c) Procedure in supply of artificial limbs for disabled soldiers
 - (i) Original supply
 - (ii) Replacement and repair

IX. Encouragement of Men to Undertake Rehabilitation

X. Counsel, Personal and Vocational

XI. Industrial Surveys of Employment Opportunities for the Handicapped

XII. Methods of Training

- (a) Should serious training be started in hospital or deferred until after military and medical discharge?
- (b) Training after discharge in special schools or classes versus training in standard institutions
- (c) Training in factories
- (d) Educational work in military hospitals, subjects of instruction, methods, results
- (e) Training the discharged soldier; methods and results
- (f) Training the disabled civilian; methods and results

XIII. Relation of Pension, Compensation or other Allowances to Rehabilitation

- (a) Soldiers' pensions and training allowances
- (b) Workmen's compensation

XIV. Interests of Disabled Men Veterans' Associations, etc., in Rehabilitation

XV. Interests of Organized Labor in Rehabilitation

XVI. Interests of Employers in Rehabilitation

XVII. Experience Meeting for the Disabled Who Have Overcome Their Handicaps

XVIII. Education of the Public; Inculcating a Constructive Attitude Toward the Disabled

XIX. Role of Social Service in Rehabilitation

- (a) Social service in relation to the disabled soldier
- (b) Social service in relation to the civilian cripple
- (c) Red Cross Home Service

XX. Rehabilitation of the Blind

XXI. Rehabilitation of the Tuberculous

XXII. Rehabilitation of the Deafened

XXIII. Rehabilitation of Crippled Children

XXIV. Land Settlement for the Disabled

XXV. Placement in Employment

Magazines for Men in Service

TEN tons of magazines are needed each month for the overseas forces alone, according to the announcement of the American Library Association. At the request of General Pershing, space for the shipment of this amount was placed at the disposal of the American

Library Association, but thus far the space reserved each month has not been filled.

Besides the large demands for reading matter for the overseas men, there is an urgent need of magazines in the camps and hospitals in this country.

From Camp and Hospital Papers

SERVICE

"I've seen service," he replied, bending his head forward belligerently, as much as to say, "Place the crown here, please." We had asked him to sweep out the litter before the door. "I've seen service"— He stood motionless, lower jaw protruding, eyes protesting bitterly, broom at rest arms. He had seen service: And, by the Lord Harry and the Little Pleiades, he was going to loaf and be admired the rest of his days. Perhaps a gun had gone off while he was cleaning it, perhaps he had fallen down a hole and cracked a leg, perhaps he had picked up a *spirochaeta pallida* in his service for his country. And for that he was going to quit; going to call on all his gods at once that he was a much abused man. He had seen service! By the piper that played before Moses, someone should take the broom from that chocolate soldier and baste him brutally behind the bastion. Seen Service! Why, man, there are thousands of the finest boys that America ever brought forth; and they have seen service; and they do not complain, nor boast, nor plead beggary, nor connive with sloth. They are silent on the fields of Northern France. In unmarked graves they lie, and none knows their history, nor often alas, even their names. They have seen service! And they are dead.

Let us shut up this shameless bleater who poses among our people, taking largess of their great heart, and shirking a man's job. Seen Service! Ye gods! Let soldiers be the last to talk about that.

From The Trouble Buster, U. S. A. Gen. Hospital No. 2

TAFT JUSTLY PARCELS PRAISE

Ex-President William H. Taft makes an unorthodox cleavage in the army in his message to soldiers here, which was published in *Over the Top*. He does not divide the army into the overseas and stay-at-homes, the two classes in which the gold and silver service stripes, and public opinion naturally have already placed them. He says:

"The army is divided into men who have been at the front, who have been exposed to danger and who have actually helped in the field to win the battles, and into men who were overseas or on this side and who were denied the privilege of engaging in actual combat."

Our esteemed ex-President does not dishonor the overseas hero; he lifts to a place of deserved eminence the man who endangered his life by exposure to the Hun. All others he places in a class to themselves, whether they served overseas or on this side.

Such a distinction made by William H. Taft will bring to many disappointed ones who labored on this side some well deserved gratification. This gratification can in no way detract from the great experience of those who went over and were thereby much more richly rewarded.

From Over the Top, Camp Taylor, Ky,

ANOTHER SLANT AT IT

What do you mean, you want a discharge? Listen to a conversation that took place in the mess hall at Fort McHenry the last night we had 'slum': "Buddy, where are you going?" "After another plate of stew, wait until I come back; I want to talk to you." On his return he said, "Don't see why so many men are wanting a discharge. Do you know that this is my third plate of stew, and in addition I have consumed eight pieces of bread and two cups of coffee, which I figure would cost me at the lowest in a restaurant \$1.25, and the chances are that the quality served in the restaurant would not be as good as this? Judging from the prices they are charging, I figure that it would cost a fellow at least \$2.00 a day to live in civil life as well as we do here, and look at the fun we are having. I'll tell you, old scout, this man's army is going to have an awful time convincing me that I should be discharged immediately."

From The Trouble Buster, U. S. A. Gen. Hospital No. 2

Recently a negro soldier entered the boundaries of Camp Upton on the run just at dusk.

"Halt!" said the sentinel, but the soldier kept on running.

"Halt, I say," again cried the sentinel.

"Halt, hell, A'm two days late now."

A private answered sick call the other day and complained of 'pains in the head'.

The surgeon asked, "What kind of pains?" and the private answered, "Musical pains, Sir," whereat the surgeon asked how they sounded.

The private quickly answered, "Like 'Home, Sweet Home', Sir."

Courses of Study

MANY people have made inquiries concerning the coordination of the educational work carried on in the hospitals with that given to the disabled soldiers by the Federal Board of Vocational Education after their discharge. It is readily conceived that some form of cooperation must exist between these two agencies otherwise the training given to the disabled men during their long period of convalescence might have no bearing on their future employment.

While all educational work used as an adjunct to the hospital care is primarily 'curative'—that is aiding in the more rapid recovery of the patients, yet whenever possible it is given a practical trend toward the ultimate occupations.

When the soldier is discharged from the Army he is entitled by law to receive instruction along some definite line, providing his disabilities are sufficient to make him a compensable case.

In order to correlate the training during his convalescence with that received after his discharge approximately a hundred different courses of study have been prepared by an expert in each line under the direction of a Joint Committee of the Reconstruction Division of the Surgeon General's Office and the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

The American Red Cross has contributed funds for the printing of some of these courses, the remainder being printed by the federal printing office.

Every course prescribed has been boiled down to the most practical, most essential points in the subject to be taught. Instead of a blunderbuss method of education each course can be compared to a rifle shooting a single ball aimed at a definite, single target.

Monographs have been prepared in the following general fields of instruction:

1. General Education: mathematics, English, penmanship.
2. Commercial Subjects: bookkeeping and accounting, telegraphy, typewriting.
3. Industrial and Technical Subjects: automobile mechanics, drafting, electricity, leather

work, machine shop practice, oxy-acetylene welding and cutting, painting and decorating, power plant operating, printing, woodworking.

4. Agricultural Subjects: agricultural specialties, dairy husbandry, dairy industry, farm mechanics, fruit growing, forestry, hog-raising, poultry husbandry, vegetable gardening.

5. Physical Education.

OF INTEREST TO WOUNDED ACTORS

Actors who have suffered disabilities in the service should address Fund for Our Wounded Actors, 1400 Broadway, New York. This organization desires to render assistance and encouragement to those actors who went to the front. *GEORGE ARLISS, Chairman.*

A REQUEST

After reading your CARRY ON why not place a one-cent stamp over the Burleson Notice and drop it into the mail box? The men in the Army and Navy Hospitals will be glad to get it. Thank You.

AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

THE COW THAT CARRIED ON

"The last Sunday before the Armistice was signed, Fritz paid us a farewell call by dropping shells a short distance from the hospital, killing French soldiers and injuring some cattle. The French have a way of their own when it comes to suture wounds. Some of the cattle had their entire necks laid open by shrapnel. One Frenchman was seen pinning the hide of a cow together with safety pins, while another Frenchman was milking the cow so the milk would not be lost in case the animal cashed in. But the cow survived in spite of the novel surgery with safety pins and continued to contribute regularly and liberally to the comfort of the soldiers before they moved on."

From an American Nurse at Coblenz, Germany

INSTRUCTOR: Mention two dietetic errors.

STUDENT NURSE: Flat feet, from standing in the bread line.

NO PLACE FOR FAMILIES

An officer out walking with his wife and two children happened upon a sentry.

"Halt, who comes there?"

"An officer and his family."

"Advance, Officer, and be recognized. Family, mark time."

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Carry On

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of Disabled Soldiers and Sailors

*Vol. 1
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*April
1919*



Creed *of the* **Disabled**

Once more to be useful - to see
pity in the eyes of my friends
replaced with commendation - to
work, produce, provide, and to feel
that I have a place in the world -
seeking no favors and given none -
a MAN among MEN in spite
of this physical handicap.

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Dr. Maurice Bourrillon, President, Comité Permanent Interallié, Director, Institut National Professionnel des Invalides de la Guerre, St. Maurice, Paris, France.

To Disabled American Soldiers

By Dr. Maurice Bourrillon

Director National Institute for Disabled Soldiers, Paris, France

SINCE I have been called the grandfather of the movement for the rehabilitation of disabled soldiers let me speak to you as I should speak to my children and give you a few words of advice before I leave your powerful and wonderful country. You have been the valiant brother-at-arms of our brave poilus. I believe that after their example of duty gloriously fulfilled on the battlefield, those of you who have been seriously wounded will also imitate them in their return to civil life.

For more than four years we have been making the greatest possible effort in France to assure to our disabled soldiers an honorable and worthy existence for the rest of their lives. Many of them, on leaving their beds of suffering, were discouraged and believed that they could never accomplish anything useful again. We have proved to them that almost all could advantageously earn their living by working, and such a large number have been convinced that the 124 vocational schools which we have established have been insufficient for all those who have wished to learn a trade. As a result we intend to enlarge these schools and establish new ones. Thousands and thousands of disabled soldiers have already left the schools, filled with enthusiasm and satisfaction at again being able to occupy positions in society, as a rule better than those which they held before the war.

And yet, many of our French soldiers believed that inasmuch as they had been wounded in serving the Nation, the Nation ought to support them for the rest of their lives. France, no more than America, thinks of quibbling over the right of her wounded soldiers to generous compensation for their disabilities, but she is convinced that she should give a further proof of her appreciation of the valiant defenders by placing them in a position

to serve their country again through their work. We have had some difficulty in convincing those who did not believe as we did and in proving to them that an inactive life is dangerous for men who still have many years before them; the saying that idleness is the mother of all the vices is too true. Some of them, fortunately a small number, have held to their wrong convictions and it is through a comparison of their actual existence with the lives of the soldiers who are training themselves by means of a brave and happy apprenticeship in our schools that we easily see which are the ones who have best understood their own true interests.

I have just been visiting the first institutions which the American people have organized for giving you assistance in the reconstruction of your lives. I have noted more than once the devotion and clear-sightedness of the men and women who have undertaken this work.

If you have lost an arm or a leg or even both or are otherwise permanently disabled, you can still become a skilful workman in a trade which will be carefully chosen for you. Or, if you prefer, you can complete your general instruction and after education in certain subjects find splendid positions in commercial, industrial, or scientific firms. I firmly believe that just as our French soldiers have done you will understand that it is your duty both to America and to yourselves to put into the reconstruction of your lives the same ardor and courage which you gave evidence of when you came to the aid of France.

This is the best wish that I can make for those to whom we have pledged a deep and sincere gratitude and to whom we wish with all our hearts to remain united in peace as well as in war.



Where one can raise a nice fresh Easter egg and an occasional baked potato

The Residue

By Madge Macbeth

Author of "Kleath," etc.

It was said in some quarters that Hardinge was responsible for the ruin of more sturdy young farmers than any man in the country; not actively or intentionally, but insidiously and mercilessly, nevertheless. He, himself, had been a farmer.

The fact is, of course, quite as well known as that Lew Wallace could not find an immediate publisher for *Ben Hur*. There is scarcely any one so uninformed that he does not know John Hardinge's history—how he attended, barefoot, frequently, the village school and

was not an honor to his class, how he played truant in the springtime and said it was worth the consequent lickings, how he had been consecrated, one might almost say, to the Soil. For generations, his forebears had been tillers of the fields. Young John had been a successful farmer with little in the way of needs and nothing in the way of prospects to discourage him.

And he was content. He had not the least hankering after literary pursuits and could not foresee that the simple writing of a story would

change the tenor of his even way. He had always jotted down certain things—the color of a blackbird's wing in the sunlight, the dazzling courtship of the butterflies, the moving pictures in the clouds . . .

His story reached an editor just as a blazing July sun climbed furiously to its zenith, and as he read he felt bathed in a refreshing breeze. He was thrilled by its realism; not the realism of Zola, of Gorky, of Gogol, but the realism of sunlight and spring and health—of happiness and freedom and beauty. It was fresh-scented and musical and full of love.

The editor instructed his stenographer to accept the story and ask for more.

"Enclose him a check for thirty dollars," he said. "Thirty dollars ought to make a noise like a lot of money in—er—Kempville, eh?"

That was five years ago, before John Hardinge dreamed that he would ever leave his farm and sit in a tiny office surrounded by contracts which committed him to work six months ahead.

Kempville watched his departure grudgingly and prophesied darkly concerning the lad's future.

But Hardinge justified his going. The country lost a good farmer but the city gained a good writer, and hundreds of other boys tried to follow in his footsteps, flinging down the plough to take up the pen. They followed him to the city where, stumbling along the wintry crags which constitute Life's path for the unsuccessful, they took, sooner or later, the step which hurled them into the abyss below and they were lost forever.

The editor mused upon these things as he fingered absently the largest check he had ever signed and which he intended to offer John

Hardinge for his great after-the-war story.

For, deaf to arguments and protests, Hardinge had enlisted—in the ranks, remarking to those who were not half so much concerned as to the national policy as to how and where he was going to sell his stuff:

"The pen may have been mightier than the sword, but face to face with a fat sausage-eater, I'll feel a darn-sight more confidence if I have a gun, and a gun I am going to have!"

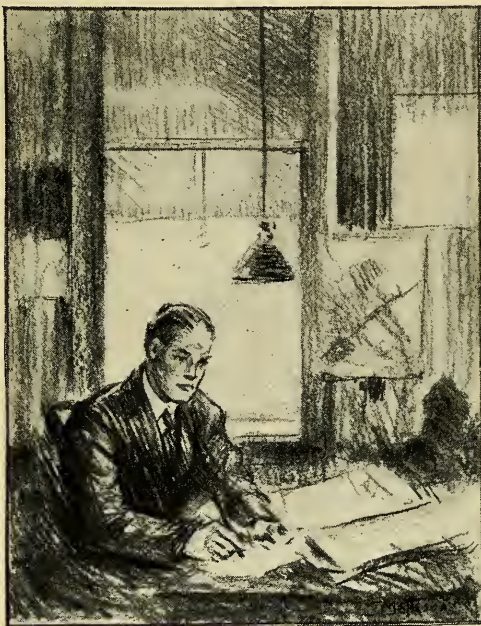
He did. He moved heaven and earth and considerable hell to get it but in the end he was successful and he justified his going not only from a military standpoint but a literary one as well. He fought with gun and pen impartially.

He wrote of ambulances and hospitals and the women who manned them; of last messages gasped out as the surgeon walked away with bowed head. He told exactly what he saw but where another man would have seen naught but horror and destruction, John Hardinge saw a greater glory. It shone through all his writings with a

radiant intensity and was reflected in the heart of many a lad who went into a withering leaden blast not grimly as from a sense of inexorable duty, but joyously, convinced that even though he died, he won!

For several weeks after his return to this country, the public waited with impatience for its favorite to take up his pen. Editors approached him with wheedling and persistence. But he either snarled at them or became so violent that the scar across his cheek turned a deep and ugly purple.

"Why, you men can't understand!" he cried. "You sit here in your cubicles of offices and you don't DO anything . . . that's



Sitting in a tiny office surrounded by contracts

the way it looks to me. I'm strong; I've got muscles like a bull, hardened by the Army. I can't sit crouched over a typewriter any more. I'd beat it to powder . . . Good God, boys, it seems so—so—FAT to sit around! I want to get out and do something!" John Hardinge couldn't write. He couldn't explain why. Some link between his vision and the blank paper on the desk before him seemed lacking. Furthermore he did not care.

"You don't *try*," complained the great McGowan. "It isn't as if anything had happened to your brain. In that case we would forgive you, Jack. But you're letting us down when we have depended on you . . . For God's sake write *something*—for me, at any rate!"

He did. He wrote a long and friendly letter from his farm in Kempville saying that he intended to stay there.

"I was a good farmer once, and I am going to make good again," he said, "so good that if there is anything in the accusation that country lads followed me to the city, I'll live it down by inducing city lads to follow me to the country."

McGowan confessed that he looked for a change of heart until he heard a second time from Hardinge.

"I am sending you under separate cover, the latter wrote, "an article for which I expect no return—not even thanks. This is a barrel of the finest apples ever grown since the days of beautiful Trojan Helen, and you will admit, old Mac, that farming engenders a spirit of generosity unknown in the world of literary brigandage.

"Can't you get it through your head that I am of more value now than during the past five years—that if every editor, author, artist were to die, tonight (hurry on, hurry on! Darkness has not yet fallen over the earth—this is but a grotesque fancy!) you need not perish if men like me remain? Can't you understand that but for us farmers you could not live a week no matter how high your desk was piled with matchless manuscript and how many million readers paid to have the magazine delivered at their doors?

"The War took something from me if you

like, as it has taken something from many another man, legs, arms, sight, perhaps. And you who bulge over your swivel chair groan as you contemplate this human residue feeling in your inmost soul that the kindest thing would be to dump us all in a nice warm crematory that we might make room for better men. I dare to take a different view, contending that the bookkeeper, the banker, the artist are not useless because they cannot resume their old occupations. I dare to hope that many of them will know the disability which is mine, feel the same restlessness now a part of me; that they will know the desire to serve the country in Peace as well as War by becoming Soldiers of the Soil, and most of all that they will long to escape from the rigors of the city and the clutches of men like unto you, my hearty—who have use for us only in our prime—mental more than physical—and who at the crossing of that gray line dividing virility from feebleness, cast us off that they may suck the strength from other men.

"I tell you, Mac, places are waiting for all the residue. And when I say 'the country' do not conjure up the waste areas of the caricaturist. Think rather of a little cottage built on grass instead of asphalt, where one can raise a nice fresh Easter egg and an occasional baked potato. Lord, yes . . . there is a job easier than literature waiting for all of us who have lost something Over There . . .

"A word of advice, old pirate. Revise your rejection slips so that they will read after this manner: 'We have considered carefully the MSS submitted and are sorry it does not fit our present needs. It is quite possible that no MSS of yours will ever fit our needs, but this does not imply your inability to become a good farmer. If, at any time, you have spring chickens, vegetables and eggs to submit, we will be glad to consider them at your usual rates'.

"Seriously, old pirate, I find myself afflicted with Tennyson's complaint—I cannot utter the thoughts that arise in me. But I want to say something like this—Now that we have saved the Stars and Stripes from Prussianism, we must guard them just as sacredly against ourselves! We cannot close our eyes to the

very present menace of the Red Flag. There are thousands of men whose misconception of Lincoln's words causes them to overlook the fact that he said *Government* of the people, for the people, by the people—GOVERNMENT! These enthusiasts are ready to repeat atrocities which have turned the world sick, persuaded that they are furthering their 'cause'.

There is a restlessness, a discontent abroad and the work of offices and factories will not satisfy any man who feels as I do, that he must DO something! Should this seething crystalize—which God forbid—the cities will become the base of operations; the cities where too many human beings are crushed one against the other, where inequalities of social and commercial orders are too clearly shown,

where food and clothing are too difficult of attainment to those who are starving and naked.

"But out here we do not need to fight. We have plenty of room, of food, of raiment. And people do not fight for 'causes' save on an empty stomach. It is to these hungry ones, largely, that the Red Flag carries its false message.

"Don't urge me to come back, old friend! Urge, rather, others to lay down the pen and take up the plough that there may be plenty throughout the earth. And pray that the Torch we have carried for the past four years may shine brightly, and that the glory which was ours yesterday on the field of battle, may be reflected tomorrow in the bonds of Peace!"

Physio-Therapy's Part in Reconstruction

WHEN the history of the physical reconstruction of disabled soldiers is finally written it will be found that the women of our country—in fact the women of all the allied countries—have played a very important role in reclaiming these men.

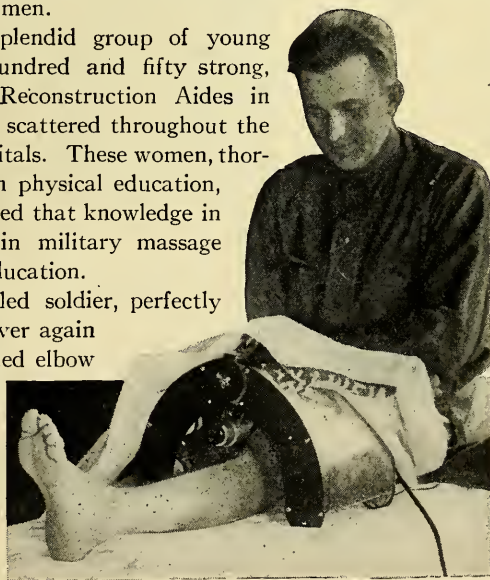
There is a splendid group of young women, seven hundred and fifty strong, designated as Reconstruction Aides in Physio-Therapy, scattered throughout the forty-seven hospitals. These women, thoroughly trained in physical education, have supplemented that knowledge in special courses in military massage and muscle re-education.

Many a disabled soldier, perfectly hopeless about ever again using his stiffened elbow or his maimed arm or leg, will remember with everlasting gratitude the patient, tender care received at the hands

of these Reconstruction Aides, who bring hope, courage, and physical restoration.

From early morning till late at night these women are busy massaging these stiffened joints, and by specialized measures and exercises freeing scarred tissue which has become adherent and in other ways re-educating the muscles which are weakened from injury or disease. Day by day the men can see function returning, lost muscle movement being restored, fingers that before could not grasp the pencil again becoming nimble, and with this improvement their mental depression is relieved. The cheerful personality of these aides, and their encouraging presence, afford one of the greatest incentives to the men to put up a fight to regain their lost functions.

Many of the enlisted personnel of the Medical Depart-



An electric baker

ment have received special training in massage, special exercises, and other branches of physio-therapy. They are likewise rendering great service in the task of rebuilding the nation's maimed fighters.

Under the supervision of special medical officers, physio-therapy, as an adjunct to the



By means of the whirl-pool bath, a cold, clammy, swollen limb becomes red and warm. Frequent repetition helps re-establish circulation.

medical and surgical treatment, is being administered to thousands of men.

Imagine that you are spending the day in the physio-therapy department of one of these reconstruction hospitals. At eight o'clock the medical officers, with the six or eight Reconstruction Aides and the fifteen or twenty enlisted men who act as assistants, report for duty. At the same time other medical officers and Reconstruction Aides have entered the wards to render similar service to those unable to come to the department. Shortly the patients begin to arrive. The room will accommodate twenty or thirty at a time. As rapidly as one group is treated another takes its place. Here is a man with a long, red scar across his face, which has become adherent, causing an ugly disfigurement. Heat is applied to the face for several minutes and then a Reconstruction Aide gently but firmly massages the scar for twenty minutes. She has been doing this for at least two weeks. Today both the aide and the patient are greatly pleased at the results which are being obtained. The ugly scar is fading and the face muscles can again be moved.

Over here another soldier has five jagged

scars from shrapnel wounds about the left shoulder and over the left arm. The muscles have shriveled and it is impossible for him to use the elbow or shoulder joint—or at least it was about a month ago. Now he has just completed holding his arm in the whirl-pool bath for twenty minutes, and the Reconstruction Aide is massaging it, and forcing him to exercise it by resistant movements. Measurements are taken of the motion in the arm, and, whereas a week ago it could only be raised to an angle of thirty degrees, today shows an angle of forty-five degrees. If you could witness this scene it would not be necessary to give this lengthy detail, for the beaming face of the soldier would more forcibly inform you that results are being obtained.

This man lying on the table had his right leg blown off in an air raid on one of our evacuation hospitals. An amputation has been done six inches below the hip joint. The stump persists in drawing up so that no artificial appliances can be worn. Electricity, hot



A Reconstruction Aide freeing a scar from the bone by massage. Weeks of patient endeavor are finally rewarded by motion and strength returning to the useless wrist and fingers.

and cold water baths, and massaging exercise twice a day by the trained enlisted man have practically given this soldier a normal stump. Tomorrow he is to be fitted with a temporary artificial leg.

On the other table is a man whose left leg bears evidence of six different machine gun bullet wounds. Two of these went through the knee-joint carrying away some of the bone and tendons. For weeks it seemed that an amputation would be necessary. Today, however, the wound is healed and both the patient and the doctors can see that he will have a little motion in the knee-joint and a limb that will not need replacing by the War Risk Bureau every three years. The daily baking of the limb with radiant heat and the long hours of massaging by the Reconstruction Aides were responsible for most of this im-

provement. Lately he has been running a drill press by a foot pedal, which is restoring further motion.

And so all through the day cheerful soldiers and depressed soldiers, chiefly the former, however, soldiers in wheel chairs and soldiers on crutches, limpy and deformed soldiers, with almost every variety of wounds imaginable come to this department for treatment. In spite of the scene, however, cheerfulness predominates everywhere. Jokes are bandied back and forth, the general atmosphere of the place is a tonic assisting further in the restoration of these men.

Thousands of wounded soldiers would go through life hopeless cripples if it were not for the work of these doctors, Reconstruction Aides, and enlisted men, toiling all day in the physio-therapy department of our hospitals.



Enlisted men, trained as masseurs, render valuable assistance in reclaiming the disabled fighters.



Putting a little joy into life in the toy shop at Colonia

How the Reconstruction Aides Have Proved What They Are For

By Eleanor Rowland Wembridge

Supervisor, Reconstruction Aides in Occupational Therapy

IT is no longer necessary for the Division of Physical Reconstruction to state what is to be the future work of Aides in Occupational Therapy in the wards of military hospitals. It is now able to speak in terms of accomplishment and say what the aides have already done and what they are doing both in the United States and in Europe.

Many will remember the published statement that General Pershing wished for a thousand Reconstruction Aides in Occupational Therapy. There are now over 1,200 women in this service. Seventy-four of these are on duty in France, and nearly two hundred more were under orders and ready to sail for France, but received their transfer to domestic duty when the armistice was signed.

Perhaps the personal story of one of the surgeons, who has just returned from France, will give more of an idea of the work of these women than any other description could do. He describes most vividly his surprise one morning in the midst of an inspection of hundreds of arm and leg cases in a base hospital, when four women presented themselves in uniforms and announced that they were "Reconstruction Aides in Occupational Therapy."

"Occupational Therapy, what's that?" said the Major.

"We will show you," said the girls.

And with no material at all, (their box of supplies had disappeared en route and has never been seen since) they began their work.

Before their arrival, the problem of keeping the soldiers contented had been very difficult. There they lay, by dozens, (fifteen in a row, with compound fractures of the femur) having told all the stories that they knew, having read all the books that they could get, and having been reduced to shooting craps from one bed to another to pass the time. The aides begged old scraps of gauze left from bandages, dyes from the chemical laboratories, burlap that had come wrapped around the hospital beds; and, on wooden frames, which they made themselves, the boys were soon occupied hooking rugs. So great was the popularity of the rugs that they could not make them fast enough, and they were usually sold, provided the boys would consent to part with them, before they had hardly been started. From making rugs, the boys passed on to wood-carving, basket-making, and the other crafts, as soon as material could be devised. The morale of the wards was changed from that of discouragement and homesickness to that of cheerful activity, which exercised not only their stiffened joints and muscles, but their minds as well.

One big Texan, who was sitting on a table at work, said, "I have not seen a girl like that for nine months and I am going to sit on this table and look at her and no one can get me off."

And, no one did!

Thus the Major concluded, "When I saw those aides for the first time, I did not know

what they were for, but now I know I never intend to have a hospital without them."

This story of improved morale in the wards has been duplicated over and over again in all the hospitals where aides have been on duty.

From teaching the lighter crafts suitable for bed patients, the aides have been requested to direct porch work, shop work, the teaching of academic subjects preparatory for civil service, the teaching of English to foreigners and illiterates, the teaching of the commercial subjects, bookkeeping, stenography, and accounting, and even in a few cases the teaching of gardening, poultry raising, and photography.

As one enthusiastic patient said, "The education which I got in this hospital is worth the leg I left behind."

There is still a demand for aides provided that they apply at once, and are ready for immediate service in any hospital in the United States. Since the work will not continue indefinitely, their services are needed without delay. Here is the chance for skilled crafts women, and for women with academic and professional training to pay their final debt to the boys in the hospitals, who were so ready to sacrifice their all, when they turned from civilians into splendid soldiers. They must now face the harder task of changing again from soldiers and from hospital patients into healthy, efficient civilians.

Stick to it, Buddy!

By Private A. J. Colburn, Boston, Mass.

THIS is not going to be a 'high-brow' article on vocational re-education, for the simple reason that I could not be 'high-brow' if I wanted to.

I want to tell you just what this idea of Uncle Sam's is, Buddy.

I came out of the service pretty nearly a wreck—nerves bad, and spine worse, blue, discouraged, and generally all in.

You see, son, I had always done hard, out-door, man-sized work, and a man with a bum spine is S. O. L. at that game, believe me.

Then a copy of CARRY ON came to my hands and I saw what Uncle Sam promised to do for his disabled soldiers and though I was skeptical, I thought I'd look into the proposition.

I had a talk with Mr. Fuller, a vocational

reconstruction man, and he explained the proposition to me.

Well, I enrolled in a school here in Boston, to take up a secretarial course.

Just think of it! I who had always longed for an education was at last going to get one! And all free, too!

Now do not think that I was going to master this course in a few weeks, Buddy, for it just can't be done.

And if it could be done so easily, it really would not be worth it, would it?

But here I am, going to school, all expenses paid, and all I have got to do is to give Uncle Sam a square deal by studying as hard as I can and showing him that I am in earnest. Easy, isn't it?

There are some who get discouraged when they see that there is some hard work attached to re-education and they quit.

Well, they are the kind of men that would quit anyway, and are not worthy of an education. If education were so easy, we would all be smart.

To gain the great benefits that Uncle Sam is giving you and me, we must be prepared to help him as much as we can.

Now I know just what you are going to say, "Too darn much Red Tape;" "Too much babying for me;" "I haven't got the time now;" "I got enough of this discipline stuff," etc., because I said all that and more before I got wise.

As for the Red Tape, all business to be successful must have a system and you will be surprised to see just how little Red Tape there is to gaining the wonderful benefits of vocational re-education. Try it and be convinced.

You may also say, "It's too darn hard for me to tackle now; I am not feeling well enough; I'll wait awhile."

Son, if I had waited until I felt well, I guess I'd never have started, for I guess there is hardly a day when it is not a darn hard struggle for me to get my clothes on and start for school.

I am no hero or anything like one, and so if I can do it—why, so can you.

It takes a little bit of nerve, I'll admit, to go to work when it seems as though every nerve and bone in your body were aching, but if you just hang around thinking of your aches, they only get worse, son.

And which had you rather do, take it easy, hang around with your friends having a good time *now*, and sell shoestrings later on, or work a bit now and later on take it easy?

Since starting to school I really think that my physical condition has improved, as I do not have time to sit and think how miserable I feel, and I know my mental condition has improved for I am learning something which will benefit me in years to come.

There is no discipline to it except what you will find at any school. The teachers are more than willing to help you and the other students will show you every courtesy.

If you get sick, Uncle Sam's doctors will fix you up so you can carry on and if you get discouraged, men like Fuller and McLeod of the Vocational Board will try to cheer you up.

And the last 'If,' Buddy: if I at thirty-five years of age, with aches and pains all over me, without any previous education—if I can do it and win out, *you* can do it also, *if* (and here's that last *if*) you really want to better yourself.

So, stick it out, show you have nerve, take advantage of Uncle Sam's generosity, enroll, and then plug and win out, old scout.

Here's hoping this will help you, whoever you may be.



The Vision of a Veteran of the Sixties

By Colonel William Thompson

Hampton, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE. Colonel Thompson, formerly Governor of the National Soldiers' Home of Virginia, lost his left arm at the shoulder joint during the Civil War. In the reconstruction period following that great struggle, it seemed that no position was available for a man thus crippled and a permanent resting place in the newly established soldiers' home was his only future outlook. With a determination to overcome his handicap and to assist his comrades to do likewise, this man suggested the plan and became the general manager of the organization described in the following article.

ONE of the saddest mistakes made by the Government after the Civil War was the gathering into soldiers' homes of all kinds of disabled men, (many of them but slightly incapacitated from earning a livelihood of some sort), there to lead, if they desired, an idle life while enjoying the pension to which they were entitled.

It is true employers preferred able-bodied men in manufacturing and agricultural industries, and often the partially disabled man found the door closed against him in the work to which he had been accustomed; yet the absolutely disabled men admitted to the homes were largely in the minority.

While the authorities of the National Home were generous in construing the law of admission they employed no outside mechanical labor or other service in the construction, equipment, or operation of the institution as long as its members were found equal to the work required.

In the year 1867, the great Central Branch at Dayton, Ohio, the Eastern Branch at Augusta, Maine, and Northwestern Branch at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, were organized, under the Act of Congress approved March 3, 1866, which Act provided for the creation of a "National Asylum for Disabled Soldiers of the Civil War," and set aside for its support a fund of \$5,000,000, which was an accumulation from fines, forfeitures, unclaimed moneys of

deceased soldiers and sailors, and other military sources during the war.

From time to time during the next thirty years eight other branches were located in various states. In the year 1878, the original fund having been exhausted, Congress took up, under the War Department, the support of the National Asylum in the regular appropriation bills, and changed the name to "The National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers."

In the year 1870, a young officer of the Central Branch suggested to the board of managers the idea of establishing industries of various kinds suitable for the employment of different classes of disabled men. The board stated that the subject was one which was engaging its earnest consideration, and, accepting the offer of the officer to inaugurate and superintend shops of various sorts, gave him unrestricted authority to organize and operate any and all kinds of industries in which any member of the Home could work, or learn a trade at which he might hope to profit, or to make himself independent of the Home.

The young man, in addition to the regular duties of his official position, set about the work with enthusiasm and found equal enthusiasm on the part of many members who had not obtained employment on the Home pay rolls. First a former cigar-maker suggested that he could conduct a shop and instruct men in his business. The officer went out with him, bought fifty pounds of tobacco, and started him with three apprentices. The young officer having become an expert in material and work, the cigar shop developed into one of the largest in the state of Ohio, employing sixty men at the bench (every one of whom learned the business in that shop), with a monthly output of 300,000 cigars, while buying internal

revenue stamps to the amount of \$2,200 to \$2,500 monthly, and selling the output to a St. Louis firm at about nine per cent. profit. Many graduates of this shop left the Home and supported themselves and families.

In like manner a tailor shop was organized and conducted successfully, making clothing to order for officers and members of the Home, as well as for many officers of the regular army at western posts. This shop finally became a large depot for the manufacture of all the uniform clothing for all branches of the Home.

The then late invention of the Lamb knitting machine recommended itself to the attention of the superintendent of industries who bought one machine at an exposition being held in Cincinnati, Ohio. Having mastered it in company with a very intelligent member of the Home, he ordered three dozen machines and in a few months was selling, to state in-

stitutions and large New York jobbers, hundreds of dozens of pairs of men's woolen half hose, at twenty-five to thirty per cent. profit. As the machine came into extended use the competition of other manufacturers rapidly reduced these high profits, and eventually the National Soldiers' Home required the output for its several branches.

Broom and brush-making and other industries flourished for a period, but the competition of blind and orphan asylums and penal institutions caused their abandonment. The cigar industry was also discontinued at the instance of labor unions when the Home was placed under congressional appropriation.

From the foregoing it would appear that to the National Soldiers' Home belongs the credit of first giving practical employment to the disabled soldiers and sailors of our country, and, perhaps of any country in the world.

Toy-Making as Ward Work

WHAT shall a patient in a military hospital do when he has nothing to do? Just be patient? There are times when he must stay in bed. There are other times when he must sit and wait for his dressing. There are waiting times for physio-therapy treatments. There are still other times when he must wait his turn for examination. And then there are the evenings in the wards.

A solution has been found, notably at Colonia, but at other hospitals as well, like Walter Reed and Lakewood, for the problem of using odd bits of time in some other ways than 'poker for matches', craps, or even knitting. Toy-making has 'turned the trick'.

With a jack-knife, a coping saw, a few pieces of thin wood or cardboard, a tin can and some paint, the soldier man turns mechanical wizard and produces the most amazing variety and character of mechanical toys.

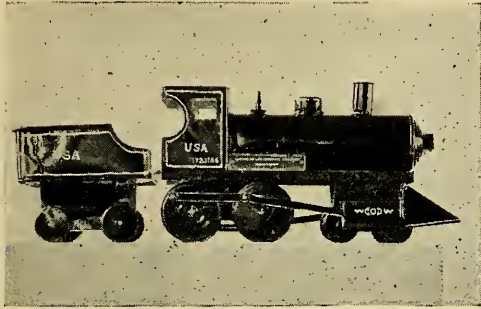
Such activities have the essential elements of occupational or diversional work. They are exceedingly interesting; they require certain

physical effort; they involve important mechanical principles; and they result in attractive and valuable products.

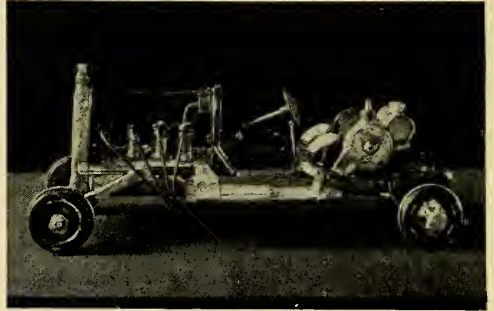
Never was work done with greater zeal or with more definiteness of purpose. Many a soldier has a 'little fairy in his home' for whom his toys are designed. There are few joys that come to the absent soldier equal to that of doing a piece of work that will give pleasure to those at home.

But the perfectly pertinent inquiry may be made as to why the men are not given real men's jobs of a vocational character. The answer is that they *are*. The toy-making is a filler—a dessert—an appetizer—a seasoning. It's the pinch of salt or pepper or spice or flavoring that saves the whole menu from flatness and makes it palatable. It does not in any way interfere with the schedule of the men in academic or shop work.

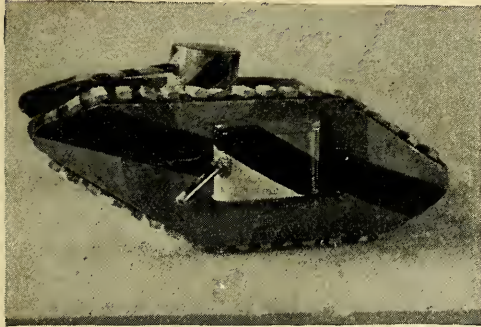
They have their regular hours for English, agriculture, printing, automobile repairing, or whatever courses it seems advisable for them



Locomotive with push-in-lid wheels, shaving paste tube boiler, and adhesive tape spool smoke-stack.



Automobile with shaving soap tube tank, can top wheels, overcoat button steering wheel, cartridge cylinders, cocoa tin top dash, cartridge exhausts, tooth paste top lights and sardine-box radiator.



Tank with tobacco tin side gun cages, cartridge guns, and the bottom of ether can for turret.

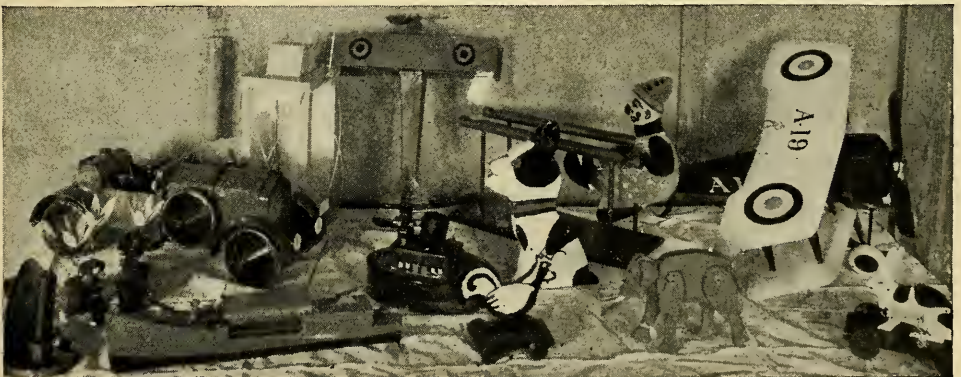


Aeroplane made from old cans and cracker tins.

to pursue and the toy-making is essentially incidental and, for the most part, is used as bedside or ward work.

Those who have tried toy-making for the purposes indicated here are enthusiastic in its praise. The patients are proud of their articles as they well may be, judging from the

accompanying photographs, and many an odd moment that might otherwise have been wasted has been turned to good account by bringing a bit more of happiness into their own lives and the lives of many others with beautiful, humorous, fantastic, and sometimes weird, but always interesting, toys.



Group of toys made at General Hospital No. 3, Colonia, N. J.

CARRY ON

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Editorials

INSIDIOUS PROPAGANDA

EFFORTS have been made to tell every wounded soldier, either in France, on the transport bringing him home, or upon his arrival in this country, about the plans of his Government to cure him as far as is humanly possible and then to retrain him for a new occupation if this is necessary. Pamphlets by the million have been distributed telling these men of their rights, first in the hospitals, then under the Federal Board for Vocational Education Act and finally the provisions made for their compensation.

In spite of these efforts many of these disabled men are still skeptical; still think that the Government plans to cheat them out of their pensions; that since they have become permanently disabled fighting for their country, this country is simply going to throw them on the scrap-heap.

These views are due to an insidious propaganda which consciously or otherwise has been spread around.

A one-armed soldier who had just returned from overseas and was in the Greenhut hos-

pital in New York, stepped into a drug store while out walking.

"Where's your artificial arm," asked the druggist.

"Haven't got it yet from the Government," replied the soldier.

"No, and you never will. That's all bunk about Uncle Sam giving you a new arm; you better go and buy an Easifit arm for yourself."

Three disabled soldiers were talking the other day. One of them said: "I rode down town with a man today in his auto. This fellow said there was so much 'red-tape' in Washington that us disabled guys wouldn't ever get any pensions. He also said we were fools to believe all that 'bull' about being retrained for new jobs. Guess he was right. I'm going to get my discharge and go home and try to find a job before they're all gone."

Every patriotic citizen should stamp out such propaganda just as thoroughly as they did the Hun propaganda during the war. The gigantic task which confronted certain departments of the Government may have slowed them up in the beginning, but every agency entrusted with this work is now hitting its stride. Our disabled soldiers will be re-educated, will be furnished with the necessary artificial appliances when they are ready for the same, and will be retrained and placed in profitable employment.

It is your Government and you have a part in this great work. Don't damn by faint praise but jump in and help make these high ideals realities.

CARRY ON SENT TO RELATIVES

MANY thousand copies of CARRY ON are now being mailed to the nearest relatives of the disabled soldiers. Through the assistance of the field workers of the American Red Cross it is hoped that the nearest relative of every disabled fighter will soon be in this list.

WHILE the Government is striving to give proper treatment, training, and guidance to the disabled men, should it not be able to rely on the friends and relatives of the men to give them sane and discreet assistance and advice?

SETTLING DOWN

A COLONEL of Engineers, recently discharged from the Army, has returned to his position with one of the large railroad companies. After two months in 'mufti' he remarked, "The hardest job I ever had is trying to settle down to business once more. I catch myself day-dreaming and longing for some of the excitement of the last eighteen months."

The other day a doctor, formerly a captain in the medical department, who served sixteen months with troops in the field, came into Washington on business, "a trumped-up excuse to get away."

This doctor said: "I have been trying to practice medicine for the last two months but it is driving me crazy. I sit in the office and listen to the long drawn out stories of 'old women', both male and female, 'belly-aching' about some imaginary pains until I want to scream. Yesterday a well-to-do patient, a man, came to see me because he thought he had 'fatigue-poisoning'. After examining him and finding nothing wrong I exploded: 'Get to hell out of here and go to work and forget such foolishness'. Of course he reminded me that I was not dealing with a common soldier and went away offended. I just had to frame up this trip in order to get out from under for awhile. I don't believe I can ever settle down again."

If these officers, mature men, feel this way, should we condemn the soldier boys, many of whom had not yet established themselves before the war, if they are a little slow in settling down?

Last week an employer who was in a conference in Washington made the statement that he wouldn't employ any more returned soldiers—they were lazy, dreamers, framers of excuses to stay away from work, and altogether spoiled for business.

Mr. Civilian, you, who didn't go through this great adventure of going to war, must learn to understand this peculiar psychology of the returned soldiers. Be patient with them, subtly help them to find themselves once more. This is your part in the rehabili-

tation of the returned soldiers—for the disabled soldier is not the only one who needs rehabilitating.

We soldiers must likewise understand this peculiar mental attitude which attacks us when we go back to mufti. It must be fought against and overcome. Opportunity is knocking at the door of every returned soldier today. You made good for your country and now industry, the trades, business, and the professional fields are opening to you two chances to make good to every one chance you had before.

The hero-worship of today will soon be a thing of the past. Don't bask in its sunshine too long but settle down and grasp these opportunities.

CHARITY

Two one-armed soldier boys recently went into the city to sell the hospital paper, "edited, printed, and published by the disabled soldier patients." On returning, one of them had fifteen dollars in addition to the amount obtained from the sale of the paper. The other man had no extra money from his sales.

"You're a fool," said the first soldier, "it's easy to make money. You sell a guy a paper and he hands out a quarter or four bits and seeing your arm's gone says, 'keep the change'."

"I'd be ashamed to disgrace this empty sleeve of mine by accepting tips," replied the second soldier.

Before the war this first soldier had been a freshman in college, the other had been a barber. Which man had won the greatest compensation for his loss over there in No Man's Land?

All through life the disabled soldier will have *charity* in one form or another thrust out to him. Remember the creed—a man among men in spite of this handicap.

"The cure for this ill is not to sit still
And frowst with a book by the fire;
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,
And dig till you gently perspire."

The Organization and Progress of Reconstruction

By Lieutenant Samuel J. Vaughn, S. C., U. S. A.

WHEN this nation went to war, it took certain steps that indicated a full realization not only of the nature of war but also of the necessity for post-war plans and policies. The experiences of the countries that had been so long in the struggle had not been ignored.

So, while our country set itself feverishly to the task of preparing its men to kill and to maim, and to be killed and maimed, it likewise, with equal vigor and sagacity, began the formulation of plans for the "physical rehabilitation of disabled men." The Division of Physical Reconstruction was therefore created by the Surgeon General with Major Edgar King at its head. In April, 1918, Colonel Frank Billings of Chicago became Chief of this Division with a large group of specialists from the various fields of medicine, surgery, education, etc., commissioned to return the disabled men to combat service or to civilian life as rapidly and as nearly physically fit as their disabilities would permit, and, where necessary, to start re-education.

The report just prepared by the Division of Physical Reconstruction indicates to what extent the expectations have been met and the hopes justified. It should be pointed out that in the report below thousands of the total number of cases were purely temporary and therefore did not come under the educational work. The following are the total numbers up to February 28, 1919:

- | | |
|--|---------|
| 1. Patients in hospitals where re-construction work is in progress | 197,000 |
| 2. Patients in educational work | 48,000 |
| 3. Total number of enrollments in various courses | 93,000 |
| 4. Total number of instructors and aides | 2,500 |
| 5. Courses being given | 160 |

Of the 160 courses being pursued by patients, sixty-five are ward, or bedside courses in handicrafts and academic work, and ninety-five are general, technical, and recreational courses given in schools and shops.

After exhaustive investigation, consideration, and discussion, it was decided that the educational work in the hospitals should be regarded as therapeutic or medicinal and that the vocational aspects should be incidental to the main business of getting men well. However, it is almost invariably compatible with the curative requirements to give the work a practical trend toward a man's future occupation. The strictly vocational work was, therefore, delegated to the Federal Board for Vocational Education after the patients' discharge from the hospitals.

Accordingly, on the opening of military hospitals, schools and shops began to be established along with departments of physiotherapy and prosthesis—the fitting of artificial appliances—and other agencies that have to do with the restoration of function to injured members.

Up to date, fifty-two hospitals have been designated as institutions to function in Physical Reconstruction. The following is a list of the hospitals with the actual number of patients in each on March 15, 1919:

General Hospitals

San Francisco, Cal., Amputations and Orthopedics	1,239
Walter Reed, Washington, D. C.	1,902
Fort McHenry, Md.	1,693
Colonia, N. J. (Rahway)	1,525
Fort Porter, N. Y., Insane	280
Fort McPherson, Ga.	1,629
Roland Park, Md., Blind	100

NAME *Webster, Daniel*
 WARD *11* DATE *Nov. 12, 1918*

Prescription for Occupational Therapy

..... General Hospital No. *2*
 Form 2 Educational Service

DIAGNOSIS (Copy from Clinical Record):

*Mech. Gun Wound Upper
 L. Arm, injuring nerve
 causing partial loss
 of use of left hand.*

The Medical Officer will check below the general class to which patient's disability belongs, using double check for major disability and single check for minor:

Medical	Surgical
Cardio-Vascular	Orthopedic <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
Pulmonary Tuberculosis	Amputation
Functional Neurosis	Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat:
Insanity	disease... wound....
Nephritis	Nervous System
Gastro-Intestinal	Blindness
Skin Disease	Deafness
Gassed	Speech Defect
Convalescent	Severe Injury to Face or
Other General Medical	Jaw
	Venereal Disease or
	Sequelæ
	Surgical Condition of
	G. U. System:
	Venereal.....
	Non-Venereal.....
	Convalescent
	Other Surgical

Remarks:

(OVER)

Probable length of stay in hospital... *10* ... weeks.

Probable condition after completion of hospital treatment:

*Return of free use
 of injured member
 but not completely cur-
 ed.*

Curative result to be attained:

*Restore function of
 left hand*

In orthopedic cases check functional treatment desired:

Abduction <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	} <i>Right</i> or <i>Left</i> }	Thumb
Adduction <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		Finger... <i>all</i>
Flexion <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		Wrist
Extension <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		Elbow
Pronation		Shoulder
Supination		Back
Circumduction		Toe.....
		Mid-Tarsus
		Ankle
		Knee
		Hip,

This man is ready for assignments checked below (include all of which he is capable):

Work in Wards—Mental..... Physical.....

Classroom Work—not to exceed... *3* ... hours daily

Shop ~~Work~~... *3* ... hours daily

Light... ☒ ... Heavy.....

Outdoor..... Indoor.....

Limitations and remarks:

Capt. H. B. Cole

Medical Officer

Lakewood, N. J.	870
Boston, Mass.	600
Cape May, N. J., Speech defects	653
Biltmore, N. C.	222
Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.	740
New Haven, Conn., Tuberculous	500
Fort Bayard, N. M., Tuberculous	186
Markleton, Pa., Tuberculous	157
Oteen, N. C. (Biltmore)	
Tuberculous	1,137
Otisville, N. Y., Tuberculous	576
Whipple Barracks, Ariz.,	
Tuberculous	212
Denver, Col., Tuberculous	926

Parkview, Pa.	568
Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.	488
Fort Des Moines, Ia.	901
Fort Sheridan, Ill.	1,713
Fort Snelling, Minn.	980
Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y.,	
Mental	259
Carlisle, Pa.	634
Chicago, Ill.	422
East Norfolk, Mass., Insane	189
West Baden, Ind.	314
Detroit, Mich.	240
East View, N. Y.	582
Long Beach, L. I., N. Y.	44
Fox Hills, N. Y.	969

Base Hospitals

Camp Custer, Mich.	671
Camp Devens, Mass.	855
Camp Dix, N. J.	1,427
Camp Dodge, Ia.	1,196
Camp Gordon, Ga.	713
Camp Grant, Ill.	1,057
Camp Jackson, S. C.	710
Camp Kearny, Cal.	222
Camp Lee, Va.	1,051
Camp Lewis, Wash.	799
Camp Meade, Md.	1,097
Camp Pike, Ark.	893
Camp Sherman, Ohio	1,403
Camp Taylor, Ky.	1,631
Camp Travis, Texas	945
Camp Upton, N. Y.	1,221
Camp Wadsworth, S. C., Tuberculous	563

Department Base Hospitals

Fort Riley, Kansas	1,120
Fort Sam Houston, Texas	916

When a patient is able to do any sort of work, whether bedside, classroom, shop, or outside work, the ward surgeon sends a 'therapeutic prescription' to the educational department. This prescription gives the nature of

the disability, the probable length of time the patient will remain in the hospital, the kind and purpose of the work needed, the number of hours per day to be devoted to the work, the results expected after treatment is completed, and any additional data that will help the educational officer to give the proper advice and to make the proper assignment.

If the patient is able to report to the educational office, he brings this prescription with him and has a survey made of his case. A patient's survey contains all available essential data bearing on his life, training, experience, income, prospects of return to his former employment, and his plans for the future, besides the surveyor's rating of his ability, mental capacity, disposition, ambition, and general attitude.

With the therapeutic prescription and the survey before him, the educational officer whose duty it is to assign men to work, interviews the patient and assigns him to such work as will keep him happily employed, give him the proper physical exercise demanded by his disability, or provide him with training in

SURVEY

1. Surname Webster First Name Daniel Home Address Denver, Col. Place of Birth Same Date 12/26, 1888 Race W. Married Single Widowed None
 Rank Private Co. L Reg. or Staff Corp. 34th Inf. Date of enlistment June 10, 1918 Children () Other dependents 30 Yes Yes No No
 2. Diagnosis Mech. Gun Wound Upper L. Arm Stay in hospital 10 days Functional result Restore function L. hand Probably duty? L. S. S. C. D.? Yes
 3. English: Speaks? Yes Reads? Yes Writes? Yes Other languages? None Schools: Grade (Where?) Denver Pub. High (Name? Where?) Denver
 College: (Name? Where?) Freshman K.S. Class last attended 16 Age at leaving 16 Degrees None Other training None
 Main occupation Machinist Exact work done Lathe and Shop Second occupation? Stock Room Clerk Exact work done Issued Mail
 4. Recent employment (Occupation, Firm, Place, Duration, Wages) 1. Denver Manufacturing Co. Nine Years \$25 wk.
 2. Western Traction Co. Denver, 3 yrs \$15 wk.
 For what Army Service can patient be trained? Yes Will patient on discharge be self supporting without retraining? Yes Patient's plans for future vocation Return to Machine
 Preference for future vocation Same Reason Knows trade Opportunities for employment in preferred line at home or elsewhere Good
 5. Intelligence Rating: (Very Superior) (Superior) (High Average) (Average) (Low Average) (Inferior) (Very Inferior) Method: Stanford, Point, Performance, Alpha Personal Estimate
 Special aptitudes Skill with machinery Fair skill in clerical work Limitations None
 Attitude Very good Desires to cooperate Yes Learning ability: Motor Very good Intellectual Fair
 6. Nature of work in Army Infantry Place of service R. E. F. Disabled (date, place) Aug. 9, 1918 Chateau Thierry Army record Good
 Recommendation to patient Return to former work Possible future occupation Machinist Immediate training Needs none except
 Remarks Needs therapeutic work for left hand possibly some help in drafting
 7. General assignment A B C D B-C Specific assignment Drafting & Engraving Date Nov. 15, '18 Assigned by H. J. Taughn
 8. Final disposition: Date 2/13/19 Destination Home Discharged on account of Disability Full duty None Partial duty None

The type of survey made for each patient reporting for educational work

some line directly concerned with his former or future occupation. In many cases all these needs are met by the same line of work. Frequently, men take two or more courses, often combining academic study and shop practice. In fact, the statistics show that the men enrolled in educational work take an average of two courses each.

The procedure in handling the assignments may be illustrated by the following typical cases: A skilled machinist has a slight flesh wound which will not interfere with his regular occupation. According to the physician's prescription, he will remain in the hospital only a few weeks. As a matter of diversion, he may ask to take typewriting, toy-making, engraving, woodworking, telegraphy, or any other subject that will not interfere with his treatment. Another machinist has received a severe wound leaving him with a stiff right hand which will require months of treatment. He wishes to resume his former occupation as a machinist. He may be assigned to identically the same work as the first man but with an entirely different purpose in view, namely, to restore the use of his stiffened hand.

A third machinist has lost his right arm and has sustained other injuries that will keep him many months in the hospitals, according to the physician's statement. His problem is clearly one of re-education. He may select and be assigned to telegraphy or some other line suitable for a one-armed man.

The specialized hospitals, of course, have special work peculiar to the types of cases for which they are established. The hospitals for

the blind have certain types of work for which sight is not essential. The tuberculous hospitals have a variety of very light work adapted to their needs. The hospitals that have large numbers of men with injured arms and legs have other types of work that help to bring back the full use of the injured limbs or to prevent their loss from being a permanent handicap. Specialized forms of work designed to aid men with mental difficulties are found in hospitals or wards where such patients are kept. Thus, provisions have been made for all the different kinds of disabilities produced by the war.

Besides the numerous academic and commercial courses such as English, mathematics, accounting, and stenography, there are in many of the hospitals well equipped shops for printing, automobile repairing, shoe-making, carpentry and cabinet-making, plumbing, machine shop practice, jewelry, engraving, and electricity. Furthermore, there are laboratory facilities, buildings, and machinery, for instruction in agriculture and gardening.

In all these plans for the reclamation of disabled men, the ambition has been not only to cure the men but to open every possible avenue to remunerative employment in civilian life. To this end, close cooperation has been encouraged and maintained between the Division of Physical Reconstruction with its work in the hospitals and the Federal Board for Vocational Education into whose hands the compensable cases go for further education after they have been discharged.



Toys and other simple articles made of wood, showing the kind of wood-working done in the wards at Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.



A group of unnaturalized patients at General Hospital No. 9, Lakewood, N. J., taking the oath of allegiance.

Making Citizens

NO greater reconstruction work has been accomplished in the hospitals than the making of American citizens. Thousands of the foreign born soldiers who had never been naturalized have been sent to the hospitals because of disabilities from wounds and disease.

The fact that they have served in the military establishment of the country makes it unnecessary for them to reside here the usual length of time. It is necessary, however, for these men to be able to read and write, to understand a sufficient amount concerning the organization of our Government, the requirements of citizenship, etc., to pass the naturalization examination.

During the long days of sickness and convalescence, large classes of foreigners have been formed for this Americanization process. Practically every one of these men having served their adopted country and having sacrificed their blood for her, zealously and en-

thusiastically, enters upon the studies which will enable all of them to truthfully say "Our Country."

In a recent inspection trip the officer found a class of twenty men in the tuberculosis sanatorium at New Haven being made American citizens. Another class of thirty alien soldiers were almost ready to pass the necessary examination. At Lakewood, New Jersey, a class of twenty-five alien soldiers were being naturalized. This was the sixth group which had passed through this stage of reconstruction at Lakewood. Approximately five hundred soldiers have been naturalized at Colonia and a similar number at Fort McHenry. In fact, every hospital prides itself on having trained a certain number of the alien soldiers for naturalization.

Before the work of reconstructing the disabled soldiers is completed, thousands of these alien soldiers will have been made American Citizens.

Retraining and Compensation

By Charles H. Winslow

Chief, Division of Research, Federal Board for Vocational Education

THERE has been somewhat of confusion in the public mind relative to the rehabilitation work in general, and it would be well to state at the outset exactly the terms upon which vocational retraining may be had by disabled soldiers, sailors, and marines at the hands of the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

The work done by the Federal Board in the way of retraining these men was designed by the Government for cases of the most serious and permanent character. The disabled man, in order to be eligible for this retraining and support, must first have been discharged from the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps; second, his disability must be such that he has been awarded or is eligible for compensation from the War Risk Insurance Bureau.

It was designed by Congress to correct the deficiencies caused by wounds or disease and to supply the disabled man with additional and other means of making a livelihood. This is done by capitalizing his remaining assets, retraining them, and making them serve in place of those qualities or accomplishments which he has lost.

Congress delegated this work to the Federal Board for Vocational Education, which has its headquarters in Washington, and District Offices in fourteen different cities of the United States, and branches of the District Offices in many other large centers.

Upon discharge, the permanently or seriously disabled man is assisted by the employees of the Federal Board to get his papers through the War Risk Insurance Bureau, and if the case is a compensable one, the matter of training can then be immediately taken up and carried forward, for while the compensation is being adjusted in the War Risk Insurance Office, the Vocational Advisers of the

Federal Board go over the question of training thoroughly with the disabled man. They ascertain what his wishes in the matter are as to the course to be trained for, and the 'Case Board' consults with him. From this data a decision is reached.

In every instance where possible, the effort is to preserve and make use of the former trade or occupational knowledge of the disabled man. It is a most valuable asset, and there are really very few instances in which this trade knowledge cannot be turned to some good account. For instance, the old illustration of the structural iron and steel worker may be used. Suppose a man of this occupation has a permanently stiffened knee, or has lost a leg or an arm, and is unable to clamber about upon the skeletons of sky-scrapers or bridges. He may be re-educated possibly as an architect, specializing in steel construction; he may be trained as an inspector for municipalities or for construction companies; or he may be trained for office work in mills fabricating material of the sort, or he may be made into a stock and yard foreman of such works; or as estimator for a construction company.

The same idea is carried out in the long list of trades, occupations, and professions.

When the man enters upon his training, he is allowed a sufficient amount to pay for his board, clothing, and incidentals, averaging about \$65 per month. All other expenses, such as tuition, books, laboratory material, and the like, are paid by the Federal Board. When he has finished his course, and is a competent man, if the training he has taken is for a wage earning occupation, the Placement Division of the Federal Board finds employment for him. He is inducted into that employment, and supervised for a time in order to see that his training is such that he

can function under commercial conditions. His support is continued during this period of probation. When he has been pronounced competent and is placed upon the payroll of the concern, his support, of course, ceases, but the compensation from the War Risk Insurance Bureau begins. It should also be remembered that if he has dependents, an allowance of \$30 per month is made for his wife, and \$10 per month for each child up to three at the same time that he is being supported while pursuing his studies.

This in brief is the general course followed by the men who are taking re-education at the hands of the Federal Board.

On March 1, 1919, 39,669 disabled soldiers had been registered with the Federal Board for training or placement, or both. Of these the Board had established a working contact with 25,223 cases; 2,948 had been placed in employment at that date.

On March 15, 2,771 cases had been recommended for training by the District Offices of the Board; 2,125 had been approved for training by the Central Office, and there were 646 cases at the Central Office in process of approval and pending action of the War Risk

Insurance Bureau upon their compensable status.

Of the first 1,215 approved cases, 245 were taking some phase of agriculture; 274 were taking commercial education in some of its various branches; 372 were taking industrial and trade courses; 257 had entered upon studies for professional pursuits; 45 of them were taking elementary and Americanization courses, and 22 were unclassified.

The work of the Federal Board is growing steadily, and the volume of business is being handled as promptly as is commensurate with thoroughness. The volume of business averages eighty-three cases recommended daily for training, twenty-five notices daily of men placed in training; average daily notices received from Bureau of War Risk Insurance of new claims filed for compensation, 771; average number of letters from disabled men and interested organizations, 175; average daily applications for compensation for disabled men filed by the Federal Board with the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, 150; and the average daily notices of discharge of disabled men from the War Department to the Federal Board, 80. So it will be seen that the work has risen to large proportions.



Eighty agricultural students at Fort Sheridan going to a stock show in Chicago

Getting Down to Cases

THE reconstruction work has been in progress in some of the hospitals for more than a year. Confidence in the future of the work must be based now upon what has thus far been accomplished. The time for generalities has passed—it is time to “get down to cases.”

No one should expect the educational work during the few short weeks the average patient is in the hospital entirely to remake the man, to strike off the clinging traditions, to overcome the defects of years of improper life and training, and to send him forth fully equipped for the new battles of peace.

But the educational service has been able to give a new vision and a new courage, to point the way from ineffective and cheerless struggle to promising and agreeable tasks. It has found men floundering in despondency and has brought to them encouragement and help. It has found men nonchalant in their uselessness and indecision and has given them a serious and wholesome outlook and deter-

mination to live and work at level best. It has taken men hopelessly maimed and incapacitated for their former work, and has started them on the way to new and sometimes better occupations. It has found men disturbed by the thought that they could not return to their former trades, and has convinced them that with only slight retraining they could be as effective as ever in their old places.

The following cases have been taken from reports of Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, Fort Sheridan, Illinois, Fort McHenry, Maryland, and Colonia, New Jersey. They typify in a general way the character of the educational work in all the hospitals.

K. reported to the Educational Department January 24. His survey shows him a native of Russia, twenty-six years of age and having come to America five years ago. K. entered the service in September, 1917, and served in the A. E. F. until August 2, 1918, when he was so badly wounded as to require the amputation of his left arm. Before entering the service he was



Private R. K., lying in bed, an Italian, Company E, 59th Infantry, suffered a compound fracture of left leg at Verdun. Previously was a celluloid worker. Plans to open a celluloid factory. Has requested and read many books on the celluloid industry. Devotes part of each day to elementary studies. Is seen here taking lessons in arithmetic. Desires a wounded soldier, preferably an Italian, to assist him as a foreman.

At left, Private S. L., Company I, 30th Infantry, has machine gun wound in right leg. Was born in Poland. Never went to school. Is studying the three R's and has made rapid progress in English.

a sheet metal worker but of course he knows that the old job is now beyond his reach. He must learn a different calling. As he came to us in the Educational Department his attitude was as optimistic as the idealist would picture in



Private, 1st Cl., Company A, Second Engineers. Has an ununited fracture of the right femur as result of wound at Chateau Thierry. Before enlisting he was in the engineering department of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. Observed here studying trigonometry.

Private W. K., formerly a high school teacher, suffered a double amputation, the result of shrapnel wounds received in the Argonne. He volunteered his services as a teacher in the hospital and is seen here instructing Private C.

fiction. It was all a matter of course. The war was over. He was different but his opportunities were still great. He began his work in reading, writing, arithmetic, and spelling. He had attended night school before and he realized the value of study. He continued his work with rare zeal until his discharge on February 14, 1919. During this time he conferred with the educational officers and the representative of the Federal Board. He carefully weighed the arguments relating to his future. He knew what

compensation was available. He learned of the educational opportunities open to him and, as a result of his study and conference, he plans to continue his education for at least three years, that his handicap may be reduced to the minimum. To K., the Educational Department proved to be not only a place for securing training while treatments were going on, but here he found worthy advisers and a wealth of information pooled for the welfare of just such men as he.

T. is eighteen, a native of Illinois, has completed the first year in high school, and has been in the service since April, 1917. He was with the A. E. F. and September 19, 1918 at St. Mihiel while assisting in cleaning out a machine gun nest was seriously wounded. He was awarded the D. S. C. but his left hand is crippled for life. He came to the Educational Department to "pass the time" he said but as the days passed T. became interested in the new game of reconstruction. First he only wanted to practise pen-



Corporal J. R., born in Argentina, spent most of early life in Ireland. Served with Company C, 308th Infantry, 77th Division. Wounded at Vesle River, and now has complete paralysis of right arm. Complete recovery is anticipated. While in bed he studied penmanship. He is now taking courses in arithmetic, bookkeeping, and Spanish.

manship, but later he took arithmetic, business English—the field was widening. But what of the future? He conferred with the educational officers. Yes, he could still get an education. He got a pass and went home, and interviewed the head of a manufacturing concern who knows the demands for commercial chemists. T. in his reading and leisure had dreamed of being a commercial chemist. This man told him that with seven or eight years of study he could be one. In short, he told him if he would complete a university course he would guarantee him a “position with possibilities.” T. has made up his mind. He is ‘plugging’ now on algebra and geometry and other ‘prep stuff’! He will win. The Educational Department helped him find himself.

L. is a native of Norway having followed the great calling of his native country—fishing. At twenty he came to this country engaging in salmon fishing on the Pacific coast. He attended a school nearly eight years in Norway and upon coming to this country spent about two months in a business college. He found a good demand for expert fishermen, however, and at the time of entering the service, June 29, 1918, was earning \$80 per month and expenses. L. has the unique distinction of having been wounded in both hands by the same bullet. He was lying prone as a sniper, his left hand grasping his rifle-barrel and his right at the grip of the stock. A Fritzé sniper found him. The bullet cut off all the fingers of the left hand, followed down the rifle and lodged in the palm of his right hand. As a result he cannot follow his old calling. But he has made his plans. He is twenty-nine years

old, healthy, ambitious, and intelligent. He knows the fish business from the ground (or shall I say from the water) up. Why not prepare for office and executive work in this great industry? That is his plan. He made a fine record in his work in the Educational Department. He knows what the Vocational Board will do for him. His six weeks here were important ones for him for it was here that he fixed his purpose which will doubtless result in a policy that will compensate for his handicap.

L. L., Private, Co. G, 109th Infantry. After seven months of service in France, he received a gun-shot wound in the left forearm and an injury which caused a depression of the skull resulting in anterograde and retrograde amnesia. Although he had stopped school in the fifth grade, he became chief clerk in the drafting room of a construction company at \$40 per week before the war.

He is assigned to general English work and is steadily regaining his mental powers.

M. C., Private, Co. B, 4th Infantry. Saw eight months of service with the American Expeditionary Forces. Suffered musculo-spiral paralysis from a shrapnel wound. He is thirty-four years old, of high average intelligence, and worked as a telephone lineman in civil life. He must be retrained. Assigned to telegraphy, and for two months has made excellent progress.

C. J., Sergeant, served eight months in France and received a gun-shot wound causing the loss of four inches of the right humerus. Bone graft was necessary. Had four years of college work, two of which were in preparation for agri-



Private J. B., Company L, 107th Infantry, lost his left leg near Cambrai, after one hour in action. Previous to the war he was a loan clerk. Now studying stenography, bookkeeping, and typewriting.

cultural work. It is considered inadvisable for him to continue agriculture. He is now doing clerical work and arranging through the Federal Board to take dentistry.

J. H., Corporal, Infantry. During his nine months of service in France he was in the battles of Soissons, Chateau Thierry, Champaign, and St. Mihiel. He received gun-shot wounds in both legs and both arms; shrapnel wounds in neck and left shoulder; shrapnel wound of mouth and jaw causing the loss of practically all of his teeth; and shrapnel wounds destroying his left eye. Before Corporal H. went to war he was an engineering student at Cornell. All his plans have been upset but he is still game and says he still has the stuff in him for a battle royal for success in a peaceful pursuit. He has selected journalism and is industriously and very efficiently assisting in the editing of a most excellent Post paper.

A. has been a linotype operator but now has a left arm amputation which makes it impossible to return to his former occupation. He has had two years of high school work, including shorthand and typewriting. He has been offered a

position as business manager of the same paper. He is renewing his knowledge of shorthand, learning to write on the typewriter with the right hand, and will read under the guidance of the printshop manager some books on how to get the most out of his new occupation.

S. registered for some academic work while he was in bed after a surgical operation. After he was able to be about again, he asked to be assigned to the shoe repair and leather department where he is learning things that will help him when he returns to the farm.

C. has completed his course in shorthand and typewriting and is getting himself in readiness to continue the study of law as soon as he is discharged.

G. is a farmer and has asked to be assigned to the auto shop to learn how to operate the tractors that are a part of the equipment of this shop.

K., a college graduate, was manager of his father's ranch but a right foot amputation makes it necessary for him to study bookkeeping and typewriting to become the office manager.

A Letter of Appreciation

Wabash, Indiana
February 26, 1919

CARRY ON,
New York City.
Editor:

I wish to tell you of the interest we take in the magazine which comes to us monthly. While we do not have a war *mutilé* in our home, we have a sorely maimed member.

My husband who had volunteered his services through his Alma Mater, the U. of P., met with an automobile accident, April 25, 1917, in which his coupe took fire and he being pinned beneath it was so horribly burned as to necessitate the amputation of both legs, leaving stumps eight and ten inches in length.

We know what it is to fight the battle for *rehabilitation* alone, for nowhere save at these

wonderful reconstruction hospitals maintained by our Government can skilled aid be given the maimed. We have made progress as my husband is now able, with the use of crutches and artificial limbs, to walk falteringly about the home, and do some office work.

We realize that we have many battles to fight before we go 'over the top', but we are fighting. Just a few minutes daily is all the time he can endure the walking, but we hope that in time he can rise and sit down unaided and that he can go up and down a few steps and enter an automobile.

His spirit has been so wonderful, nothing but hope and cheer radiate from him and his slogan is "If others have done it, so can I."

I am glad that CARRY ON comes to our home and hope it may continue.

Sincerely,

For the Exchange of Experience

International Conference on Rehabilitation of the Disabled Held in New York City

By Douglas C. McMurtrie

RETURNING disabled men to capacity for earning their own living is no longer an experiment. The provision of re-education has been found to be sound business policy by every one of the nations at war, and each has worked out a program for physically reconstructing and vocationally re-training the disabled soldier.

In order to exchange experiences on this subject, the Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men, acting in cooperation with the Red Cross Institute for the Blind, invited to New York for an unofficial conference the leaders in rehabilitation of the disabled in all the allied countries. It was felt that a gathering of eminent foreigners would do much to stimulate an intelligent and constructive public interest on the rehabilitation of the disabled.

The proceedings were too extensive to summarize here completely, but there were brought out a few unanimous conclusions, which may be noted particularly:

1. The rehabilitation process must be started early, and a plan for the future be worked out with the disabled soldier soon after his injury. There must be allowed to intervene no period of indeterminate idleness before a man is prepared for a job.

2. A man's pension must under no circumstances be reduced because he is industrious and succeeds in earning a good living. Compensation for both specific and non-specific disabilities, resulting from either wounds or disease, should be assessed on physical condition alone, without reference to wages.

3. Courses of re-education should be intensive and as short as is consistent with successful holding down of the job in prospect. Men

should not be allowed to contract the habit, during too long periods of training, of depending on the Government for maintenance.

4. Tuberculosis constitutes one of the major problems within the scope of rehabilitation. Intelligent and adequate handling of the problems will result in much good to the community; conversely, unwise and insufficient treatment and training will result calamitously.

5. Artificial limbs and appliances should be nationally standardized. It was the consensus of opinion that manufacture might best be provided for in a government factory.

6. Social service is one of the most essential factors in the organization of rehabilitation.

7. Last, but not least, the public must be taken into confidence on the rehabilitation effort and the community support, understanding, and enthusiasm enlisted in the cause. Without this no national program can be completely successful. The appearance of the issues of CARRY ON is evidence confirmatory that *your* backing is a vital requirement.

It was emphasized at all the sessions that re-educational advantages should not be restricted to disabled soldiers, but that they should be extended also to crippled civilians—a hundred times more numerous than those physically handicapped in war.

The list of official delegates reads like a 'Who's Who' in the field of rehabilitation.

France could have sent us no more representative worker in the field of the cripple than Dr. Maurice Bourrillon, director of the National Institute for War Cripples at St. Maurice, and president of the Permanent Inter-Allied Committee on War Cripples. Although past three score and ten, Dr. Bour-

rillon took active part in the meetings, presenting several valuable papers. With Dr. Bourrillon came the orthopedic surgeon, Dr. André Treves, chief of staff of the School of Re-education at Rennes, and Edmond Dron-sart, director of the School at Montpellier. In the party were also the representatives from Belgium and Italy, M. Louis Alleman, of the Belgian Military Institute for War Cripples at Port-Villez, France, and Professor Vittorio Putti, the renowned orthopedic surgeon and director of the Rizzoli Institute at Bologna. Accompanying the continental delegates was Miss Grace Harper, Chief of the Bureau of Reconstruction and Re-education, of the American Red Cross in France.

The head of Great Britain's delegation was a woman, Mrs. Ethel Wood, Secretary of the Ministry of Pensions. Mrs. Wood proved a most worthy representative, presenting Britain's work for the cripple in a clear and sympathetic manner, and entering heartily in all the round table discussions. Mrs. Wood has lost 'her men' in the war, but that loss has quickened her interest in what she regards as the noblest work in which she can engage—salvaging man-power. England sent us also Major Francis Meynell, of the Ministry of Labor, and Captain Percy Sharp, director of Curative Workshops, Shepherd's Bush Military Orthopaedic Hospital, London.

From Canada came a large delegation from the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment. Included in the party were: Major General G. Carleton Jones, F. Gerald Bott, Major R. W. Coulthard, Lt.-Col. F. McKelvey Bell, Gerald A. Boate, Major H. P. Stanley, Captain Edwin A. Baker, N. F. Parkinson, and others.

Practically the entire staff of the Reconstruction Division of the Surgeon General's Office were present. Col. Frank Billings, chief of that division outlined the work being done in the hospitals in this country.

Col. Charles E. Banks represented the Bureau of War Risk Insurance.

The Federal Board for Vocational Education was represented by Dr. C. H. Prosser, the director, and many of the other workers of that organization.

Among the representatives of the American Red Cross were: Dr. Stockton Axson, Eliot Wadsworth, W. J. Hiss, Col. C. H. Connor, Curtis E. Lakeman, and other national and divisional officials.

The conference concluded with a thrilling public meeting at the Hippodrome.

A number of cablegrams of greeting were received as the conference opened. Among them were the four reproduced below:

From the Belgian Minister of War:

Sincere gratitude for the kind efforts of the American Red Cross in behalf of the Belgian Army. Heartiest good wishes for the success of the Conference on Rehabilitation—a subject so vital to our disabled soldiers.

MASSON

From Sir Laming Worthington Evans,

Ministry of Pensions, London, England:

To the American Red Cross my very best wishes and cordial greetings. Hope the interchange of experience and of ideas will result in benefit to the disabled men of all the allied countries who have suffered in defending the right.

EVANS

From Baron Sonnino, Italian Foreign Minister, Rome, Italy:

In behalf of the Government of the King, I request you to extend to the International Conference on Rehabilitation most fervent wishes for the success of their endeavors. The noble aim of alleviating the burden of those who, by their generosity, have been physically disabled, is a debt of conscience, toward the payment of which all men will be proud to contribute.

SONNINO

From General Malletierre (a mutilé of the great war, one leg amputated and one arm paralyzed), Paris, France:

The wounded French soldiers desire to express their fraternal sympathy with the disabled men of the American forces. The French soldiers recall with heartfelt appreciation the care and aid of the American Red Cross. They remain united to their comrades in time of peace as in time of war. Their common sacrifice on the field of battle should guarantee peace, victorious over Germany, provided the United States, France, and Great Britain remain forever on terms of cordial friendship. Long live the American soldier!

MALLETERRE

News and Exchanges

THE WAR'S NOT OVER FOR SOME

Of course the chap who wears a maroon and white trimming on his o. d. hat is just as anxious to go home as the buddy who wears blue or red or any of the other colors of the rainbow.

All of us came into the service for the duration of the war. And now the Kaiser is out of the running, and the old American Eagle is screaming victory on the banks of the Rhine, "back home" is what everyone is thinking about.

But just a minute!

Is the war over for the medical units?

How about the buddies up in the wards with their wounds still unhealed?

How about those who still need operations and careful treatment to make them fit men again?

The Medical Corps' part of the war is still going on—the war against pain and disability.

The Medical Department is just as anxious to demobilize as any other branch of the service. But in many cases, until the war wounded have been turned out hale and hearty again, surgeons will have to continue to sacrifice large private practices; corps men will have to put up with the often strenuous and disagreeable duties of the hospital routine.

After all, haven't the men who sacrificed arms and legs and eyes in France a right to ask some one else to make a sacrifice for them until they are able to care for themselves?

From Camp Custer Daily Bulletin

A LIVING MEMORIAL

No finer and more poetic proposal has yet been made than the one already being taken up and acted upon in many places, the proposal to plant trees in memory of the men who gave their lives in this war. The question of memorials to the dead, and indeed to all those who took part in the Great War, is one which every community in the country now is facing. The tendency seems to be all away from the time-honored, useless and ugly form of 'show' memorial—the Soldiers' and Sailors' monument of our cities, with its usual ungainly figures—and towards some useful and enduring form of improve-

ment for the community. Thus, bridges and parks and civic centres are now finding favor as memorials to our dead, and most fittingly so. Let us by all means build and dedicate such things in the spirit of the men who fought and died to make this a better world to live in. But there is a beautiful and simple and eternally appropriate memorial which every community that will can have—a grove or avenue or group of trees planted and maintained in honor of its heroes. Perhaps the idea originated with someone who knew and loved the tree-shaded avenues of France.

The symbolism of the trees, sturdy-growing, long-lived, perennially green, is too plain to require comment. There is something democratic about trees—they offer their gifts of shelter and of beauty to all alike. Standing branch to branch in files or groups they are like the soldier comrades who marched and were friends, and endured and fought together in the wars.

What could be more impressive in years to come than to walk or drive beneath some splendid avenue of over-arching elms or beech and be reminded by their living presences, by their friendly whisperings and kindly shade, of the youths who once lived and loved and were happy here, and who sacrificed it all for their country.

From The Trouble Buster, Fort McHenry

EDUCATION ON THE WAGON AT OTEEN

A novel idea in publicity and educational propaganda has been introduced at General Hospital No. 19, Oteen, N. C. An exhibit of the work done by patients in the educational department is mounted upon a specially equipped mess wagon and hauled through the various wards.

The Receiving Ward is headquarters for the exhibit so that the publicity work for the educational department begins as soon as a patient arrives. From its post in the Receiving Ward, the exhibit is taken twice each week through all the wards of the hospital.

A capital idea!

YOUR JOB BACK HOME

The services of the American Library Association have been of inestimable value in supplying books and magazines to soldiers, sailors, and marines during the war. It has donated to each reconstruction hospital a fine library of the most modern books on technical vocational subjects. It has just added to this library a copy of "Your Job Back Home" for every ward in every hospital. This is a small, well-arranged volume full of illustrations depicting important and interesting civil vocations, such as mining, structural steel work, farming, ship-building, navigation, rail-roading, drafting, electrical work, machine work, and allied activities. The volume suggests books from the hospital library which will be of great interest in the most popular vocations. It is a splendid little volume and one cannot examine it without wishing to follow up some of the suggested lines of instructive reading.

* * * *

Young Adjutant flourishing a telegram: "What d'y know about this bird! Wiring an extension of his A. W. O. L!"

* * * *

Doctor: "Did that cure for deafness really help your brother?"

Pat: "Sure enough; he hadn't heard a sound for years, and the day after he took that medicine he heard from a friend in America."

* * * *

Teacher of Grammar at Thirty-two: "Name the different kinds of sentences."

Patient: "Five year, ten year, and life."

AT FORT SHERIDAN

The educational work at Fort Sheridan is now under full headway. The department was only recently established, but in the short time, remarkable progress has been made.

The academic work seems to be unusually well organized and conducted. Some really good teaching is being done.

An especially large class in agriculture is doing a systematic and consistent piece of work in preparation for the return to the farm or for more extended school work after discharge.

The art department is producing some interesting results. The print shop is being rapidly

equipped with linotype, cylinder press, and all the makings of a real shop. Machinery is being installed in the woodworking department while the regular bench and repair work goes on at a satisfactory pace.

There is a genial, business-like air throughout the place that bespeaks interesting developments in the future.

A ONE-ARMED, NO-LEGGED SPEECH

I have found that you do not need hands and feet, but you do need courage and character. You must play the game like a thoroughbred.

You fellows know how it is in a handicap race. A handicap is put on the horse that has proved himself, so that he may not beat the others too easily. But the horse with the handicap is the one to bet on.

You fellows are handicapped, but we know you can win the fight. You have been handicapped by the Hun who could not win the fight. For most of you it will prove to be God's greatest blessing, for few men begin to think until they find themselves up against a stone wall.

And you other folks—don't treat these boys like babies! Treat them like what they have proved themselves to be—men. Don't spoon-feed them. Don't coddle them. They would rather get their own faces down into the blueberry pie and eat it for themselves.

Michael Dowling at the *International Conference on Reconstruction*

THIS JOKE HAS TEETH

Sergeant Thomas, departing from the dental clinic, was heard to remark that the dentists who went over there certainly must have been numbered among the yanks.

From Over Here, General Hospital No. 3,
Colonia, N. J.

* * * *

We have several patients who insist that they suffer from 'confounded' fractures, and take 'cornstarch' baths. 'Contrast' baths are really much better.

From Listening Post, Letterman General Hospital,
San Francisco, Cal.

Port of Missing Men

EVERY hospital paper in this country and overseas has arranged to publish inquiries from the relatives and friends of missing men with a view to securing some information concerning their whereabouts or when they were last seen.

If CARRY ON can help relieve your anxiety by endeavoring to secure information from your missing soldier, send in your inquiry.

It will be forwarded to all hospital papers and published by them. Perhaps some one of the disabled men still in the hospitals will recall your soldier.



Carry On

A Magazine on the Reconstruction
of Disabled Soldiers and Sailors

Vol. 1
No. 8

May
1919



Creed *of the* Disabled

Once more to be useful—to see
pity in the eyes of my friends
replaced with commendation—to
work, produce, provide, and to feel
that I have a place in the world—
seeking no favors and given none:
a MAN among MEN in spite
of this physical handicap.

Edited by the Office of the Surgeon General, U.S. Army
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Attention Editor CARRY ON, Washington, D. C.

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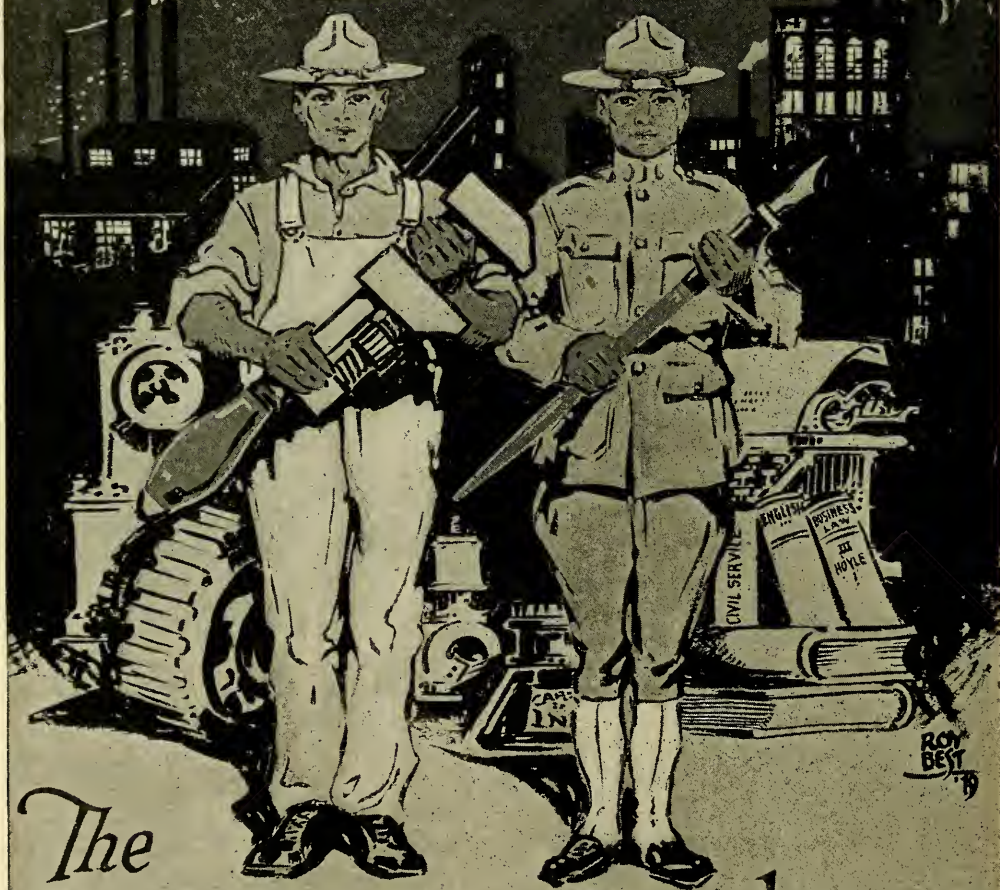
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Learn the new Manual of Arms



The
Reconstruction Detachment
offers You your chance to prepare
for civil life.

A Message

To the Fathers, Mothers, Wives, Sisters, and Brothers of Disabled Soldiers

By Colonel Frank Billings, M. C., U. S. A.

TO you who mourn for your soldier dead, the Nation with respectful sympathy offers a prayer that you may find some comfort in the thought that God blessed you when he gave them to you, even for a short period, though they will be with you in memory always, and that they died to preserve Christianity and civilization.

You whose boys escaped the Grim Reaper, but have been disabled by illness or injury, have been comforted by the fact that they are spared to you, but you are disturbed by the fear that they will ever remain helpless cripples or invalids. If you have seen them, perhaps those of you whose boys are blind or deaf, or suffered loss of limb or scars of face, or lameness from fracture of bones, and are fearful that they will never be happy again, if you have not already learned it, we want you to understand that all departments of the Government

responsible for the health, life, and future of your boys have fulfilled and will continue to fulfill the obligation conscientiously.

The officers and enlisted personnel of the Medical Department of the Army are composed chiefly of volunteers. Since the Ar-

mistice was signed these men have been anxious for discharge that they may return to civil life and again enjoy the comforts of home and the society of friends. But recognizing their obligation and responsibility to the country and to the disabled men, they have remained and will remain as long as necessary, to treat and attempt to restore to health these disabled soldiers.

The Medical Department of the Army has attempted to restore your boys physically and functionally by all accepted scientific methods of treatment and management and will continue to do so.

Now when your boys return home if they are more or less disabled just keep these facts in mind and if necessary recall them to memory again and again: Your boys

accepted the call to the colors, took the necessary gruelling military training and drill, submitted to strict discipline, thrived physically



COLONEL FRANK BILLINGS

Director of Division of Physical Reconstruction, Surgeon General's Office.

and developed a wonderful quality of mind and heart, which made them new and wonderful men and soldiers of irresistible force. They bore fatigue and combat injury and illness with stoic philosophy, faced death with a smile and if they complained at all it was because combat injury kept them from returning to the battle front.

We hope your disabled boys still possess this spirit but if it is now dormant, awaken it again, because the characteristics which made them heroic soldiers of the best Army the world has ever known will make them scorn sympathy and take greater pride in the ability acquired by training and education to again fit them to be men among the best of men, in spite of a permanent disability no matter how great it may be. If the brain and mental power are there, the handicap may be over-

come if the disabled man wills to do it. The Medical Department of the Army offers the first opportunity and the Federal Board for Vocational Education will continue the facilities for training and education in any suitable job or profession without cost to the disabled discharged soldier. What a responsibility rests upon you, the parents, wives, sisters, and brothers of these war disabled boys! Pity and sympathize with them for past and present discomforts and embarrassments and make heroes of them for a time if you must and will, but if you love them, as we know you do, discharge your obligations conscientiously by making them, if that is necessary, take advantage of the opportunities afforded by the Government to become self-sustaining, happy citizens of the civilized world they helped to preserve.

Silver Stars

By Robert E. Hewes

JACK came home the other day.

It was just eighteen months ago that he enlisted with the devil-dog Marines; now he's a lucky-dog. He says so himself.

Jack arrived in France in time to mix in at Chateau Thierry, and that was where he got his, in the arm. Now he wears an empty sleeve. When I heard Jack was home I went down to his house. I started to shake hands and he held out his left; that was the first I knew of it. I wanted to cry all over the place.

"Jack," I started, "I'm sorry—"

He grinned.

"You think it's funny!" I was shocked.

"Maybe not funny, but not so sad."

"Let's sit down," I said weakly.

"It's like this," said Jack. "Before I enlisted, I worked like the dickens all day for a few dollars. Now look at me, been to France, seen the biggest show on earth, and—"

He looked at his empty sleeve and grinned again.

"What's so bloomin' funny about it?" I insisted.

"Say," he said, "know what the Government went and did? Went and educated me for a telegrapher, they did—only need one arm for that. Have a better job now than I ever had. Always did like telegraphy."

"What are you doing now?" he asked suddenly.

"Same old six and seven."

Jack shook my hand sympathetically.

"Too bad you didn't get over—say, I wouldn't have missed it for the world! Oh, well, cheer up, old man, it might be worse; you got into uniform at least."

Every time I used to pass a window with a silver star in it I felt all wishy-washy. Now I think of Jack and smile.

Devil-dog, *lucky-dog*, Jack says.



The loss of a leg does not prevent a soldier from continuing physical training

Physical Training

By Lieutenant-Colonel Harry E. Mock, M. C.

THE pugilist and the ball-player, the wrestler and the football coach, even the little Jap jiu-jitsu artist, all had their very definite parts in the training of the armies during this war. And why? Because each had something vital to contribute to the physical development of the soldiers, something which made them better fighters, forgetful of fear, and able to care for themselves when thrown on their own responsibility in a single-handed combat with a dozen or more Huns.

All of the warring nations used these various forms of physical development in making their fighting men. Characteristic of America, where athletics of all kinds have become so

highly organized, the training of the soldiers in every camp in the early days of the war resembled the preparation for a huge athletic carnival. Physical trainers of every description were early mobilized and rendered invaluable service in preparing our doughboys for the great struggle overseas.

The country is now quite familiar with all these efforts. But very few people realize to what extent these same methods and these same physical trainers are assisting in the restoration of the returning soldiers who have been disabled in the war.

The physical training department of our hospital schools is the least talked-of division



They enjoy the gym as much as when they had both legs and arms

in the whole reconstruction program, and yet no division is doing more for the physical restoration of these disabled men, to put the fight back into them, than a well organized, enthusiastic physical training department.

In England during those more than four years of war, the question of man-power became very critical. It was necessary to salvage every

wounded soldier as rapidly as possible and, providing he could be made fit again, to return him to the firing line. This was true in all the nations long in the conflict and it is not at all uncommon to find soldiers who have been wounded four and five times who were returned after each recovery to the fight.

The convalescent camps and command depots of England furnish excellent examples of the use of physical training in restoring these wounded men. As soon as their active hospital treatment was completed

the men were promoted to the convalescent camps. Here well-trained physio-therapists utilized every known method to overcome the stiffened joints and rebuild the atrophied muscles. But a great part of every day was given to physical training, graduated and carefully supervised by medical officers. Calisthenics, setting-up



Remaking fighting civilians. Physical training for convalescent soldiers

exercises, games of all descriptions and special development for individual cases were all utilized. As soon as these men had sufficiently developed to permit of group rather than individual training they were transferred to the command depot where more strenuous exercises, games, and hardening processes were indulged in. As rapidly as men reached the physical condition required they were sent back to the front.

The French recognized the value of games in this physical training process to such an extent that they invented and described hundreds of new games suitable for all physical types of men, from the severe *mutilé* to the perfectly fit.

During the last six months of the war the United States was forced to consider more carefully the conservation of her man-power. Development battalions were therefore created

It seems that when the division from this camp left for overseas they dumped into this battalion the riff-raff of their organization, so considered by the officers. Convalescents from the base hospital were also assigned to this battalion. Among this group was a soldier who had lost his right arm by accident—a 'south paw' luckily.

A young major, a West Pointer with a vision, was left behind in charge of this motley battalion. Submerging his disappointment, he set about making soldiers out of the material in hand. Within three weeks every man of the 1,200 in his outfit was classified and assigned to that type of physical training best suited to his condition. Every man belonged to some team and played some game every day. Two men who thought they were too weak to play were assigned to the marble team and for two hours every day played their marble game.



Breaking in the new artificial leg

in this country and convalescent camps in France where men who broke down in the training or who were wounded or disabled by disease could be sent to be reclaimed. Here again physical training played the chief role in refitting these soldiers.

A story is being told of the famous ball team in the development battalion at Camp Kearny.

As the men developed physically they were promoted to a higher class.

Several ball teams were formed, the best one being captained by the one-armed soldier who was the left-hand pitcher of his team. This development battalion baseball team, made up of physically handicapped soldiers and some who were considered mentally

defective and otherwise unfit to go overseas with their companies, became the champion of the Pacific Coast.

To see the 'crips' as they were called, clean up the crack team from the heavy artillery regiment was worth a trip across the continent.

This team symbolized the spirit which this major put into every man in the development battalion. He did it by means of physical training and competitive games. Eighty-five per cent. of his men, formerly considered the riff-raff, developed into A class fighting men and went over.

Physical training has also had a definite part in the hospitals and convalescent centers in restoring the wounded soldiers. Since the signing of the armistice the thoughts of the officers in charge of this work were turned from remaking fighting men to remaking fighting civilians—men imbued with determination and with a spirit to overcome every handicap.

A great number of the physical trainers formerly assigned to combat divisions have

been transferred to work among the convalescent soldiers. In the wards, light setting-up exercises are given but as soon as possible the patient is ordered out of doors to enter a little more strenuous training. Week by week his progress is noted and week by week he is promoted into a higher class—ever working toward that day when his maximum restoration will be attained, his hardening process completed, and he will be ordered up for discharge.

Physical training has come into its own during this war. It has developed tens of thousands of hollow-chested, stooped-shouldered, slouchy young men into upstanding, fearless, stalwart specimens of American manhood. It has taken those unfit to go overseas and developed them to the point where they could go across or at least could do effective limited service and free other able-bodied men for combat service. And now it is playing a most important part in rebuilding the nation's fighters who have become disabled in the strife.



The indomitable spirit of our soldiers—fighters, every one!

Winning Back

By Paul L. Benjamin

Associate Director, Bureau of After Care, Department of Civilian Relief, American Red Cross

JAMES JOHNSON was a fit model for a Grecian statue; lithe and straight, clean-limbed and thewed like an athlete, he made a dusky Apollo as he stood in the Red Cross office. His brand-new uniform added distinction to his beauty. In reply to a casual remark about the new uniform, he replied, "Say, does you-all think I'se goin' home in a mussed up suit? Not me."

This is typical of the spirit of the boys who are returning; they who went forward gladly, with a radiance in their eyes, have come back with a new faith, a new hope, a new aspiration for higher and better things. They do not wish alms or sentimental generosity, but they do wish a chance to win back into civilian life as self-supporting, self-respecting members of it. They want a chance at a job, a chance to fit themselves into the struggling, competing life about them, to take up their burdens as normal human beings. They do insist, however, that they shall be given every possible chance to become men, and to play a man's part in the world. The real soldier, the soldier who was willing to sacrifice his all for the service of his country wishes to 'carry on' his civilian life with the same spirit with which he went forward overseas. Such a soldier does not wish to degrade the uniform of his country by begging on the street. He does not wish to trade upon that uniform; he does not wish to receive compensation based, not upon the merit of the article which he has to sell or the service which he has to render, but upon the high sense of gratitude which the American people have toward him. The real soldier is unalterably opposed to the sentiment expressed in the following incident:

"Won't you give something to a soldier who has lost an eye?" We looked up from our seat in the train and saw a young giant in

Uncle Sam's uniform. He was a pathetic figure. He towered above us, six feet two, with a great frame suggesting strength and power. But one eye was gone, and the other badly infected. He was drunk, and begging for alms. He was making capital of his injury.

"Won't you give something to a poor soldier?" And a whole train load of people responded. Some of us gave because we did not know any better; some of us because we were too timid to tell him not to degrade himself like that. It was rich harvest. In his work in the woods, before the draft took him for a soldier, he probably had never seen so much money before. He did not need to work. Simply got drunk. No one would refuse liquor to a crippled soldier. And then, when his money was gone, pass the hat again. But what a life for a hero! What a way to show our pity and patriotism!

Realizing the challenge which its defenders would bring back, our Government has made the most liberal provisions of any of the Allies for giving the returning soldier this chance. In case he is disabled, it says to him, "We will not give you an inadequate pension, as has been the custom of old, but we will give you compensation based upon your disability, together with other factors involved, and in addition we will re-train and re-fit you for a man-sized job at Government expense, and will endeavor to find you such a job when you are fitted for it. The American Red Cross, co-operating with the Government, has been answering the challenge by fulfilling its responsibility to the soldier and his family to the greatest degree possible within its power. While he has been at the front, it has watched over his family, rendering every service at its command, standing in the relationship of a counsellor, guide, and friend, giving whatever

neighborly, sympathetic, kindly service it could.

The following instances reflect in some measure the service which the Red Cross and these agencies have been rendering. Obviously, in justice to those concerned, these stories have been altered so that they may not reveal the identity of the men.

"This is a hell of a job,"—for once Tim Donovan spoke his thoughts in spite of the scowling foreman near. And it was just that. All day long the big six-footer sat before his oven, turning the handle this way ten seconds, then back. This way, then that way, once and again. Through the long winter months he had done it, dumbly, because talk meant dismissal and dismissal in winter was bad. It was spring now, though—spring that made him rebellious. So, "This is a hell of a job," he repeated, "I'm quitting."

That was the way Tim Donovan quit his job the last day of March in 1917. He loafed around for a day or two. He looked for a job a little, but jobs that he could do were

few, and his kind of workers aplenty. Then came the call for men to fight. His Celtic spirit answered. It was less than a month from the time he quit his job 'til he was training, learning ways to beat the Hun. Tim made good. The life, the comradeship, everything worked to put new spirit into him. It was 'jab-out-on-guard'. And with the bayonet Tim was the best of all. Strong, quick, sure, Corporal Donovan went overseas.

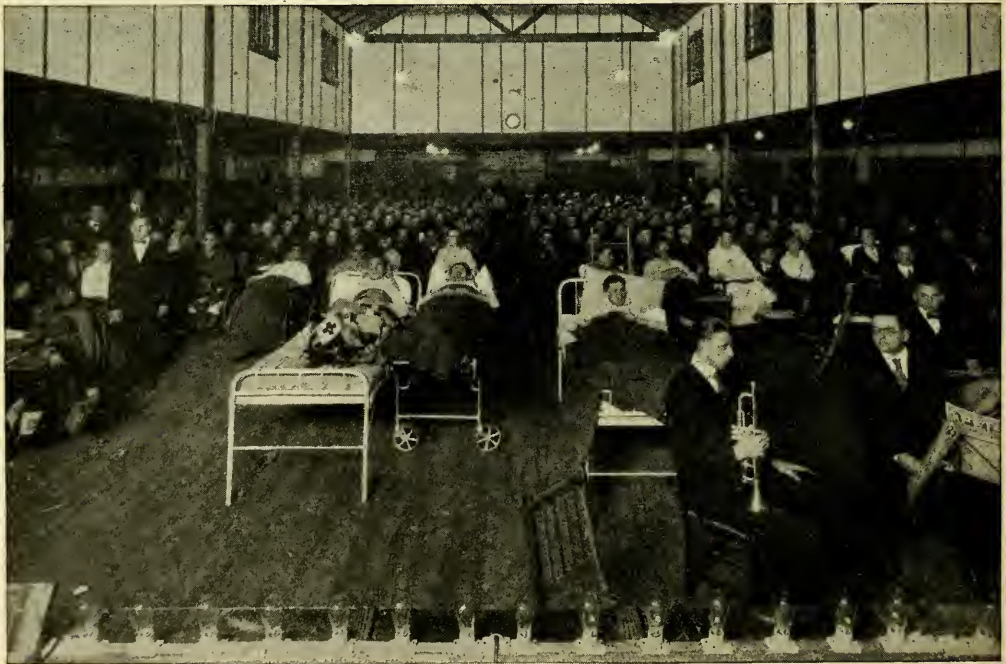
For months he was down in the trenches. His light-hearted courage, his skill, and his energy made him a favorite with the men. One night when a bit of ground had been taken after a stubborn defense, Sergeant Tim was carried back unconscious to the hospital behind the lines.

"Is my leg gone?" That was Tim's first question. He was no coward.

"It's gone, my boy," the doctor told him.

"Then I can't go back to fight!"

It was not long before the world knew that no one need go back to fight, and the wounded men could be brought safely home. In the



An entertainment for the sick and wounded soldiers in the Red Cross house at General Hospital No. 10, Boston.

meantime, under the skillful care of the surgeons and nurses, Tim Donovan got steadily stronger. The Reconstruction Aides with their interesting courses of instruction made life happier for him. As he expressed it, he was 'larnin' a bit, too.'

Things were going first rate with Tim, until he got over here in a reconstruction hospital. Then he felt that the end of his service was near. It would not be long until he would be discharged. Tim got to thinking about that. He would receive compensation for his injuries, of course, but what was he going to do? One of the Reconstruction Aides had told him that when a man's injuries made it impossible for him to go back to his old work he could take training for a new. Tim was not incapacitated for his old job. He could still turn the handle one way for ten seconds, then back to the other position. "Now, why," Tim asked himself, "couldn't that shell have taken my arm? Then I could learn to be a gentleman farmer." He was going out soon now. He had more self-assurance than when he enlisted. He insisted that he was going to learn to walk so no one would ever know he had an artificial leg, and carry a cane just for the 'stoile' of it.

The doctor stopped by his bed one day. "Well, Tim, is the old job waiting for you—how about it?" Then Tim said it again. "It's a hell of a job. I won't be for goin' back to it." The doctor sat down. They talked it over. He asked the Red Cross man and the Federal Vocational Advisor to see Tim. After they had seen him, Tim Donovan was simply bursting with good spirits.

"It's goin' to school, I am," he announced. "I'm goin', to learn to be a farmer. Bees and chickens, and maybe a cow. O Boy!"

It's the truth. He is. He was always too good for his deadly job. His army training has made him better, but most of all it has given him proof of his worth. Now to be able to do the thing which he has always wanted to—"Why," as Tim expressed himself, "I sold me lift leg high."

Walter Miles was an actor before his service. You have probably seen him in one of the vaudeville houses in his clever singing, danc-

ing, and comedy sketch. He and his wife made a pair which brought down the house with round after round of applause. His name on the program was an assurance of twenty minutes of wholesome merriment. Upon his discharge from service, they were given an opportunity by a booking agency to make a circuit of a number of theatres. It was necessary, however, that the contract be signed immediately, since the troupe with whom he was to go would start on tour immediately. If the opportunity were lost, he would have to stay in New York picking up what odd jobs he could in moving picture theatres and small vaudeville houses for the rest of the season. This position would assure both of them a good salary. Unfortunately, he had nothing in the way of a stage wardrobe, so that he could not sign the contract. As the last resort he came into the office of the Red Cross. "I don't expect you to help me," he said, "but it's such a chance! I don't know where to turn except to come to you."

Here was a situation. No such request as this had ever been received. If he were a carpenter, however, and needed tools to take up his trade, the Red Cross would be only too glad to help him. In his case it was a wardrobe. It was his equipment. With it he could earn a good competence; without it, he was helpless.

We called up the booking agency. They stated that he always lived up to his contract, had done his best to fulfill his terms to the best of his ability. He was honest and upright. He had seen service fighting for his country's cause. This was sufficient. He was assured that the Red Cross would stand behind him for the necessary amount for a complete wardrobe. Now Walter Miles is entertaining countless people with his wholesome fun-making, helping to make the world merrier as he passes on his way. And yes, perhaps the next time you go to the theatre you, too, will catch some of life's smiles from him.

The following are additional stories, condensed and told in somewhat kaleidoscopic fashion for brevity's sake:

Robert Monroe came to the attention of the Red Cross in a middlewestern city. He en-

listed when he was seventeen years of age, had gone overseas, was gassed, and returned at the age of eighteen. Rubbing shoulders with all sorts of men in the service, it was brought forcibly home to him that the man who got ahead was the man who educated himself. When the lad returned he wanted to go to school, but his father was unemployed at the time. The boy was thirty per cent. disabled and his disability was permanent. He was a compensable case and entitled to certain rights and privileges. The educational officers in the hospital suggested that he take a business course and then a civil service examination. The Federal Board offered him a two-year course at Smith's Business College. He would receive \$65 a month when his compensation came through, but his family did not approve of the plan. They thought he should be in some war industry, earning \$35 or \$40 a week.

The boy in a most despondent frame of mind told the Red Cross of the attitude of his parents. We talked it over with his father, and put the proposition squarely before him. He admitted that he did not wish to prevent the boy from getting an education, and so he was won over.

Charles Moore is a young man twenty-three years of age. He was born in Duluth. Never knew his parents. He went to work at an early date in a steel mill in that city. He worked as moulder's helper. In 1917 he enlisted in the Canadian Overseas Forces. Was in the battle of Vimy Ridge. This boy some years ago showed manifestations of epilepsy.

While on a listening post in No Man's Land, he had an epileptic seizure, and later another one, at night during a barrage. He was subsequently discharged and sent back to Canada. He arrived in Canada and came to an eastern city that he might see his sister who was, as he thought, his only living relative.

He found that his sister had fallen victim to influenza and had been buried several weeks before his arrival. Hopeless and discouraged, he went out in the streets, had an epileptic attack, was taken to the police station, placed in a cell until the seizure was over. He was then sent to the office of the Red Cross. He presented a pitiful picture, as he was in very poor physical condition and showed marked after-effects of his attacks. He was placed temporarily in a boarding house and examined by one of the best specialists on epilepsy in the country. Later, a home was found for him in one of the suburbs where he might live as long as it was desirable to have him remain. The home is presided over by a graduate nurse who is a fine, motherly woman, and could give him that loving and considerate touch which he had never known throughout his life.

Two weeks later, he had so far improved in health that he became restless and wanted work. A position was found for him where he was to earn twenty dollars a week. He is now in splendid condition physically and has not had an attack in weeks. He has a fine home, has made many friends, has steady work, and although penniless six months ago, he now has a substantial bank account.

Thus the American Red Cross, cooperating with the Medical Departments of the Army and Navy is assisting in the work of rehabilitating the disabled soldier and at the same time is enabling the families of these men to carry on. Further it is playing the part of the Big Brother to thousands of discharged soldiers—men, who, although not wounded or disabled in line of duty, yet have returned to civil life unable to assume the duties of civilians without the steadying influence and help of the great group of self-sacrificing men and women working in the ranks of the American Red Cross.

Hun Cooties

By Major Wm. B. Meloney

With 81st Division of Artillery, A. E. F.

HELP WANTED

Soldiers and Sailors Discharged can make Ten Dollars a Day. Apply Hotel Buncombe, Room 15.

THAT is a sample of advertisements appearing in the Help Wanted columns in almost any big city.

Don't let any Bud or Gob you know fall for that sort of stuff. The big idea behind it is to exploit the uniform, to get hold of some fellow who, for the moment, may be down on his luck, and send him out panhandling the public with the kit of a street fakir. The

Hun Cooties who think up these things would not give a man in 'cits' a drink of water. It's an empty sleeve or trouser leg or decoration or service chevron they wish to commercialize—the pals sleeping in Flanders fields or in the Argonne—the *uniform* they want a man to sell, in the form of patent lead pencils or badges or war histories or catch-a-sucker gimcracks. Remember that the O. D., the Blues and the Greens are as sacred as the flag itself. You and the Buds and Gobs who can't come back have made it so. Dealing with the Hun Cooties is up to you. You know the way—many ways.



These men will never fall prey to the Hun Cootie. They recently graduated from the Telegraphy School of Fort McHenry Hospital. All have been offered good jobs by the Western Union.

To the Returning Soldier

By R. W. Leatherbee

Manager Industrial Relations Division U. S. Shipping Board

OPPORTUNITY knocks at the door of every man at least once in a lifetime—sometimes oftener. She beckoned you when the call to the colors came and the willing way you responded and acquitted yourself makes the Nation justly proud of you, for the day was saved against Prussianism and possible slavery.

No one knows better than you about the obligations that went hand in hand with that rare opportunity to be of supreme service to our country and to mankind. However, before you were able to discharge these obligations, there were strange days in camp of adaptation from the life of a civilian to that of a soldier. There were the gruelling days of training, and after you were ready for the fray, waits that seemed interminable before the word was finally spoken which called for the supreme effort. You made good and the first chapter on 'force' in the story of 'A Better Understanding between Men in the World', came to a close.

Your honor and sacrifice have demonstrated to the Hun that might is *not* right, but that there is within us all an insurmountable latent power which is beginning to unfold and which even the most skeptical are beginning to perceive. This omnipotent power which is inherent in mankind is 'Justice'. We are now entering the second phase of world events and in the chapter on 'Justice' we are still in the service. Our task is to prove to the *Hun* or any sinister skeptic that right is might. Surely nothing can stop you, who have fought and bled for the freedom from the Prussian heel, from 'carrying on' until you have planted the Stars and Stripes, the symbol of justice, so firmly upon the hill-top that men may enjoy the contentment and happiness of a better understanding of their creation and have the

quiet opportunity to work out intelligently the vast problem of human shortcomings.

It is only just that you have a reasonable breathing spell in which to gain back your strength and perspective, but while you are thus recuperating, do not frivol the time away flippantly. Rather think over carefully the line of endeavor that you wish to enter and for which you feel you are best fitted. Let the success you have just gained be the stepping stone to future victories along industrial lines. The world has been in the throes of terrible destruction for a number of years, and ahead of us now lies the gigantic problem of rebuilding the havoc and of re-shaping relations and confidence in people and among peoples.

You have indeed attained an unusual advantage over those who were less fortunate, and were unable to serve in uniform. Today you enjoy a unique and well-deserved respect from your fellow citizens, but to maintain this respect you must guard it zealously for there are many others who would serve their country well in a new capacity. Only by using the same intelligent and industrious methods that made you a successful soldier will you be successful in industry.

What then, is your specific obligation in answer to the knock of Opportunity which is now sounding for the second time at your door? It is simply this: Prepare yourself in the same careful, persistent, and courageous manner for this civilian task that you did for your military effort. Your country needs as true and fine a type of citizen today as she has soldiers and knowing the real stuff which her boys in khaki are made of and appreciating their unlimited sacrifices, she stands ready to train, and is training, these boys for their civilian duties in the same thorough way she taught them to be soldiers.

Justice demands that you be given work, and the conscience in us, and pride of you make us glad to offer you work, but at the same time, there is a deliberate obligation that goes with this new task that you may soon take up. There has been such a devastation in life and material that those of us who are left must put our shoulders to the wheel in the same wonderful, energetic manner in which you boys went over the top. With such a point of view and determination, the next phase of your life will end in a glorious victory similar to the one that has just passed.

For the past few weeks I have had the rare opportunity to be in consultation with the shipbuilders of the country and also representatives of the unions engaged in this industry. It was brought out many times that the unions were issuing free admittance to their organizations to returned soldiers and that they were rendering every possible assistance in getting them jobs, and were even, individually and collectively, going into their pockets to assist some unfortunate man who might have missed his opportunity. Likewise, the employers are most sincerely endeavoring to find jobs for

returning soldiers and sailors and giving preference to them.

Getting the wheels of industry on a peace basis is a big problem to work out and requires careful thought and study lest some injustice be done to other workers. You should, therefore, assist in this matter by getting yourself into fit shape to take up your new job when it comes. And if the wait at times seems long, do not lose faith but prepare the harder, for your call to go over the top will come unexpectedly in the new order of things as in the one just passed.

The greatest minds of industry are today working on your problems and those of all workers, with the same intensity that our great generals worked over their battle maps, and like those great generals we shall be successful because American manhood which stood out so gloriously in our soldiers can always be depended upon and is ever ready to put its shoulder to the wheel.

The opportunity ahead of you boys today is the greatest of your lives. All that is required from you is patience and perseverance and an intelligent determination to work, and your Nation has implicit confidence that you will make good.



BUSY PATIENTS AT HOSPITAL NO. 10, BOSTON

Bronze pieces from clay models made by the two soldiers at the right, both of whom lost their right arms in France, are wonderfully artistic. From a financial standpoint the future looks bright for them.

CARRY ON

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CARRY ON will be sent without charge to any person requesting it.

Editorials

DO THE MEN LIKE IT?

IT IS frequently asked whether the wounded soldiers like the educational work in the reconstruction hospitals. There has sometimes been an implied criticism in such questions. The answer, bluntly, is, "Yes, they like it when they once get into it." A more general and searching question might be asked, namely, "Do men like to work?" The answer is essentially the same, in hospitals or out. To be convinced that the soldiers do like the educational work, one need only visit the hospitals and see the spirit with which the men engage in it. Perhaps it would be further enlightening to visit the hospital on a holiday or a Saturday afternoon when work is supposed to be suspended, and see the scores of men busy at work. But it is rather beside the point, isn't it, to ask with grave concern and misgiving whether the men *like* the work? Why not ask also if they like surgical operations, daily dressings, Epsom salts, and anesthetics? They are all essential parts of the same great plan to return the disabled soldier to civilian life as nearly a whole man as it is possible to make him.

DEAD PLACES ARE SCARCE

IN each hospital there may be an officer or group of officers who have failed to grasp the great value of work as a curative measure and worse still they have failed to take a personal interest in each individual case. They say: "Here is the curative work; come and get it," but when the patients come they are assigned as a group to this or that bit of work. No effort is made to ascertain each man's problems, his inclinations or desires for the future or to overcome his despondency and arouse an ambition again to become useful. In these hospitals the sugar coating is removed from the 'work pill' and of course the patients don't like it. The personal touch is lacking. The officers themselves are failures.

Galsworthy recently said: "The trouble about a personal touch is that you can't fake it—either your job and your patients interest you beyond other things or they don't. Through this personal touch you can do wonders. Places become living which are only too frequently dead."

Fortunately the number of 'dead places' in the reconstruction work in this country is small. In the great majority of hospitals wonders are being accomplished and the men do like the work.

THE LIBERTY LOAN

THE fighting may be over but the results of the war are still with us. One of the great debts the Nation owes is its debt to the disabled soldiers. Gratitude we owe them, but empty words will not pay it.

In a half page advertisement in the New York *Evening Sun* of April 23, John Wanamaker tells of the work of rehabilitating the disabled soldiers now going on in the army hospitals. He bases his appeal for the Victory Liberty Loan upon the necessity of completing this work. "It is not only a Duty-Loan, but also a Good-Cheer Loan to lonesome boys a long time in hospitals. And then—with the good work well done, a New America."

THE NEW LEAVEN

EARLY this morning a woman, at least sixty years old, was seen in front of a jewelry store, on her knees, shining the brass railings around the entrance. It was cold and the work was hard. Standing at the window just inside the store were two young men, clerks evidently.

Two soldiers were passing. One of them said: "That's a darn shame; why doesn't one of those slackers in there do that work!" One could see that the soldier was tempted to offer his assistance.

And why not? Many stories are told of our Lincoln and his kindnesses to the weak and the old. Time and place made no difference to him.

But those things are not done today. We either fear making ourselves appear ridiculous or we are too busy to pay attention to such little things. For some reason these finer instincts in the souls of men have been submerged.

But a new leaven has been introduced into society. Nearly four million men are returning from the army. Men who were willing to die in order to protect women and children from the cruel heel of the oppressor. Hundreds of thousands of men have either been killed or are disabled in order that freedom may reign, that all men may have an equal chance. They fought not only against the misuse of political power but against the misuse of economic power.

In the souls of these men as well as in the souls of millions of our people there has been an awakening. Abuses to which we have been blind in the past will no longer be tolerated.

To the poor old scrub women toiling all night in the great office buildings and to the poor little children working ten and eleven hours in the mills and factories these returning soldiers will say: "We fought to protect women and children in Belgium and France—we won't stand for this mistreatment of you over here."

An era of brotherly love will follow in the wake of this war if men will only yield to the good impulses which have been awakened in their souls.

STICK-TO-IT

THOUSANDS of soldiers still in the army are anxious to be discharged, to return to their old civilian pursuits and once more to be back home. But they must finish the job.

Some officers are able to keep up the morale among their men and to inspire them with the necessity of sticking to duty. But other officers meet the appeals for discharge with rebuffs or subterfuges. In many different ways they tell the men, "We've got you in the army now and we're going to hold you." Such an attitude creates dissatisfaction, criticism of the Government on the part of the men and their families, and certainly reduces their working capacity. Men held against their will without knowing the reasons why are bound to 'soldier' on their jobs. These men feeling that an injustice has been done become blue and morose, ineffective in their work and to that extent are themselves disabled soldiers.

The Government is like a kind father who says to his sons, "Here is a job that must be completed and it's up to us to do it." But the Government must depend upon the officers in charge to interpret its real spirit to these men. If an officer fails to impart this message in the way the Government intends, he is failing in a very essential duty he owes his country.

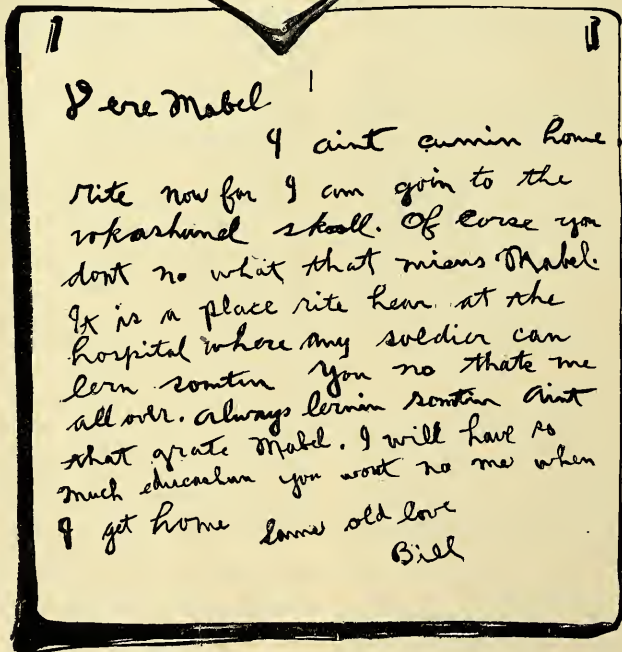
Officers and enlisted men of the medical corps must of necessity be the last to be discharged. Those wounded soldiers who sacrificed so much must be restored. This is our job to finish. No greater appeal ever existed to inspire men to carry on than this. Instead of insulting the men with 'hard-boiled' tactics, why not appeal to their finer instincts and see how willingly they will stick to this job.

HELP CARRY THE MESSAGE

CARRY ON is published for the benefit of the disabled soldiers, sailors, marines, and nurses. Every Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., K. C., Jewish Welfare, Salvation Army, and other worker throughout the country can help place this magazine in the hands of those who most need it—the disabled and their families. Canvass your neighborhood and send in the addresses of those not receiving it. A free copy will be mailed to them at once.



Copy
Sgt Vincent



Sergeant Vincent, himself a patient, has donated this copy of a cartoon. The 'Dere Mables' all over the land should encourage their Bills to 'always lern somtin.'

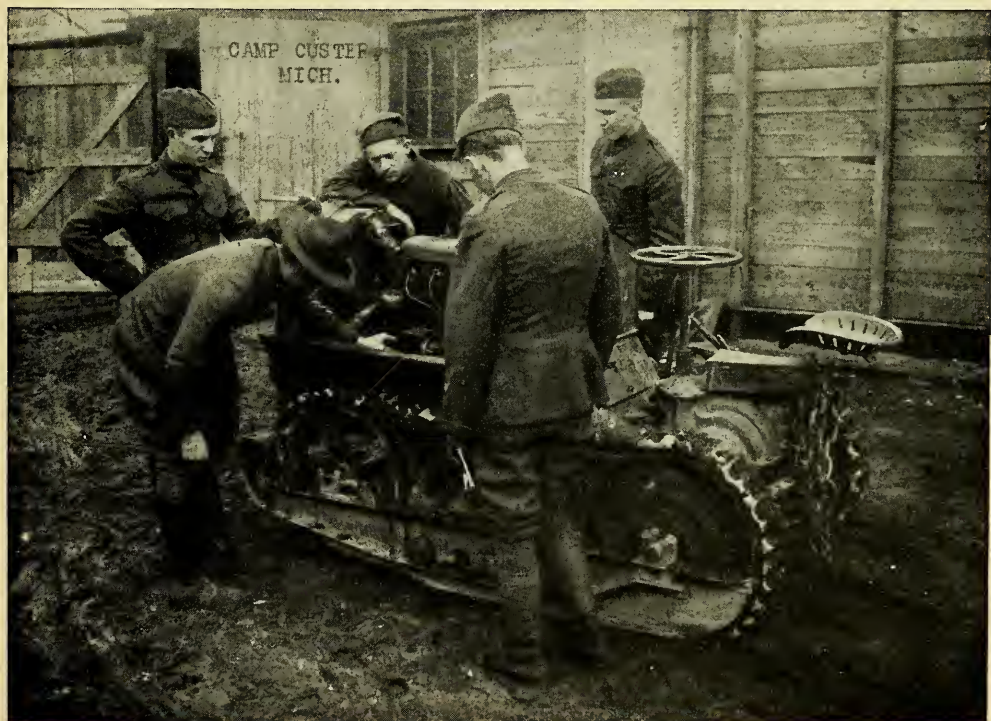
Medicine Not in Pill Boxes

By Lieutenant-Colonel Ernest E. Irons, M. C.

Commanding Base Hospital, Camp Custer, Mich.

A LARGE proportion of returned soldiers in Middle West hospitals came from the farms, and are going back to the farms better farmers by reason of what they have learned in army hospitals. They are being taught scientific stock and poultry raising, the use of farm tractors, the qualities of grains and grasses and methods of their culture, the construction of farm buildings, the rudiments of book-keeping and accounting, and dairying. Courses in motor mechanics, telegraphy, telephone repairing, carpentry, mechanical drawing, typewriting, are some of the many other branches that are provided.

But why should the Medical Department of the army go into the technical school business? Because all of these activities have a very practical curative value in the treatment of the disabled soldier. To appreciate how true this is, one must talk with the returned soldier, get his point of view, and then observe the effect of the workshop and tractor running and arithmetic—medicine, in conjunction with appropriate surgical, medical, and dietary treatment. Our soldier has been through several hospitals on his way back from the front. Perhaps his wounded arm is healed, but the joints are still stiff and useless, or



Disabled soldiers training for return to the farm. Great interest is taken in the tractor and other scientific means of agriculture.



Excellent courses in mechanical drawing and architecture are given at Camp Custer

further operation may be necessary before complete healing is to be expected. But, no matter what is physically wrong, his one great overwhelming desire is to go home. He is willing to risk deformities and disability, if only he can get home. And when he looks forward to a month or six weeks or longer treatment before his cure can be expected to be complete, the outlook seems to him indeed dreary. Some way must be found whereby he may be retained happy under medical care until his physical restoration is as complete as possible.

Each soldier presents a problem all his own. Joints stiff from long disuse or severe injury may require massage, and it is marvelous to see motion return under the skillful manipulation of the Reconstruction Aides. The excellence of the work of these patriotic young women of the Medical Department cannot be too highly commended. As soon as some motion is obtained, this may be rapidly augmented by voluntary effort on the part of the patient. If he is instructed to close his hand ten times each morning the chances are that he won't do it, but if he is interested in planing a board to fit in a cabinet he is anxious to complete, he will grasp the plane many times ten, and in an incredibly short time his hand becomes again a useful member.

Even a player piano can be used to secure motion in a stiff ankle, and stiff fingers are quickly loosened by exercise on a typewriter. And so employments are found which require the voluntary use of any combination of muscles desired.

But still it may not be clear how academic studies can have any curative value. Again we must talk to our soldier. Perhaps he is confined to bed with an injury which, when he recovers, will leave him handicapped upon his return to his previous occupation. No wonder he becomes depressed and perhaps peevish as he looks forward to what seems to him a dark future. Here is where education along lines previously neglected will enable him to make his head replace his legs. He soon realizes that he is being helped to a place in the community even better and more useful than he had before; he stops worrying, becomes cheerful, his appetite improves and his wound heals more rapidly.

To one of strictly utilitarian turn of mind, it may seem even more difficult, if not impossible, to show any curative value in the making of a bead necklace or the fashioning of a whipcord belt or the weaving of a bag or rug. But ask the boy who has made one, whether he wants to make another. He has spent many pleasant hours which otherwise would have

hung heavy on his hands, and besides, in making something beautiful or mechanically accurate, there has been awakened in him the pride of accomplishment. Incidentally, stiff fingers have become limber in picking out his beads and drawing taut his knots, and he soon is ready to pass from this sedentary occupation to the more active work in the shops.

The curative value of the many-sided reconstruction program is thus derived from physical effort entailed in the various projects, from the substitution of hope for discouragement,

and from the diversion afforded by occupations not in themselves productive.

The disabled soldier does not know in advance all the ways in which his dose of reconstruction medicine will benefit him. He does know, however, that it is easy to take and he feels its good effects, and one day suddenly realizes that his whole view of life has been altered from one of discouragement to an ardent desire to get back into the game, where the opportunities are greater than he had ever thought possible.



Milk testing. In many of the hospitals the laboratory work in agriculture equals that taught in the universities.



Commercial courses are very popular here at General Hospital No. 19, Oteen, N. C. The length of treatment is sufficient for many to complete these courses.

What About the Tuberculous?

SOMETIMES a man must lose his leg to find his mind. Keeness of intellect and a greater development of the other senses have often been noted among the blind. Nature possesses devious methods of compensation for physical losses. Illustrious examples of men and women who have overcome handicaps are known, especially since many of them have come forward to assist the disabled soldiers.

Among the wounded, the empty sleeve and the sightless eye, the visible scars, are bound to be more or less of a compensation in themselves. Where is there a heart that does not swell with gratitude toward the soldier bearing the outward signs of his war sacrifices? And even when the injuries are hidden by the clothing, the wound chevron on the right sleeve tells the story and stirs the heart.

So much has been written about the wonders of surgery in this war, about the almost miraculous re-making of men, and the teaching of

the armless, legless, and sightless to be useful once more, that the public is likely to forget those soldiers bearing the 'invisible wounds'. Without wound chevrons or the glowing commendation in the eye of the passerby, those disabled by disease are fighting their way back to where they can once more produce and provide.

The number of soldiers who died by disease in this war approximates the number of those who succumbed to the Hun bullet. More of them were disabled by disease than lost arms or legs in battle. More remained safely in America than were permitted to brave the dangers of fighting in France, yet they were all soldiers, all ready to die for their country if necessary, all ready to suffer disabilities for her. And so those who gave their lives because of disease or who are now overcoming the disabilities due to disease are heroes just the same.

Ask the mother of the boy who developed tuberculosis in the army. To her his wound is as real and as glorious as that of her neighbor's boy. Thousands of our soldiers have the tuberculosis wound as the result of war service. The exact number may never be known. Therefore, the question is timely: "What about the tuberculous soldier?"

These men still fighting the invisible enemy within their bodies make up the largest percentage of any one type of cases needing reconstruction. Some of the very best results being obtained in the Reconstruction Hospitals are found here in the tuberculous sanatoria.

There are ten U. S. Army hospitals devoted entirely to tuberculous patients, while in every hospital one or two wards are set aside for those cases waiting transfer to some special hospital. The total number of patients in these ten hospitals is today about seven thousand, while several thousand have already been discharged. Approximately one-fourth of the present number of patients have been under treatment for six months or longer.

It is quite noticeable that the tuberculous soldier is as a rule far more willing to remain in the hospital until it is safe for him to be dis-

charged than he was in the early days of the war. This is due to the fact that purposeful educational and shop work has been introduced into every one of these hospitals—veritable tuberculous sanatoria—colleges where the men have excellent opportunities to improve their future condition by developing along certain lines during the long months of convalescence.

Every tuberculous patient is treated and handled as an individual case. Outwardly the majority of these men look every inch the soldiers they have proved themselves to be. No outward sign gives any indication of their malady. No ache or pain or symptom early warns them of their trouble. Only the most scrupulous, thoroughgoing investigations of the diagnosticians discover the hidden enemy and put the men in a position to combat the disease successfully. This discovery of the disease in its early stages, with the prompt treatment instituted, accounts for the fact that almost all of these men recover.

During the early course of the disease—the febrile stage—the men are kept very quiet in bed. Every means of diversion, including some bed occupations that do not interfere with this rest treatment is afforded them. As



A husky group of soldiers who have almost licked the hidden enemy—tuberculosis. During the later stages, carefully supervised outdoor work has a definite curative value.



He has become an all-round auto mechanic

the disease becomes quiescent and the fever disappears, they are allowed to spend most of the day in reclining chairs on the porch. During this period certain occupations are introduced as a definite part of the cure. The doctor finally prescribes one or two hours' exercise a day, and this is gradually increased as improvement progresses. This allows the patient to enter one of the coveted courses in school or shop—coveted because from the early days in bed he has been stimulated to plan for his future and certain studies have already been given him along his chosen line. Constant supervision by the doctor of the general condition of each individual patient, the changes in his lungs, and his progress toward recovery is necessary. The kind and amount of work to which each individual is assigned is graded accordingly.

In no hospital is there greater opportunity for reconstruction work or a closer cooperation between the medical and educational officers than in these tuberculosis hospitals. Here the educational work has found one of its richest fields. There are a number of considerations that make the educational work in these places very necessary and very important. The average stay of tuberculous patients in the hospital is about seven months, a much longer period than is spent in the hospital by the average general patient. This statement is based upon the experience of both the military and civil hospitals. Furthermore, the treatment and progress of tuberculous patients can be foretold with a fair degree of accuracy, making it possible to plan the work of such men quite definitely. And since for the most part the patients are dealt with in special hospitals, the educational work is not continually broken up by transfer from one hos-



His first school. Overcoming illiteracy and tuberculosis at the same time.

pital to another as is true with many of the other types of cases.

This uninterrupted period of seven months is sufficient time in which to give a most thorough training in any one of several lines of work peculiarly adapted to this type of patient. Since the first part of this period requires only moderate physical effort, the commercial subjects are most excellently adapted to the needs of the tuberculous man. Hence, stenography, typewriting, bookkeeping, telegraphy, etc., are very prominent and popular courses. In these various lines, the men are able to gain a high degree of skill, and already the tuberculous hospitals are sending considerable numbers of trained and apparently cured men out into excellent positions in the commercial world. Of course, the entrance of recovered tuberculous men into commercial pursuits will necessitate a constant medical supervision and inspection in order to guard against the possibility of relapse or new infection. The same precautions, however, are necessary for civilian tuberculous, no matter what kind of work the patients may enter or where they may be employed. Time alone will tell whether they are permanently cured and for this reason every discharged case must be periodically examined and medically supervised in order to detect the earliest signs of



Many cured tuberculous soldiers will trace their start to success to the educational work in the hospital.

recurrence and to check it at once by prompt precautions.

For many patients, assignment to outside, open-air work seems highly desirable, especially when their former occupations were outside. Courses in farming, dairying, poultry raising, bee culture, gardening, and other outside activities are wonderfully adapted to the needs of such patients. The efforts along these lines and the results obtained at New Haven, Conn., Oteen, N. C., Denver, Colo., Otisville, N. Y., and other places, bear abundant testimony to the value of such opportunities as are afforded the tuberculous men in the Reconstruction Hospitals.



He earned the Remington Gold Medal for speed

GETTING DOWN TO CASES

The following examples of men who have profited by the hospital instruction are taken from the reports of the U. S. A. General Hospital, No. 16, New Haven, Conn.:

Private First Class H. J. G. had some knowledge of the typewriter keyboard but had no speed. He entered the typewriting class in January, 1919. After one hour per day for two months, Private G. earned the Remington Gold Medal for writing at the rate of 55 words net for ten consecutive minutes in a speed test given March 6, 1919. He has developed considerable ability in setting up letters.

Private C. D. knew nothing at all about telegraphy when he entered the class September 14, 1918. Spending only one hour per day, Private D. has finished the prescribed course and is fitted to take a commercial position. He can send over the wire 28 words per minute and is capable of receiving correctly 25 words per minute. He also understands the setting up of instruments, wiring, and the recharging and care of wet batteries.

In December, 1918, Private H. C. entered the automobile school with no training or experience. He has worked from two to three hours daily. This man could now be recommended as an all-

round auto mechanic. He is able to do the following work:

- (a) Drive a car
- (b) Time valves and set valves
- (c) Time magneto
- (d) Understands thoroughly the tightening of bearings
- (e) Solder and repair leaks in radiators

Private W. W. was able to drive an automobile but knew nothing of repair work when he entered the automobile school. After spending two hours per day for two and one-half months in the automobile repair class, this man can now be recommended as an all-round auto mechanic. He understands the timing of the magneto, timing of valves, the setting of valves, and the tightening of the bearings.

Private W. S. spent two hours daily for three months in the school of telegraphy. He knew the Morse code before entering the class. At the time of discharge, Private S. was capable of sending 28 words per minute and receiving 24. Besides being efficient as a telegraph operator, he acquired a knowledge of wiring and care of wet batteries, including charging, etc. He has been offered two positions as telegraph operator with the railroad.



During his seven months of treatment for tuberculosis he has become proficient as a telegrapher

Private G. C. was assigned to general school work in July. He could speak no English at all and could not write his name. He has devoted eleven hours per week to English and writing. At the present time he can make himself understood and understands fairly well the English language. He can write his name, knows the alphabet, and has a splendid foundation of phonics; can read simple English intelligently, and writes quite well dictated exercises.

Private W. B. had no knowledge of touch typewriting. He entered the typewriting class in November, 1918. After spending one hour per day for seven weeks in the class, Private B. earned the Royal Typewriting Certificate for Proficiency by operating at the rate of 45 words net per minute for ten consecutive minutes, in a speed test given March 4, 1919. He has developed into a very accurate and rapid typist with considerable ability at setting up letters.

Private O. S. had a slight knowledge of the typewriter keyboard, but had no speed. He began a course in typewriting in January. For two months he devoted an hour per day to the course. In a speed test on March 20, Private S.

earned the Remington card case by operating at the rate of 40 words net per minute for ten consecutive minutes. He is efficient in setting up letters.

Private M. C. had never attended school but could read and write one foreign language and could read and speak English fairly well. He entered the school in July and spent ten hours per week. At the present time he is able to read the newspaper and understand what he reads; he can write a good, readable letter. He has mastered the four fundamental operations in arithmetic and has just begun the study of common fractions.

Private E. F. was absolutely illiterate. He could neither read nor write in his native tongue. Had never been to school but could speak English brokenly. Since December 1, 1918, he has devoted from four to six hours per week to school work. He has mastered fundamentals, *i. e.*, phonics, alphabet, pronunciation, spelling and writing of simple words. Reading—Ward's Primer, pages 1 to 60. Can write his name legibly, and writes simple English with considerable ease.



Improving the time between dressings by making farmers instead of loafers

In a Department Store

By Charles Hanson Towne

(The building that formerly housed a certain great shop in New York has been turned into a hospital for wounded soldiers)

I

Women used to stroll through these aisles,
 Idly looking at laces,
 Studying the new styles,
 And the new graces . . .
 Now, if they walked these dim defiles,
 They would see only faces:

II

Faces of boys who have been
 Through the mud and the mire,
 But who laugh, and chuckle, and grin
 In their bandaged attire;
 Smile, since deep down within
 Their souls are on fire.

III

Where the counters stood yesterday,
 Covered with light stuff,
 And you thought the shop gay
 With its delicate bright stuff,
 See what a long array
 Of the spiritual right stuff!

IV

This was once but a mart;
 Here salesgirl and shoe-man
 Played a diplomat's part
 For each difficult woman;
 Now the place finds its heart—
 It is suddenly human!

V

These lads have come back—
 Oh, the long, aching aisles of them!
 They are laid on pain's rack—
 I think there are miles of them!
 But watch their lips crack
 At your jokes! See the smiles of them!

VI

And there's singing here now,
 And the movie's bright flash;
 Life is strange, I avow;
 Gone are cretonne and crash.
 See that lad's tied-up brow
 In the aisle that heard 'Cash!'

VII

Here are rest and quiet
 Where they never had been;
 No 'bargain day' riot,
 No bustle and din.
This stuff—you can't buy it!—
 God laid the stock in.

Vocational Guidance for the Blind

By Clarkson Dye

Director Department of Vocational Guidance, Army Educational Commission, Paris

A SERIES of visits to, and study of the methods used in the re-educational hospitals for our own soldiers and those of France and England, reveals an intelligent grappling with a problem which at first bade fair to prove a serious burden.

Although much has been written about the splendid achievements at St. Dunstan's, there seem to be but few who realize what an important part vocational guidance plays in the destinies of its inmates. One drizzling London afternoon I met an erect, well set-up man in the parlor which he uses as an office, at this institution.

"Tell me, Sir Arthur," I asked, "how are you able to determine what line of work the men shall learn here, and follow after they leave, so that they can fulfill your purpose in becoming self-supporting? How do you apply the principles of vocational guidance here?"

"I can answer that question best, perhaps," he replied, "by telling you the story of R——, who left here some months ago, and is now earning more money than he did when he had a keen pair of eyes in his head and the Boche had invaded Belgium.

"You know I talk to each of the men when they come here," he continued, "and endeavor to discover all I can about their possibilities. This man R—— would have baffled lots of us if we had not learned how to seek for the asset which was to redeem such as he."

And here is the remarkable story of what faith, intelligence, and perseverance did. It seems that this particular man had been employed as a mechanic by a London firm of heating engineers, before the war. When Sir Arthur Pearson asked him if his employers would not take him back in some capacity, he had pointed to his sightless eyes with the comment that he could hardly expect his old employers to do so. Then Sir Arthur com-

municated with this firm, explaining the predicament of their former employee and asking if they could not use him again. Regretfully the answer came back that although R—— had been a good workman, they could hardly use a blind man in their business.

When this refusal came, Sir Arthur called the man to his office.

"R——," he said, "your old firm say they can't use a blind man down there, but I've got a plan whereby I am going to *make* them take you back, and make them glad to have you. Will you do your part in this deep laid scheme?"

The blinded ex-soldier felt for and grasped Sir Arthur's hand. "I'll try, Sir," he said.

From the staff of nurses he first picked an intelligent, college-bred girl, and gave her these orders: "R—— is to be taught the technical side of heating systems, from the ground up; he knows considerable already about the steam-fitting end, but you are to see that he learns the physics of heat, mathematics, and all the correlated subjects that go with the scientific end."

It is hardly necessary to recount the various steps which then followed fast; from America came text-books as well as the best that Europe could supply. Day after day a painstaking girl drilled and crammed her pupil. He was taught typewriting, how to read blueprints, and many other things besides his mathematics; little by little was developed visualization, so that his perceptive powers now took on a keenness that was like a new sense. And then, one day, some ten months later, another communication was sent to this man's former employers and they were made to realize that it was another man whom they were asked to consider—a man who had learned how to use his brain.

When it was agreed to take R—— back, it

was stipulated that he should enter the offices, instead of the mechanics' department, although his firm had many misgivings as to his future usefulness. In order to better acquaint him with his new duties, Sir Arthur employed a young lady to accompany him, she was to be his eyes at the new job. A month later the firm gave him his own secretary, and soon afterward he was doing all the correspondence of the firm. Within four months this blind man was directing the large staff of engineers and mechanics who had formerly occupied a quite different relationship to him when he was a husky young mechanic with a good pair of eyes. Incidentally, his pay was nearly three times what it was in the old days. It seemed incredible.

"But," I expostulated, "a blind man—of course he could go so far, could visualize up to a certain extent, could—" Sir Arthur stopped me.

"Can't you see him, as they take his finger and trace over the lines on a blue print? Listen

to them: 'The room is eighteen feet long, and fourteen wide, with a twelve foot ceiling,' says the man who holds R——'s finger. 'We plan to put the radiator here', he adds, 'Type F, four feet from this corner'. Then R—— speaks: 'It won't do; there are over 3,000 cubic feet in that room. Use Type B, and put it over here, ten feet from this corner—besides, you will save fourteen feet of pipe, and the room will be warmer'.

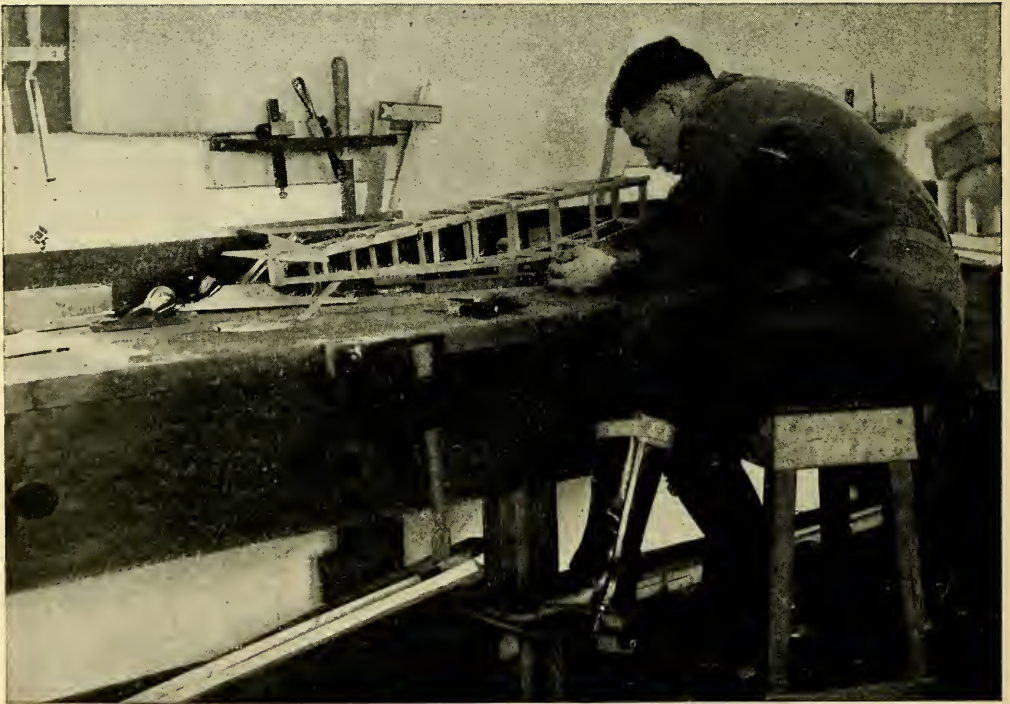
"And so it goes, all day long," continued Sir Arthur, "as this blind man, who has learned how to use his brain, directs the labors of a large staff under him, of men who have their eyesight."

I surrendered.

"Do you remember the big rug that our men have made, down in the shops?" he asked, as I was about to leave.

"Yes," I answered. "'Victory over Blindness' it reads, in great red letters."

"That is what we are trying to achieve here," he said—and they are doing it.



An aviator at Walter Reed Hospital making a model aeroplane

News and Exchanges

SAY SHIBBOLETH!

Then said they unto him, Say now Shibboleth; and he said Sibboleth; for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him. *Judges xii, 6.*

In those days the Gileadites and the Ephraimites were on opposite sides of the river Jordan. And because the Ephraimites could not say Shibboleth, but pronounced it Sibboleth, they could not go across the water, but were slain, forty and two thousand of them.

They stand on opposite shores of a wider body of water these days. And they aren't called Gileadites and Ephraimites, but just Yanks Over There and Yanks Over Here. And there aren't forty-two thousand Yanks Over Here, but two million. And the Yank Over Here isn't tested by being made to say Shibboleth before he is slain; his left sleeve is just glanced at, and if it showeth no golden stripes, the crowd pierces him to the heart with a swift, cold, steel look; or they hang him by the neck and mock him; or they smite him with hard taunts until he bleeds; or they slay him outright and pass him by with averted heads.

The crowd does that—the giddy crowd of the unthinking. But the true Yank Over There, to judge by the way he hails his brother Over Here, knows of no difference between Shibboleth and Sibboleth, between stripes of one color and another.

*From The Open Window, General Hospital No. 8
Otisville, N. Y.*

HIS PROBABLE ACTION

"I notice a good deal in the papers about our soldiers taking up farming when they return from overseas," musingly said honest Farmer Hornbeak. "So, probably, by this time next year I'll be deferentially saying: 'Pardon me, Colonel, but the dinner horn has just blown', or a trifle more briskly, 'Captain, them hogs is out again', or yelling in no uncertain tones, 'Lieutenant, dad-durn your ornery picture, do you want to lay abed all day?'"

From The Country Gentleman

FIRE AT COLONIA

The distressing news comes that General Hospital No. 3 has lost its educational buildings by fire. The offices, classrooms, library, and shops, with the exception of the printshop and the woodworking shop, were entirely destroyed. A considerable quantity of equipment and supplies so vital to the educational work was burned.

In spite of such a catastrophe, the schools were running under full headway in true Colonia fashion within a comparatively few hours after the buildings were reduced to ashes.

The test of a school, as of any institution, is how it meets an emergency—how it reacts in the face of chaos and the elements of disorganization. Colonia seems to have stood the test admirably. It is to be hoped that facilities may be immediately provided to replace those destroyed and that the work of the men may not be seriously disturbed by the unfortunate occurrence.

IN FRENCH

A savoir faire mam'selle,
Who was known as the Marseillaise belle,
Was asked for a kiss
By a soldier named Bliss,
And she told him to gaux straight teaux helle.

From Pelican

A WORTHWHILE YEAR

The year has been most eventful for us. Possibly more so than any other to come. We have made new friends, formed new habits and because of necessity have overcome some old ones. We measure less around the waist and more around the feet. And now that we can almost glimpse our discharge in the dim and distant future, our retrospection takes the form of pleasant memories. We remember the laughs and forget the bumps; it has been a 'goshdarned' good experience and when one day we roll up those spiral puttees for the last time, it may be with a trace of sadness that we bid good-bye to this chapter of our story. A year may be a long time, but 'what's the odds' if it is a year worth while.

From The Oteen

THE PERAMBULATORY STAGE

An itinerant theatrical troupe is one of the interesting features of entertainment at Fort Sheridan.

The stage paraphernalia is hauled on a cart from ward to ward and the troupe troops along. Instead, therefore, of having a permanent stage where shows are given they have a kind of perambulatory stage and the company can simply stop and give a show "at the drop of a hat." This makes it possible to give the entertainment for the bed patients who are not able to go to the entertainment halls.

The Fort Sheridan troupe is made up entirely of soldiers. But what about the female characters? Oh, they're soldiers, too, who have borrowed from nurses, aides, and other friends and made up for the parts. It's a great success.

HE GOT THE JOB

Ex-soldier answering advertisement for cook: "I'd like to apply for the job, sir."

Hotel Man: "What can you cook?"

Ex-soldier: "Anything, sir—I used to cook in the Army."

Hotel Man: "Well, how do you make hash?"

Ex-soldier: "You don't make it; it just accumulates."

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

Why is it that from yonder tower

The Colonel's lamp is beaming still,

Though it is past the midnight hour

And all's serene o'er vale and hill?

'Tis not the wisdom of the sages,

Nor any lore his mind enchants;

An earthlier task his time engages;

He's sewing buttons on his pants.

From Stars and Stripes

COMMANDS AS THEY WERE

General Pershing tells the story of a volunteer battalion of rough backwoodsmen that once joined General Grant. He admired their fine physique, but distrusted the capacity of their uncouth commander to handle troops promptly and efficiently in the field, so he said:

"Colonel, I want to see your men at work; call them to attention, and order them to march with shouldered arms in close column to the left flank."

Without a moment's hesitation the colonel

yelled to his fellow ruffians: "Boys, look wild thar! Make ready to thicken and go left end-ways! Tote yer guns! Git!"

The maneuver proved a brilliant success and the self-elected colonel was forthwith officially commissioned.

* * * *

Binks: "A deaf and dumb friend of mine who was wounded in France has received a fifteen per cent. compensation for an impediment in his speech."

Jinks: "Whaddya mean, impediment?"

Binks: "Lost his forefinger."

From Trouble Buster

* * * *

"Gee, no!" exclaimed the pretty cash girl, "I wouldn't marry you if you was the last man on earth. I don't want nothin' to do with you. Is that plain English?"

"It's plain enough," said the mortified book-keeper, "but it isn't English."

From The Boston Transcript

CAUSE ENOUGH

He was very black, and in his khaki he looked like coffee and chocolate ice cream. After eating a hearty meal in the American Red Cross canteen he sat down with a book, near the counter. The kind-hearted directress looked once or twice in his direction and was surprised to see big tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Why, now this will never do!" she said kindly. "Is there anything I can do to help you?"

He dug his knuckles into his eyes and replied: "I sholy am ashamed to make a baby outen myself, ma'am. This yer book done make me so homesick!"

She picked up the book he had been reading. It was the canteen cook-book, and it was opened at the section on How to Fry Chicken.

From Saturday Evening Post

INSTANTANEOUS RECONSTRUCTION

The blind man: I picked up a hammer—and saw.

The dumb man: I picked up a wheel—and spoke.

From The Oteen

Port of Missing Men

EVERY hospital paper in this country and overseas has arranged to publish inquiries from the relatives and friends of missing men with a view to securing some information concerning their whereabouts or when they were last seen.

If CARRY ON can help relieve your anxiety by endeavoring to secure information from your missing soldier, send in your inquiry.

It will be forwarded to all hospital papers and published by them. Perhaps some one of the disabled men still in the hospitals will recall your soldier.



Carry On

A Magazine on the Reconstruction
of Disabled Soldiers and Sailors

Vol. 1
No. 9

June
1919



in this issue

Breaking the Hindenburg Line
The Story of a Raid
Curative Work
Agriculture at Camp Sherman
Healing the Scars of War

Edited by the Office of the Surgeon General, U.S. Army
Published for the Surgeon General by the American Red Cross

The Creed of the Disabled Soldier

ONCE more to be useful—to see pity in the eyes of my friends replaced with commendation—to work, produce, provide, and to feel that I have a place in the world—seeking no favors and given none—a MAN among MEN in spite of this physical handicap.



C A R R Y O N

Volume I

JUNE, 1919

Number 9

Edited by the Office of the Surgeon General, U. S. Army



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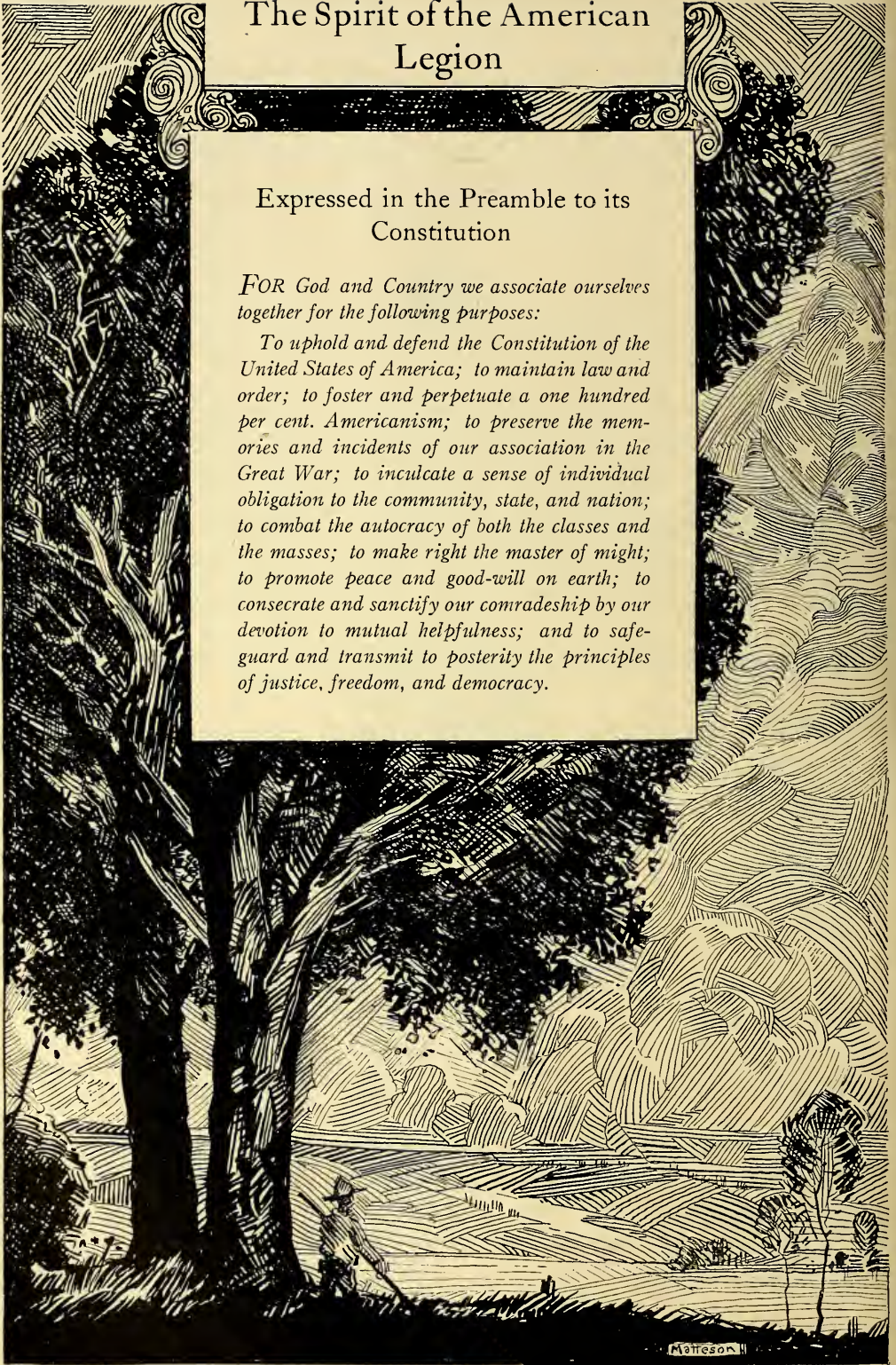
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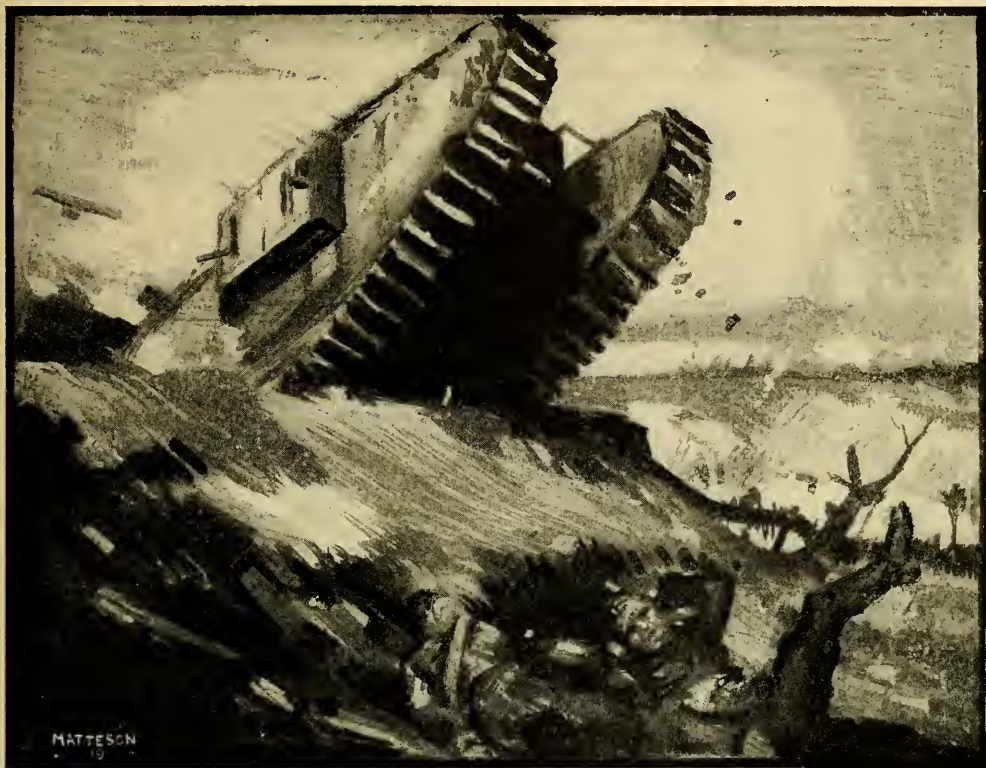
The Spirit of the American Legion

Expressed in the Preamble to its Constitution

FOR God and Country we associate ourselves together for the following purposes:

To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent. Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state, and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good-will on earth; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness; and to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom, and democracy.





In thirty seconds I would be as pulp—crushed to death by seven and a half tons of steel

Breaking the Hindenburg Line

By Corporal Ben Franklin

Co. A, 107th U. S. Infantry

HOW well I remember the day when, up in the devastated region around Peronne, our major called the battalion together and told us that we had been chosen to take the most strongly fortified position of the supposedly impenetrable Hindenburg line! Three times the British had attempted and failed—chiefly on account of the nature of the terrain and the invincible defensive system which the German engineers had prepared in three years' time.

"Boys," our major said, "*I* know you can do it and *you* know you can do it. So let's just

waltz over and show the Huns just how good the American doughboys are."

And how we cheered and yelled! We'd show 'em! Two months of intermittent trench warfare in the Ypres salient of Belgium had broken us into the mysteries of modern warfare and we all of us knew that the Hindenburg defense system was as good as taken.

All afternoon, small knots of energetic soldiers were to be seen, assiduously polishing their bayonets and giving their rifles a final cleaning. And just to show that the Germans

were right when they said that all the Americans fought for was souvenirs, each one had tabulated in his own mind just what he wanted—a watch for Mother—an automatic revolver for the Old Man—an Iron Cross for Mary.

Were we downhearted? We were not.

The next night, we started hiking toward the line to relieve another unit of our division which had already captured the outposts of the enemy and to set the stage for the big scene.

The roads leading up to the front were almost impassable—a two-line road upon which four lines of traffic attempted to move. Infantry moved up—column after column of them; artillery going forward, artillery of our bosom friends, the Australians; kitchens clattering along and empty caissons returning for ammunition—every possible inch of road space was in use and yet there was no great confusion. The unity of purpose was too fixed in every man's mind.

The night was pitch dark and to prepare us for the weather that was to follow, a cold drizzle of rain fell for hours. Pencil-like shafts of light from brilliant searchlights pierced the sky for the enemy's planes, the noise of which was quite prominent above the creaking of the gun limbers and the curses of the drivers. One plane did succeed in dropping five torpedoes but they fell far enough away from the road to cause no casualties.

About 500 yards from the support line in which we were to stay until the attack, we lost twenty-three men from a 9.2 high explosive shell, eight of them being killed outright. This sobering influence made us resolve more than ever to make the Germans pay dearly the next day.

We finally reached the support line which was not the popular conception of a trench at all, but merely a series of semi-detached shell-holes, each of which had two and sometimes three men. The first hole in which I established myself was in rather close proximity to two dead horses which had evidently been deceased some time—in fact, they were over-ripe. I stood not upon the order of my going and found another place where the quarters were quite cramped but the odor was not so intense.

Of course, we 'stood to' until morning and at 'stand down' we attacked our rations—what little there was. I remember distinctly that among the 'corned willy' and hardtack, we discovered a bottle of pickles—a joyful discovery, for pickles are a novelty, not only in the infantryman's ration but anywhere else in the army.

The weather was cold and raw and the rain fell nearly all day. Regularly, at certain intervals, the Germans shelled the position a hundred yards behind us, evidently believing our support line to be there. At last, darkness came again and we set about preparing ourselves for our job. Each man took three hand grenades, and two extra bandoleers of rifle ammunition. Rations were issued and all of us were advised to get as much sleep as possible when not on sentry watch.

I was getting ready to follow this advice when I noticed a dog prowling around; a whistle brought him to me. He was evidently a German Red Cross dog with something of the wolf about him. 'Anyhow he made a mighty warm bed-fellow and I managed to get a few hours' sleep, curled up with him.

About midnight, the Intelligence Section of our battalion crept out into No Man's Land and placed a white tape line on the ground, on a bearing of 85°, the direction in which we were to attack. This was done in order that we might all start on a straight line and run no risk of any of our units forging ahead and getting caught in our own fire. At 6:30 a. m. we stole out and ranged ourselves along this tape line, waiting impatiently for the barrage to start. The rain still fell heavily and the cold cut through to our marrow. All in all, it was a perfect setting for the hell that was to follow.

The Hindenburg line was to be stormed on a forty-mile front by American, English, Scotch, Australian, and Canadian troops, and the barrage which was promised to us was to be the most highly-concentrated and effective curtain of steel ever fired. And, to tell the truth, it certainly did full credit to its advance notices.

One moment all was silent except the whispered mutterings of commands passed back and forth along the line of waiting men. The

next moment it seemed as if the fury of all hell was let loose. The noise was indescribable. Machine gun bullets whined and spat overhead—the peculiar whirring of shrapnel fragments through the air—the terrific explosions of heavier shells a hundred yards ahead of us—made us all mighty glad that we were behind the barrage and not in front of it.

To our rear, the horizon was a perfect flash of red and yellow. The thunder of the guns was a continual reverberating explosion.

Suddenly our lieutenant rose up from his place along the tape line and said two words—in typical American fashion:

"Let's go!"

Slowly we advanced at a leisurely walk. We were off!

The barrage had jumped ahead fifty yards and was to continue at that rate every two minutes.

The Queen's Own, an English regiment, was on our left and on our right was another unit of our division.

As the barrage advanced, the Germans in their first line trench threw aside their guns and started at a very fast clip in the general direction of the Fatherland. We occupied ourselves in taking pot shots at them as we advanced, and suddenly our barrage lifted another fifty yards and the high explosive shells landed in the midst of the fleeing Huns. I remember distinctly I was just about to take a shot at a fat German who ran like a hippo and had him spotted in the circle of my sights when suddenly he vanished and there remained only a puff of smoke. Nearly all of them were blown to atoms—the sight of the mangled and shapeless flesh was fearful.

At this point we received stiff opposition from a low-lying ridge to our left, and it was necessary for us to use our Lewis guns to reply to the slower-acting Maxims of which there were literally hundreds in cuttings and isolated posts. Our lieutenant, who had been standing up directing our fire in that hail of bullets, suddenly fell, hit through the mouth, and as he died he choked through the red blood that was strangling him—

"Forward, men! Forward!"

We rushed the German front line trench and after mopping that up, proceeded to advance to the second line. I was moving forward with my rifle across my hip when suddenly from a shell-hole, twenty yards to my left, out popped a Jerry—his left arm hanging useless by his side, his cheek covered with blood. In his right hand was a revolver with which he was covering me. To be truthful, his appearance had been so sudden that my heart jumped to my mouth and it seemed as if I were powerless to move for the fraction of a second—an eternity in the matter of life or death.

Taking no time to aim correctly, I took a snap shot from the hips and hit him. In two bounds I was upon him where he fell and to make matters certain, jabbed him twice with my bayonet. Even now I can remember the thrill that went through me—how easily the bayonet penetrated the flesh! He was an officer and had silver braid on his shoulder—probably a second lieutenant. His black and white Iron Cross ribbon, his Luger automatic pistol and a button from his tunic as well as his watch, I kept for souvenirs. Six more Jerries came shuffling awkwardly toward me—their arms upraised and the bleat of 'Kamerad' on their lips. One held a watch and chain on high—I suppose he hoped to ransom his life with it. Another waved a packet of papers in the air—another tried to entice me with a handful of German money. One of my pals came up and together the two of us urged them to the rear with no gentle persuasion.

At this point, the barrage halted for four minutes and played a steady drum-fire on the German second line trench. We sought cover and as I lay there refilling the magazine of my rifle, I noticed the dirt spurting up just in front of me and I knew at once some one was shooting at me with a machine gun. I looked toward the left and I scarcely changed my field of vision before—

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Three times was I hit—once in the shoulder-joint, once above the right eye and once in the cheek just below the other eye. At that time I thought I was going to die and thoughts of home and mother flashed to my mind; but

as I lay there, the blood pouring down my face and into my eyes, somehow or other I couldn't give up without a struggle.

My pal, Hunter Leaf, jumped over to me and at the risk of his life pulled me into a shell-hole, where he bandaged my face and made me comfortable. I must have been unconscious for a little while, for I remember being awakened by the sound of an engine. With my right eye I could see a bit, and looking behind me I saw a huge Mark VII Tank less than fifteen feet away and headed directly for me. In thirty seconds I would be as pulp—crushed to death by seven and a half tons of steel!

Shuddering in every limb and with my heart beating like a trip-hammer, I stuck my right leg up in the air and waved it back and forth frantically. It was impossible for me to move my body, the loss of blood having weakened me to such an extent, and I shut my eyes in terror, expecting to feel the cold steel on my skull.

Suddenly, the noise ceased, the machine swung cumbrously to the left and as it went by me, the dirt on the edge of the shell-hole fell in on top of me, partially burying me.

Thank God I had been seen in time!

For twenty-six hours I lay in that shell-hole and each one of those twenty-six hours is indelibly seared in my memory. The rain fell

continually and late that night the wind changed and blew harder than ever. All over the field men with arms or legs blown off were moaning piteously for stretcher bearers who were all too few in number. The poor fellow next to me who had lost both his legs was delirious all the time and toward morning his spirit passed into the keeping of the God of battles.

About ten o'clock the next morning, I managed to hail a stretcher bearer and was soon on my way to the rear.

In a week I was in England and due to the wonderful care and constant watchfulness of an English nurse—Miss Beckett, God bless her!—I escaped having tetanus and the sight of my left eye was saved.

Back here in the states, due to a wonderful operation by a remarkably skillful army surgeon, constant massage, and the vocational work which the Government offers at its reconstruction hospitals, I am gradually regaining the use of my left arm.

And better than all, next fall I am going back to college and pick up my course where I dropped it—all at the expense of Uncle Sam, under the supervision of the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

Ain't it a grand and glorious feelin'? I'll say it is!



Mural decoration painted by Private Virgil Pyles, Co. L., 107th Inf., student in commercial art class, U. S. A., General Hospital, No. 2, Fort McHenry, Md.



FIRST LESSON IN TRACTOR OPERATION

Agriculture at Camp Sherman

By Carl W. Shiffler

Chief of Agricultural Division, Educational Department, U. S. A. Base Hospital,
Camp Sherman, Ohio

TEACHING the boys to become better farmers by practical methods," is the course employed at Base Hospital, Camp Sherman, Ohio.

Organization of the Agricultural Division was effected on February 17 as soon as it was learned that a number of boys were interested in farming. A former instructor of Ohio State University College of Agriculture is in charge, and the division has shown a steady growth from the first. Starting with a mere handful of students and no laboratory equipment, the division has grown to an enrolment of sixty-two and a large amount of laboratory material. A total of one hundred and thirty-three have been enrolled in the division since the start, being discharged at various times. Apparatus for conducting nearly all kinds of agricultural experiments in the laboratory is either on hand or on the way to installation. The department

has control of a considerable amount of modern farm machinery including a Fordson tractor, which is being used on a fifty-four acre farm adjacent to the hospital.

The aim of this division is to influence every man who enters the hospital to return to the farm, if he was once a farmer and will not be physically disabled to again be a producer. It also reached the class who may become physically unfit to perform farm labor, and who desire to take advantage of the Government's school offer, to follow agricultural education work. Quite a large number of the men having farm experience have expressed a desire to further educate themselves for farm agents, farm managers, teachers, or for civil service extension work. While in the hospital an excellent opportunity is offered to learn some of the fundamentals in farming that will serve as a prerequisite to a college course.

Then there is a certain class of men who have been in other lines than farming, who have become interested in farming due to the efforts of the Department of Interior. If the present plan for establishing soldiers and sailors on land provided by the Government materializes, a great number of boys will jump at the chance to enter farming. With this idea in mind a number of boys have enrolled in the division.

In order to reach all with an agricultural desire and to give them maximum service the course has been made very flexible. Brevity of stay at the hospital has been no barrier to entering the course. Boys with a very meagre education have found the work helpful, as information is given so that all will understand. An idea of the practicability of the course for those who may be at the hospital for only a few days may be obtained from the experience of two boys who were in the work for two days only. 'Student A' was not particular about entering any course since he was to be discharged within a week. On the day that he entered the course a trip was taken to a river

bottom corn and wheat farm which used sweet clover as a green fertilizing crop. The boy in question had only known about sweet clover as a weed, but after seeing the excellent results obtained expressed his desire to try out sweet clover as soon as he returned to the home farm. 'Student B' entered the course manifesting a desire for horticultural work, but on the day he enrolled special instruction was being given in tractor operation. This served as a stimulus to the boy and in the two days that he stayed in the course he learned to operate the tractor very satisfactorily.

This division does not wait until a patient is on his feet before starting to work. The regular Ohio State University College of Agriculture correspondence courses are given to those in bed. As soon as one lesson is finished the student answers a certain number of questions accompanying the lesson and is graded before taking up the next lesson. The courses are proving very popular with the boys. Stock raising, alfalfa culture, potato culture, poultry husbandry, vegetable gardening, orcharding, and bee-keeping are in great demand. Rope



Rope splicing. Agricultural education begins as soon as a patient arrives



JUDGING THE DAIRY COW

splicing and knot tying, germination tests and farm accounting work are also offered to bed patients.

As soon as a man is able to leave his ward, he may attend the regular class work. Morning and afternoon lectures are given on various farm problems, supplemented with laboratory work. Every man able to leave the ward is required to take the lecture work and as much of the laboratory as his condition warrants. If unable to do outside work he may perform experiments in the laboratory relating to plant life and growth, soil and its management, field and orchard crops, insects and plant diseases and their control, breeds and types of farm animals, feeding farm animals, farm equipment and machinery, and various other projects. If able to do outside work he will assist in the planting and care of shrubbery, arranging flower beds, seeding lawns, and field and garden work. The trips to nearby farms are very profitable and are taken each week. The best farms of the community are visited with the instructor and an opportunity to study

successful farming at first hand is given. This section has an Angus cattle farm of national reputation the owner of which is cooperating with the school in showing to the boys what can be done in producing prize winning cattle.



Making a field study of soils

At no time since the course started has there been a lack of students who can be used in helping to instruct others. Men who have taught agriculture in high schools, or who have specialized along certain lines, enroll in the course and take great delight in helping others less fortunate. One man in particular who was an expert landscape gardener prior to entering the service has proved very valuable to the division.

An excellent farm library and reading room

containing all of the leading Middle West farm papers is an important feature of the school.

Great results are being obtained and it is the desire of those in charge to make this division second to none in the country. The medical officers are positive that this work has materially hastened the cure of these men. The men themselves are gaining a practical course of instruction which will enable them to succeed in spite of their handicaps.

The American Legion and the Disabled Soldier

By Chaplain John W. Inzer

Mobile, Ala.

PROBABLY the Legion is too young and too indefinite to be able to say just what it will do for any one or any ideals we have embraced, but I feel that unhesitatingly we can say that one of the matters of paramount importance will be what we can do for the disabled soldier. Who would think for a moment that this would not be one of our very first duties and one in which we will personally take more pride and pleasure than almost any other one or several things? The *wounded* soldier and The American Legion—Well, if I could just gather you all right up to my heart, I would say, “Buddie we are strong for you; we love you sight unseen more than you can ever know; we feel your pains with you; we think of your great ambitions that you had before the war when you had two arms and those two legs and were a hundred per cent. man. Now, there you sit, one arm, or one arm and leg or both legs gone or worse still with all limbs intact but with the unmistakable effects of a deadly gas. *Forget you?* Never in the world! First, we want to see that you get absolute justice from the great country that

you so willingly and nobly made that sacrifice for, not as though you were a charity patient in a city ward, but as one of the most honored of men. Second, we want to love you, be your buddie and friend all along the trail of the friendly years that are to follow. As we meet and pass from time to time, the signs of the physical sacrifices which you have made will ever call to us who are physically sound to be a big brother to you in any need or crisis.”

So, brothers, while we have not had time to shape plans and policies for all our activities, one thing be sure of that for the Disabled Soldier and Sailor the American Legion will always ‘Carry On’. You can put your trust in this Legion as being your friend and brother, ever at your service in a lasting and dignified manner.

Let us hear your side; speak your mind; tell your needs and give us your desires now, that the Executive Committee may have guidance in their procedure. Every voice will be considered.

Yours for justice, rehabilitation, happiness, and success.

The Injured in Industry

By Charles A. Lauffer, M.D.

Medical Director, Relief Department, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company,
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

MEN maimed in, and out of, the industries have made good in industry. In the busy hives of industry, maimed employees at selected work can forget that they were once cripples. Productive workers, who have outgrown their handicaps, who have compensated for their losses by the re-education of previously dormant powers and faculties, are no longer classified as cripples, and dare not be so regarded.

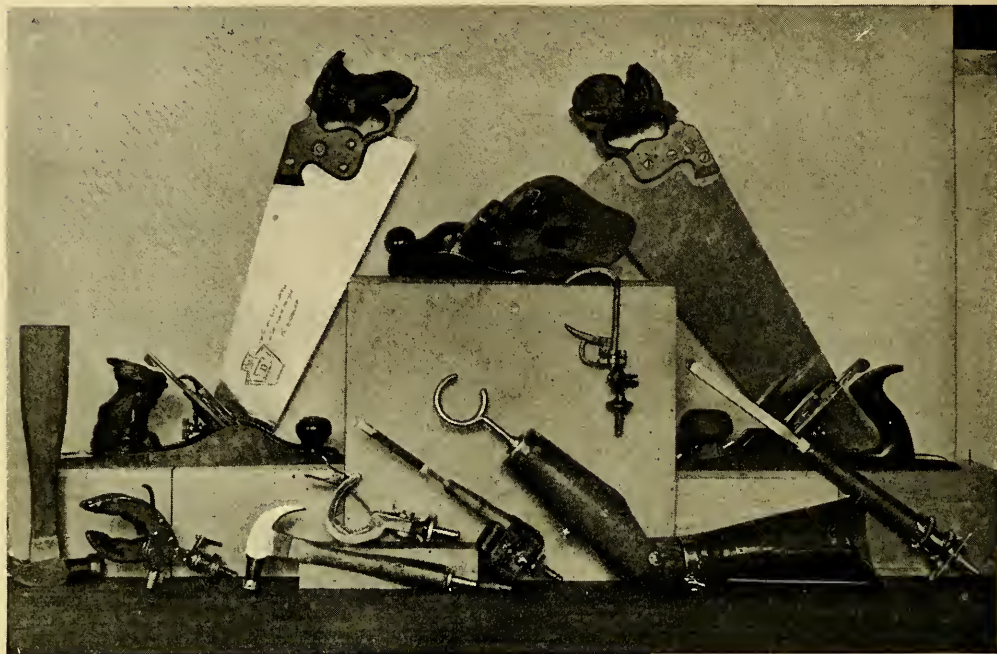
The subnormal constitutes the vast majority; before the age of forty, if not earlier in his career, the average man presents defects and latent diseases that relegate him to the subnormal. But the subnormal is no quitter. The fellow who knows "he has stunts to do, and even if they are not pleasant, has got to see them through," perseveringly and courageously overcomes all ordinary obstacles.

Courage is the main asset in overcoming handicaps; moral courage is required as well as physical. When courage fails, the man stops trying, and begins to pity himself. Self-pity is lamentable; it destroys perspective. The self-pitying individual gives up hope, he looks in and down; the courageous one looks out and up, thereby reviving his prospects of attaining his goal. We are convinced that the loss of arms and legs does not hopelessly cripple; it is rather the loss of courage that cripples. The only man really crippled is the fellow who won't work. In this age of specialization and diversified industry, arms and legs are really incidental in the game of earning a livelihood by one's own labor, since with perseverance and intelligence, combined with mechanical devices, such handicaps are virtually overcome. There are always places in industry where handicapped men will fit in, if they really want to work. The writer knows

the careers of about forty such who have made good, some of them even surpassing in efficiency their fellows, who have all their members.

The industrial cripple realizes that industrial accidents do not often happen, they are *caused*. He knows that to a certain extent he is the cause of his own misfortune. Hence, the industrial cripple is not often disposed to stand on a pedestal, and pull off the hero stuff, that the war cripple may affect to his own undoing. The admiring public may be relied upon for a wholesome appreciation of past services, but the hero stuff will wear out. A man is expected to work today and tomorrow, as well as yesterday. Industry will re-absorb those crippled in the World War, just as it has in the past hired the subnormal, from whatever cause, who have been willing to work.

The capacity and attitude of the subnormal man himself, rather than the apparent degree of his handicap, will determine his future career. Since "the mind is the measure of the man," his eyes, ears, hands, and feet are but the implements of his directing mental force. The March CARRY ON published a modest article by P. H. Knight, entitled, 'It Can Be Done'. Knight was an athlete with a university training, before being maimed in three ways. He had the gray matter, the indomitable will, the tenacity of purpose, the initiative, the spirit of self-help, which enabled him to re-educate himself, so as to measure up to his new responsibilities. Such qualities are bound to win out. These qualities have always enabled men to refit themselves for social life, and for industry. The resources of the Government and public sentiment are behind the movement for restoring disabled soldiers, and serve to supplement their own initiative.



ARTIFICIAL APPLIANCES AND DENTAL WAX HANDLES

Curative Work

By Lieutenant-Colonel Harry E. Mock

A SPANISH war veteran, describing his six months' treatment in an army hospital following a wound received in Cuba in '98, said: "Six months—more like six years! I nearly died doin' nothin'."

A nurse in one of the large city hospitals recently wrote:

"Send me fifty copies of CARRY ON. The example set by those soldier patients in the army hospitals is just the medicine needed by about one hundred patients here. They need to get busy and forget their aches."

The idea of utilizing work as a curative agency is a very old one although it has not been applied very consistently. But the newer idea is the application of work as a means of restoring function in disabled members. This is known as *curative work* or *occupational*

therapy and in the army hospitals is prescribed by the surgeon just as medicine or an operation is prescribed.

For a great many patients, work, whether diversional or purposive, is beneficial, aiding in the rapidity of their recovery by directing the mind away from their ills. The war, however, has returned thousands of soldiers to the hospitals with useless, deformed members and often parts of members missing. For these, curative work must be carefully prescribed with the view of restoring usefulness, overcoming deformities or teaching the remaining portion of a limb or another member new functions.

Approximately 3,200 soldiers have lost arms or legs as a result of the war, less than a hundred have lost both arms or both legs.



Walter Reed method of measuring motion.
Visualizing results encourages the patient.

Thousands of soldiers have stiff joints and deformed extremities as a result of shrapnel or machine-gun wounds or compound fractures. Rheumatism has likewise caused many cases of stiffened, deformed joints. Thousands of others have had important nerve trunks severed with a resulting paralysis in the hand or foot rendering the part practically useless. There are a great number of cases of flesh wounds which became infected causing tendons to slough out or deformities by scar contractures.

The best surgical talent of the country has been employed in the treatment of these cases. The site for the amputation has been carefully chosen so that the stump can be best adapted to the artificial appliance. Deformed joints have been straightened. The ends of severed nerves have been dissected out and sutured together. Tendons and bones have been transplanted and the deforming scars removed.

And through it all these disabled soldiers have proved themselves true, unflinching

heroes. Many have been forced to submit to four and five operations but seldom has a word of complaint or fear been uttered. Laughing and joking with their buddies they go 'over the top' to the operating room with the same indomitable spirit displayed as when they attacked the Hun.

After days and after weeks of dressings, massage and passive motion, following the operations, the surgeon finally writes the prescription which assigns these men to curative work. This is done just as early in the convalescent days as possible. In order that the greatest value may be received from work the reconstruction expert must sit down with each case and carefully explain the purpose of work, endeavor to arouse the man's interest, and talk over his past occupation and what he intends to do when he is discharged. Eight or ten different types of work may be selected which will give the desired exercise to the disabled member. That one is finally chosen which appeals most to the patient and, whenever possible, which will have some bearing upon his future occupation. Often the latter aim cannot be met in specific curative work but even so a few hours each day can be devoted to real vocational training after the prescribed work has been completed.



Left hand planing cures the stiff elbow

The curative work for the amputated cases at first consists of light occupations which tend to develop the muscles and increase the amount of motion in the remaining portion of the limb and to harden the stump so that an artificial appliance may be early used. After the artificial member is applied the amount and type of work is increased in order to develop the greatest facility in using the new arm or leg. Many ingenious attachments for the artificial arm have been invented since the war to replace the lost hand or fingers and it is indeed surprising to see the character of work these cases are able to perform. Specially contrived hooks and clamps which can be inserted or detached at the wrist joint as needed enable these men to dress, eat, carry objects, work, play ball, tennis, billiards, in fact, carry on the usual activities of life. For dress-up purposes they can insert a very excellent artificial hand.

The paralytic cases following nerve injuries, those with stiffened elbow, wrist, knee and ankle joints, and the cases of deformed hands furnish the best examples of disabilities benefited by curative work.

Sergeant R. was shot through the leg severing completely the large nerve trunk. As a result his foot was paralyzed. The toes would drag when he tried to walk, a condition known as 'foot-drop'. The surgeons had sutured the nerve but control and active motion in the foot was very slow in returning. He had been a shoe salesman before the war. The occupation chosen for him was stitching the uppers on the shoes by means of a foot-power machine. His disabled foot was strapped to the pedal. At first the other foot did all the work but gradually the muscles in the paralyzed one began to respond to the steady up and down motion and assumed a share in the work. After a few weeks he was able to run the machine with his disabled foot alone.

Private J. was studying law when he was drafted for the great adventure. He was wounded by shrapnel in his left arm and a stiff, flexed elbow had resulted. Reading law books would hardly benefit this condition but J. was interested also in making mission

furniture out of old boxes and lumber. He was therefore assigned to the carpenter shop. Using his left hand chiefly he soon became adept at hammering, sawing, planing, and other movements which necessitated a certain amount of flexion and extension of the elbow joint. Every week the amount of motion in the joint was measured and a careful record made. When J. saw by actual measurements that his range of motion in this joint was increasing he was indeed happy and redoubled his efforts. Practically full joint movement had been restored when he was finally discharged.

Jewelry making, typewriting, modeling, basketry, hand weaving, mechanical drawing, painting, and numerous other occupations are used for stiffened, deformed fingers and wrist joints. Jig saws operated by either hand or foot power, sewing machines, drill presses operated by hand, looms for rug-making, tools used in carpentry, motor mechanics, gardening, all furnish the various remedial exercises needed to restore function in some disabled member.

It often happens that a hand is so deformed that a tool or instrument cannot be grasped. Major H. R. Allen conceived the idea of moulding the handle of a tool to the shape of the deformed hand by using modeling or dental compound. For instance, a man can only close his thumb and first two fingers about one-fourth while his last two fingers can be almost completely closed. With such a hand he is unable to grasp the handle of a hammer. A sufficient amount of dental wax is placed in hot water and immediately becomes plastic. In this condition it is placed around the handle of the tool where one ordinarily grasps it for use. Then the wounded hand seizes this mass of plastic compound, and closes the fingers about it as far as they will flex. The tool is then dipped into cold water and immediately the wax hardens. Thus a mould of the deformed hand is made on the handle enabling the patient to grasp it firmly and use this member. Constant use and exercise develops the muscles and the motion is increased. As the hand improves and the grasp becomes closer and stronger the mould on the handle is altered by repeating the hot and cold water maneuvers.

This ingenious method has enabled many soldiers with deformed hands to engage in work from which they would otherwise have been barred.

Curative work, based on this principle that the best type of remedial exercise is that which requires a series of specific voluntary movements involved in the ordinary trades and

occupations, has played a most important role in the reconstruction of thousands of disabled soldiers. The making of some useful object has roused the interest of many a despondent man and brought him to a realization that he can again become fit and productive—an inspiring outlook for the man who once thought he was down and out.



Scroll-saw used in Walter Reed Hospital for extension-flexion of the knee

CARRY ON

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Editorials

THE AMERICAN LEGION

THE birth of the American Legion in St. Louis in May was one of the most momentous developments of the war. Never in the history of this country was there such a gathering of young men. The enthusiasm of youth was quite evident but no group of sages could have been more cool-headed, keener in judgment, or more intense in purpose than these ex-soldiers and sailors of the United States.

It was evident throughout that the two greatest attributes which the men brought home from the war were *a spirit of unselfishness* and *a desire for service to mankind*. Every resolution which could be interpreted by the country as indicating a selfish motive on the part of the soldiers, for example, the six months' additional pay for discharged soldiers, was immediately voted down, practically unanimously. At no time would any hint of using this organization as a political power be tolerated. The leaders in the movement were the strongest in denouncing any political preference for any man as one of the motives of the Legion.

Bolshevism, the I. W. W. movement, and all other radical movements tinged with non-Americanism were most severely arraigned. It was ever apparent that here was a group of men, representing millions of other men, who would fight and die to perpetuate a hundred per cent. Americanism. It was even more apparent that this organization stood squarely behind fair play for every one and would not tolerate the misuses of either economic or political power by any class or party.

But the most vivid impression gained at the convention was the spirit of idealism which marked almost every action. This spirit can best be interpreted by the one word—Service—service to their country, service to one another, and especially, to those soldiers handicapped because of lack of funds, unemployment or by disability from disease or wounds, and service to humanity.

A new force is abroad in the country—a force that will “safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom, and democracy.”

A CARRY ON ASSOCIATION

THE letter from Mr. C. P. J. Mooney on page 31 of this issue sets forth an excellent idea which other communities should adopt. In the hospitals we can only sow the seeds for rehabilitation. Government agencies may re-educate and vocationally train the disabled. But the success of all these efforts finally depends upon the incentive and influence thrown about the disabled soldiers after they return to their communities. After all the folks back home have a very responsible part in seeing that every disabled soldier is re-established as a useful citizen. The number of crippled soldiers existing in soldiers' homes ten years hence will be the best gauge of the efficiency of our rehabilitation methods. You folks must help make it a success.

FOR YEARS TO COME

THE number of patients now in the hospitals is rapidly decreasing. Before many months the medical end of caring for them will be finished. But there are still tens of thousands of these disabled men who must be given the opportunity of useful employment. Many must be vocationally trained before they become self-supporting.

The job of rehabilitating the disabled soldiers is far from over. For years many of these men will become discouraged because of their handicaps, will need helpful influence and stimulation to keep up the fight. Wounds which have healed may reopen months and years later or disabilities may develop which can be traced to war service. These will require the most skillful medical care and the same reconstruction methods which are now being used.

In addition to the provisions of the Government for this after care there should be a big brother movement—a group in every community who will stand behind the disabled soldiers and see that they are given a chance, not charity, for years to come. The returned soldiers themselves are the most logical group to start such a movement. Here is a definite piece of work at hand which enables the practical application of that portion of the constitution of the American Legion which calls for “devotion to mutual helpfulness.”

ONLY TWO KINDS OF SOLDIERS

THERE are a great many disabled soldiers in the country who have lost a leg or an arm or have a paralyzed, deformed extremity who never even reached the front line trenches. There are even a few blinded soldiers in this class. And many who saw service both over here and over there have been disabled not by the Hun bullet or his devilish gas but by disease.

It is often painful to note the embarrassment of one of these soldiers with an empty sleeve or one who is hobbling on crutches when some

visitor to the hospital enquires, “And how did you lose your arm, my man?” “Oh, an army truck down at Camp Gordon roughed me up a little.”

In spite of the sympathy expressed by the visitor, this soldier intuitively feels that he has lost caste.

Two soldiers with overseas chevrons on their left arms were walking down the street. One was apparently quite whole and fit yet he wore a wound chevron. The other had lost his right foot but displayed no wound chevron. On inquiry it was learned that the first had received a flesh wound which had completely healed while the second told this story:

“The switch tracks back of our rest billets were jammed with cars. There were not enough engines so my lieutenant told me to take two squads of men and shove the cars by hand. The men shoved one before I was ready and it ran over my foot. And I only had one shot at the Germans.”

One of the soldiers who has been awarded compensation for total disability the result of serious injuries received while on duty in one of the U. S. camps has been told that he could wear a bronze button. The wounded man from overseas will wear a silver button.

A number of officers and men who entered the army shortly before the signing of the armistice were sent right over and are now back wearing a blue chevron. Thousands of officers and men are now wearing four white chevrons. They are proud of their length of service but not proud of the color of their chevrons.

Whenever a group of soldiers gather the embarrassments of these distinctive marks are one of the chief topics of conversation. The country should remember that they were all soldiers, most all anxious and begging to be sent across and many would have gloried in their wounds if they only could have given of their blood for the great cause.

After all there are only two kinds of soldiers—the soldier who served and the soldier who slacked.

The Story of a Raid

By Private First Class Fred Cohen

No. 1362 of the Medical Detachment, Sixteenth Infantry, American Expeditionary Forces

EDITOR'S NOTE. The reasons for publishing this story are first that it is a good description of how the American Army worked, and second that the attitude of the writer typifies the attitude of the American soldier in that he fails to mention his *croix de guerre* for capturing a Hun machine gun and the five Huns operating it.

AFTER a fortnight's duty in the front line trenches of the Toul sector near the historic Bar-le-Duc, my battalion, weary and covered with mud, was relieved by another unit of the division. The little rest camp to which we marched was so painfully quiet that after two weeks of almost incessant machine gun and rifle fire, to say nothing of the crash of high explosive, one could almost feel the stillness and we all looked forward to at least a week and possibly longer of complete relaxation.

The camp comprised a number of old French wooden cantonments and was very dirty, so that before any of us could regain any lost sleep everyone lent a hand towards making the place habitable. The buildings were thoroughly scrubbed, the adjoining grounds policed before we could attend to our personal cleanliness, which naturally after a tour of the front line, was far from good. Almost everyone had 'cooties', many had developed mild forms of 'trench feet' or 'dugout cramps' so that the medical detachment, of which I was a member, indeed had their work cut out for them.

One of the buildings was fitted out as an infirmary and nearby we established a 'delousing machine', that valuable adjunct of the fighting man's comfort. We would take turns each day tending the fire under the 'machine' and the men of the battalion would bring their 'populated' uniforms and underclothing to us to be 'deloused'.

To add to our comfort there was an observation balloon which had its lair some three-quarters of a mile from the camp that had been making life unbearable for Fritz and as a

result had been a much sought object of the enemy's bombing planes. That we might have a place of protection in the event that these unwelcome visitors dropped any of their 'calling cards' in our midst, we were ordered to dig trenches near the cantonments. These trenches were started but after sinking them a distance of two and a half feet, water was struck which made further progress impossible. So we had the choice in case of an air raid of squatting in a half submerged trench at the risk of drowning or staying out on top and taking our chances of being blown to smithereens!

But these discomforts were more than outweighed by the advantages. In the front lines we only received one hot meal each day. Here we were living like kings on two, and instead of sleeping in watery dugouts we snoozed on straw, 'cootie incubators' as we called it. The Y. M. C. A. also was on the job, having established a canteen where we were able to purchase cookies at the paltry sum of a franc each or chocolate for two francs and a half per bar. This canteen, due to the extreme reasonableness of its prices, was a most popular place since most of the men were well supplied with francs. After standing in line for an hour or more during the canteen's extremely short 'office hours' one was willing, after the counter had been gained, to buy anything regardless of price. Our hopes of getting more money were enhanced by our signing the payroll. However the 'ghost' refused to walk during our stay there.

One morning another man and I from the medical detachment, together with a number of men from the companies, were gathered together and marched away from the camp. Our departure was unceremonious in the extreme, no information being given us as to why we were selected, our destination, or the object of the detail. A soldier, it is said, is

never satisfied with one place longer than a day and so most of us were well pleased to leave the camp. Of one thing we were certain—that we were not going back to the trenches because our route led away from instead of towards No Man's Land.

The detachment was taken in trucks, thereby relieving us of our heavy packs so that the party took on the aspect of a crowd of picnickers off for an outing. A stop was made at a little war-scarred French village where we stocked up with chocolate and whatever edibles were to be purchased in the few stores still doing business. Finally, after a ride of twenty-five miles or more we reached the end of our journey.

This proved to be a small town of four hundred or more inhabitants. Many of its buildings were in partial ruins due to occasional bombardment of German long range cannon or the bombs of aerial raiders. We were billeted among the homes of the simple French folk. Everyone turned out to do honor to *les Américains* and those of the party will always remember their hospitality. Every evening these poor people, many of whose homes had been almost wrecked through the hatred of the Hun, would entertain us royally with feasts of their incomparable home cooking at which there was always plenty of native wine and cider. Nothing was too good for us, their new allies. At one of these *ententes cordiales* an aged Frenchman, his weather beaten face seamed with the rigors of war, stood stiffly at attention while, with upraised flagon, he proposed a toast to America. Most of us who touched his glass that night choked with emotion at this visible sign of the great love and fellowship that bind and will ever continue to cement these two great republics, one to the other.

The next day the real object of our having been selected and sent to the village was vouchsafed us. We were to comprise a raiding party that at some future date was to pay a visit to Fritz in his own home. How we thrilled at the news, for were we not to get at real grips with the Hun! All of us had crouched in trenches near the abode of the Hun, had dodged his missiles for so long, that

we were all anxious to vent our pent-up feelings upon him in the good old Yankee way, hand-to-hand and may the best man win.

As we were all novices at this great game of modern war, none could understand why we were taken so far from the front line when we had been selected for a raiding party. However, we learned that such an expedition must needs be rehearsed much in the same manner as a theatrical performance. Each actor must know well his part so that when the time comes the affair may come off without a hitch. How different in reality from such a thing for we would have no 'coacher' at the critical moment and upon the way in which we learned our 'parts' would not only depend our own safety but also the lives of our comrades and the success of the entire 'production'.

Near the village was a system of trenches that had been dug in exact replica of the system of German trenches that had been chosen as our objective. Our aviators had taken photographs of this system and the model that had been constructed not only was made on a hundred per cent. scale but also contained every dugout we were to visit. Each barbed wire stake was in exactly the same location as those through which we were to crawl, every shell-hole intervening had been plotted and dug. In addition to these, a small creek had been made, which ran between the lines. At this point we would cross No Man's Land.

However, on the first day every effort was made to allow us to relax and forget the object of our expedition. There were eighty-three men all told in the detachment, seventy-nine of whom were enlisted men. The remainder comprised the officers who were to have charge of the raid. Upon the first morning the entire party gathered in a field outside the village and played football and other games. The mess was a distinct change from that to which we had been accustomed. There was plenty for everyone, every man was issued new clothing and shoes, our arms were inspected for any possible defects, and every detail as to every one's health and physical condition was carefully looked into to prevent any one from taking part who at the last moment might cause disaster.

Each morning after we had partaken of breakfast we were transported in trucks some five miles from the village to the place that had been selected as our rehearsal stage. It was a large field having as near as possible all the topographical features of the terrain of the sector in which we were to conduct the raid. To prevent enemy spies from gaining any information regarding the affair the field was chosen at this distance from the village and to make doubly sure a guard was maintained around the spot. The Germans were known to have their secret agents in every village behind our lines and this guard had strict orders to allow no civilians to loiter in the vicinity and to arrest all suspicious trespassers.

After arriving at the field upon the first morning the captain in charge of the raiding party explained to us just what each man was to do, the method of procedure, our action after we had gained the German trenches, and in short, every detail of the expedition. Then every member of the party received individual instruction in his own personal part in the 'show'.

The engineers were to proceed ahead of the infantrymen. Their duty would be to blow up the German barbed wire entanglements by means of torpedoes. Then would come the 'doughboys' who would crawl through the gap thus left, a wire cutting detail rolling up the destroyed entanglements to facilitate the passage. Upon gaining the enemy front line the party would divide into groups, although the men had been previously segregated into these various divisions before leaving our own lines, and would cross No Man's Land in this formation.

The first group consisted of the men armed with the regulation Colt's .45 pistol. These men were to fire upon any of the enemy whom they might encounter, take all prisoners and to beat down, by means of their weapons, any resistance.

Next came the hand grenadiers. These, each with his carrier, had been given charge of destroying any machine gun nests that might have escaped the preparatory barrage, to dispose of any organized enemy resistance,

and to kill any Germans who might have been caught in a cul-de-sac or sap.

The last group comprised the Stokes mortar men and upon this group rested the responsibility of destroying seventeen dugouts by means of the terrible bombs, two of which were carried by each man. The men were to work in pairs. One was to open the door of the dugout, if there was a door, while the other was to throw the bomb into the dugout. Then both would quickly spring to either side of the entrance and await developments. In the event that the first bomb would fail to explode, the operation would be repeated. To give the reader an idea of the havoc that one of these missiles would wreak, let it suffice to say that the bombs were ten inches in length and filled with gun cotton and the deadly T N T. Instead of blowing up a dugout, as is the case with most bombs, these devilish creations had just the reverse effect. The terrific concussion caused by the detonation of such powerful explosives rather caused a dugout to be literally crushed and to cave in.

There was also a detail of ordinary riflemen who would engage the enemy hand-to-hand and dispose of him by the method so hated by the Hun, the bayonet. This completed the party and when one considers the duties of each group, the thoroughness of our training, and the manifest eagerness displayed by all in the enterprise, its failure seemed almost impossible.

Another important part of our drills was that of the signal system to be used. After the raid had been completed and the party had been assembled in the German front line preparatory to returning to our own trenches either a red or a green light would be shown. The red light would indicate that some member of the party had been left behind, in which case we must wait until all were accounted for. The green light would indicate all clear.

Each evening after a hard day's work rehearsing again and again the raid in all of its details we would either hike back to the village or ride back in the trucks. Orders had been given against any member of the party discussing our work, or where we had been.

The general gave us a short talk, concluding his remarks by saying: "If there is one man among you who entertains the idea that he is going into a death trap or to certain death let him give his name to the captain after this conference." At the end of the meeting not one man of the party reported to our commanding officer. We were "all set and rarin' to go."

The next morning we loaded our equipment into the trucks and were taken back to the rest camp where we were immediately besieged with questions by our comrades who were so unfortunate as not to be chosen for the raid, regarding where we had been and what was 'coming off'. But our lips were sealed and we stalked about among them with a most mysterious demeanor, for all the world like dime novel sleuths.

That night we marched to the rendezvous. A battalion from the other brigade of the division was holding the line at the time and they loudly voiced their disapproval of the entire affair stating that it was highly discourteous, that we should wait until they should be present to witness the performance and, which was most important to them, receive the barrage that assuredly would follow such an exploit. A few days previous to this, snow had fallen and it had been planned to issue each man a white suit to render him invisible. However, the snow had melted, so this idea was abandoned. We had rehearsed several times so that the pitchy blackness offered no handicap.

We were assembled in the front line and every man prepared for the 'zero hour'. As a first aid man the captain had at first planned to forbid my comrade and myself carrying arms and instructed us to wear the Red Cross brassard upon our arms. However, this was changed at the last moment so that I wore no distinguishing mark and carried a dozen grenades. Those grenades were a source of great comfort to me for I knew the reputation the Germans bore for respecting first aid men and felt prepared to cope with any emergency.

The engineers at last crawled over the parapet with their torpedoes. The captain, standing at the foot of the short scaling ladder,

his eyes glued to his wrist watch, kept repeating the fateful moments. "Two minutes, one minute and a half, one minute, a half minute—" We crouched ready, our mouths parched, and trembling in every limb, sweat pouring from our bodies and feeling strangely hungry, although we had been served six meals that day. Then at the very last second there came word that the torpedo which had been planted by the engineers had failed to explode. The raid was postponed!

Needless to say everyone of the eighty-three men was deeply chagrined at the fiasco especially at the very last moment for it is a strain on one's nerves to stand waiting in a trench for the signal that sends you over the top and then at the eve of your departure to be halted and told to "come back tomorrow." For such indeed was the case. The artillery, which had been throwing over a heavy barrage preparatory to the intended raid, were informed of the failure and slowly, in order to arouse no suspicion on the part of our enemy, slackened their fire until by the time we had emerged from the trenches early that morning, it had ceased all together.

Out of the trenches we were taken in the trucks back again to the village in which we had been billeted while we had rehearsed. All were weary from the long night of waiting and ample opportunity was given to recuperate for there was no work or details and the entire party spent the day sleeping, only awaking to partake of the bountiful meals which were brought us. However, the next day we played football and engaged in other forms of healthful exercise. As far as we could tell the raid had been indefinitely postponed. But we were soon informed that in all probability we would try again the next week. It was useless to attempt it sooner because Fritz, having at least ordinary intelligence, surely must have realized that 'something was on' on the night of our failure and so would be on the watch for several nights to come.

On the following Monday morning, very early, we went again to the trenches, stopping for a while at a small town near the lines for another meal and that day had two more. It was upon this morning that another regiment

in another brigade of the division was also having a little 'show' of its own farther down the line. I wished to make myself more familiar with the trench system from which we were to make our departure and while in this expedition I came across two men attending a wounded man who was lying in the bottom of the trench. Upon investigating I discovered to my great surprise that the man was Captain Archie Roosevelt, of the Twenty-sixth Infantry regiment. He had been struck by a piece of shell in the arm and I placed the first aid dressing on at once. He was removed to the rear.

To make sure that the engineers would not fail us again, the other raiding party blew the wire for us and so when night fell all was in readiness. This time we would not fail.

About ten thirty o'clock our artillery opened up with one of the most terrific bombardments I have ever witnessed. The air was filled with shells of all sizes and descriptions, moaning and shrieking and whistling on their way over the line to the German trenches. The very atmosphere quivered and pulsed from the continuous roar of their detonations. It was impossible to hear the voice of the man next to you even though he were shouting in your ear. It was a mad moment and I thought as I crouched there against the wall of the trench that it surely would be impossible for any human being to survive that avalanche of steel.

Then our machine guns also added their nerve-racking chatter to the pandemonium, throwing thousands upon thousands of their leaden missiles over the enemy lines or skimming their parapets. It was as if a thousand giants were writing upon mammoth typewriters. The roar raised in pitch until the ears throbbed and the whole body writhed as if in torture from the torment. Our captain, huddled there in the trench with us, told us that if the raid was not a success he would never come back. As I remember him that night, his face as if cast from bronze, every feature set and eyes blazing as if with fire, I know that the man's heart and soul were in the expedition and with us.

Second after second passed until at last the zero hour struck and we were off. Clambering

out of our trenches we ran like mad men across No Man's Land. It seemed as if one's entire body were paralyzed from the neck downwards. One could not feel his feet strike the ground. As we ran, one man unwound a white tape that would guide us on our return journey. Upon gaining the barbed wire entanglements we found that the raiding party that had preceded us together with the terrible fire of the artillery, that had lifted now and was playing like a terrible hose upon the back areas, had smashed them to bits. There were gaps sufficiently large to admit the passage of a three-ton truck so we had no difficulty in going through its coils.

After reaching the first lines, the various groups went about their work systematically and swiftly. The Stokes mortar men ran hither and yon casting their terrible missiles into the seventeen dugouts. The bombers searched diligently together with the riflemen for any of the enemy but there was none about. Either they had retired to their dugouts, where they without a doubt were exterminated like rats in traps, or to their back areas where they were hammered by our barrage.

The party worked back as far as the German third lines and it was here that I witnessed one of the most superb exhibitions of sheer nerve and grit that I ever saw in my experience at the front. Our captain, sitting upon the parapet of that German third-line trench, as calmly as though at home in his favorite lounge, lit with a match a cigarette while waiting for the men to return to the rendezvous.

At the end of about eight minutes every man of the party had returned. There was no retaliatory artillery fire from the enemy. They were simply smothered by our own barrage. A swift count of noses was made to be sure that all were present and then, with the tape to guide us, we made our way back into our own lines. We could not run, we were too exhausted. Not one man of the entire eighty-three would have run that night if a German army corps had been at his heels because we were 'all in' physically. Eight of the party had suffered slight wounds and these were

assisted to our lines by those who had been more fortunate.

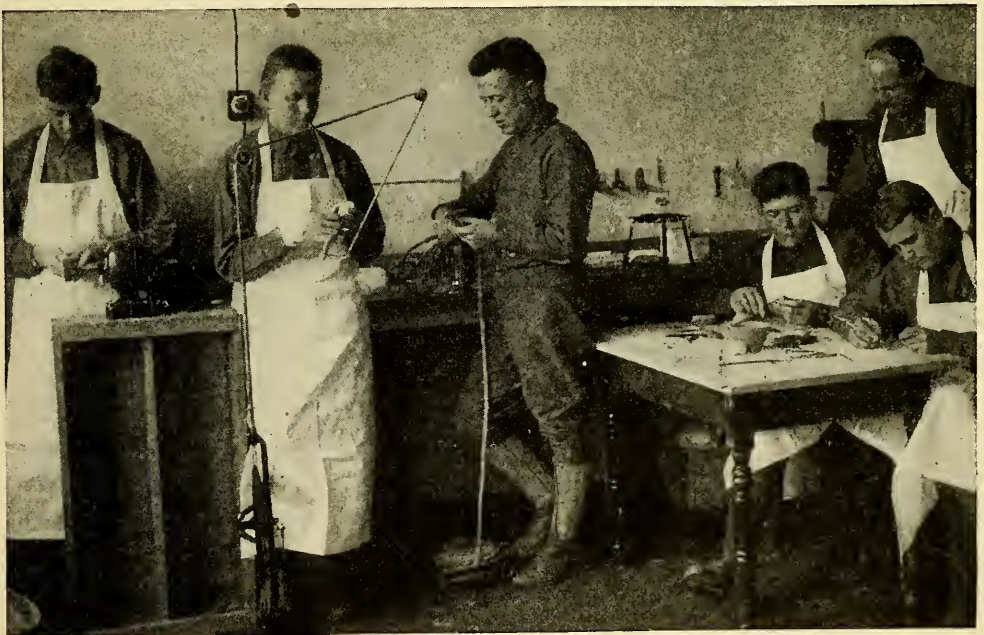
Just as we gained our own front line the enemy artillery began a feeble response and one of the first shells exploded near me, knocking my feet from under me and throwing me to the ground with terrific force. I lay half stunned for a moment and thought I was hit but a hasty examination proved that it was only a 'close one'.

Alas those new uniforms! When we reached the little village near the lines and assembled in the Y. M. C. A. hut located in the second story of a small church we resembled a band of ragamuffins more than a few of Uncle Sam's doughboys. Our clothing was torn, in some cases, almost to shreds; we were covered from head to foot with mud. The German trenches had been so terribly mauled by our artillery that they were deep with mud and when we quitted them two men would stand on the parapet and pull another from its gummy clutches. Our faces, streaked with sweat that

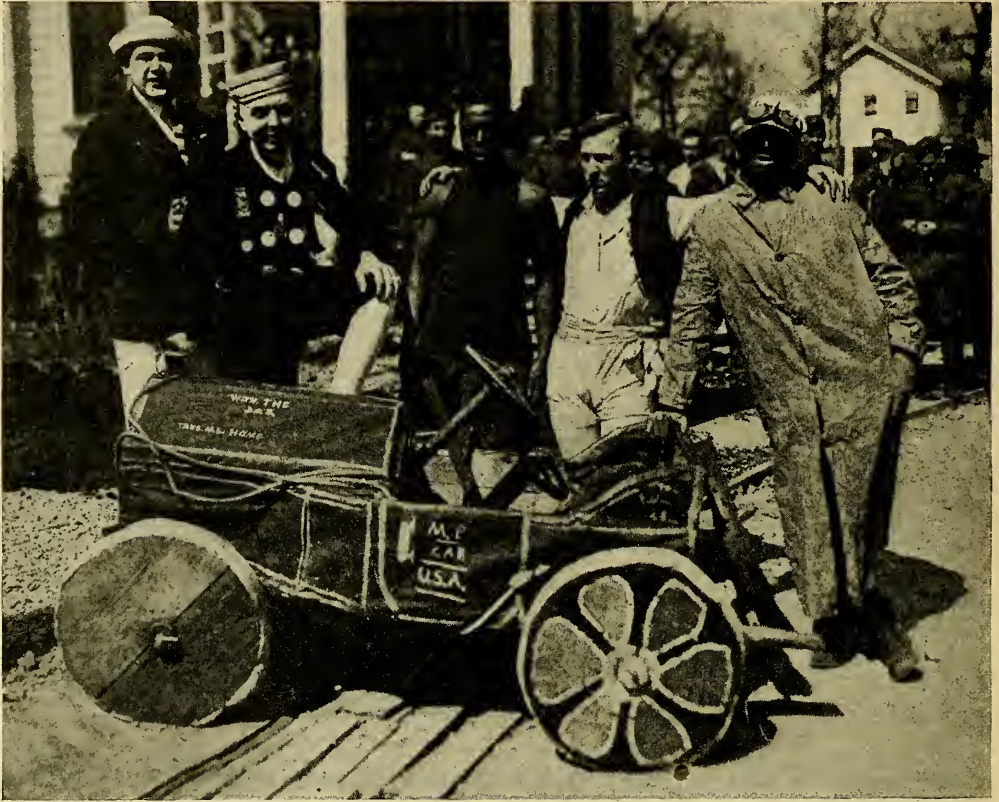
had added a grotesque design to the muddy covering, would almost lead one to believe that we were end men in a home talent minstrel.

And how we ate! No one paid that night, for once. It was all free. There was chocolate and cakes and nuts and 'eats' of every description. Everyone was trying to talk at once but there was a hush as the captain began to speak to us. He asked us how many of us would volunteer to make the party a permanent raiding organization or 'storm troops'. There was a hush and then every man stepped forward, shook the captain by the hand, and swore his affirmation. For a moment the captain choked with emotion, his eyes filled with tears, and his mouth, usually so stern and forbidding, softened. Then he spoke the words that are to be the most memorable of the entire experience:

"Eighty-three good men and true went over and eighty-three good men and true came back."



Mechanical dentistry at Fort McHenry. This work offers excellent opportunities for young men. It can be learned in a few months.



A GROUP OF FORT SHERIDAN PLAYERS

The Fort Sheridan Players

By Edith Sexton

THE U. S. General Hospital No. 28 has a stock company all its own. 'The Fort Sheridan Players' company is composed of wounded soldiers who give performances for their buddies. Not only do they produce the plays but sometimes they write them, too. The opening performance of each play is given in the Red Cross Convalescent House, matinee and evening, then the company goes on tour through the wards. The surgical wards where there are most bed cases are the first to book the attractions. As the players go from one ward to another they are followed by a pro-

cession of wheel-chairs—the Flivver specials.

Ours is a strict business organization with dramatic director, stage manager, electrician, wardrobe mistress, musical director, etc. Owing to operations, passes, discharges, and other minor details, the personnel of our staff is constantly changing, but what of that? The stock company still carries on.

One soldier has a semi-paralyzed leg and he hates to exercise it. But, oh boy, how he can dance! Do you see the moral of it? He dances for the Fort Sheridan Players, enjoys

it a lot, and his ward surgeon says it's an ideal exercise for that bum leg.

This form of recreation is active; the men themselves take part. In that, it differs from the passive form of recreation wherein the man sits still while outside talent performs for his amusement. The soldier likes to see his pals perform and he likes to 'tread the boards' himself. The advantages of dramatic work to the men themselves are many. Public appearance gives the men poise, self-confidence, and ease of manner.

A musical comedy and an international minstrel are now in rehearsal. Stuart Walker's 'Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil' will be given in the near future. Musical numbers (whistling, string quartets, singing, etc.), one-act plays, and vaudeville numbers are taken into the wards.

A piano on wheels will soon be ready for use in the wards. This can be readily moved by one man and as music has an especial appeal to the sick soldier many patients will

have the benefit of this form of entertainment who would otherwise not be able to get to a piano.

At present, an outdoor theatre is being planned; a spot on the bluff overlooking Lake Michigan has been chosen and the landscape gardener on the post is planning out the decorative effects. Tall shrubbery will form the wings and background and a slightly elevated platform with a low terrace of earth will form the stage.

That this is a popular form of recreation is evident, for after every performance, men come to us who wish to join our company. Some have been professional actors before they entered the service, others have taken part in amateur dramatics in high schools and colleges, and others, through their contact with this department, have decided to make the stage their career. Withal this is an excellent curative measure, besides it is giving the men a new outlook.



THE AUDIENCE

Healing the Scars of War

By Felix J. Koch

INCREDIBLE?

Indeed, even to physicians and surgeons who have given the very best part of a long, long life-time to the practice of medicine, many of the results appear almost incredible; so much so, that were the reports any other than the official ones of the United States Government and the patients involved not alive to corroborate the testimony, medical science might be tempted to scoff and sneer at the stories, indeed!

Instead, well, instead, there is the case of gallant young Mr. R., an electrician from Youngstown, Ohio.

R. was one of a group of men who went 'over the top' in the Great War one morning promptly at six. At seven, he was hit by a high explosive which caught twelve of the lot and the next he remembers was finding himself being made ready for medical care. Today, R. shows a hand on which but three fingers remain. He shows a ghastly wound between the toes. He shows the mark of a hurt so near the heart that it is little short of a miracle, even in laymen's eyes, that he lives. All in all, the doctors tell us, the poor fellow had fifty-two separate and distinct hurts! Innumerable bits of foreign bodies are still well within his frame; these are being removed, each in turn, as circumstances permit. But one of these days, Mr. R. will go back to Youngstown, hero of that place, and be able to make a very decent livelihood at some trade adapted to his state.

This is just one of the miracles they are performing every day at the numerous government hospitals with the men who have come back from the war.

Yonder, on another smooth, immaculate cot in the long, long wards, lies young K., from St. Louis.

K. was wounded while in action in the Vosges Mountains. A piece of shell and a high explosive caught him on its way. The man did not suffer very much when hit, he relates. His trials have come now, as he rests in the cast, getting well, when he is so anxious to be out and about. Modestly, when visitors press him, he relates how he was on guard at the time; how he had been in battle, but escaped all unscathed; then, along came this missile; and if you get into his confidence he will show you a gashing big wound in the thigh. How men can survive, how they can be brought back to real, actual life, is one of the marvels the medical history of this war will one of these days have to unfold.

Almost within speaking distance of K. another brave chap named S., from Bryan, Ohio, is confined to what, at first glance, resembles most an old-fashioned New England four-poster bed. To one side of that stout framework a rope is hung; this, in turn, supports an iron frame; in this last the man's injured leg is held in place. It may seem but little, in telling, to say that for two months, and maybe more, that leg must stay exactly in place. You, however, who have been bed-ridden with illness, not even with hurt, may know how irksome it is to just lie in bed *as you choose* a few days. Fancy, though, keeping an exact position for two solid months! Out of that, though, these skilled army doctors will bring another new marvel, the joining anew of the ends of a nerve that was simply shattered apart! Already the patient is feeling the shooting pains that indicate nerve regeneration on its way, and before so very many days . . . , but why repeat the obvious tale of unparalleled success here!

Away back at the start of the story, obviously, there is the wounding of the man on

the battlefields of France. Such a man is treated at once 'over there'; this treatment is continued until it is certain that his injury will not be aggravated by traveling, when he is brought, to his infinite joy, to the United States.

Here he is consigned to a stated army hospital, as army circumstances at the moment may permit.

"Some of these men," the medical captain tells us, "arrive with their wounds only partly healed. Some come with an infection of the bone, which requires an operation, but delaying this until the men arrive here means no harm. Some come with wounds really healed, but with scars causing disability, owing to fixation of the joints, due, often, to an injury to the nerves which cause the muscular action. All these cases require further operation.

"The bone cases alone here would make a long, long story. Where, as so often, there is great infection and the bone is decaying, we take away almost at once the pieces of dead bone. We await this healing before going further; for frequently we must repeat our work several times until all diseased bone is assuredly removed! Where a hopeless bone-infection is present as we occasionally find, we must amputate the bone; but we do this only in cases of actual necessity.

"Operations on dead scars are almost equally extensive. As a scar ages, it grows smaller, and this has its effect on adjacent areas and organs.

"Again there will be cases needing such delicate work as suture of the nerve-tract;



A gashing big wound in the thigh

cases where many a man might wonder just how results will come out.

"Briefly, however, we divide all cases into three principal groups. First, there are the contracting scars, which deform joints or make very bad cases to look upon. Next there come wounds, involving bones, in which there has been lost the shaft of the bone, or where there is still some infection of the bone; cases which are still discharging infection and so require prolonged treatment, since all *sepsis* must be removed before work can go on otherwise. At a given moment we will have perhaps a hundred and fifty of these cases; whereas in the first class there will be fifty. Six of these will have been operated upon. Finally, in the third class fall cases of scars on the face."

Interesting, indeed, in its results, there is the case of Lieutenant J. He was the victim of the explosion of a phosphorus-grenade, which produced a burn between the eyes, but did not affect the sight. The space between the eyes, therefore, was bridged over. Half the side of each eye has a scar extending on, across the nose, and from the eyebrows two-thirds across the nose. Scar-tissue, in this case, has to be removed, and flaps of skin must be taken from the forehead, for use over the eyes. Intricate as all this has been, J., as we write, is very nearly well and ready for discharge. He was, of course, fortunate in that the missile entered the tissue of the eye rather than the ball; and having thus spared his sight added a note of relief that aided his improvement day by day!



Showing two of the fifty-two hurts

The wounded man, sent here from overseas, arrives at the receiving ward and after examination is then sent to the particular ward devoted to his type of disability. Bone-diseases, nerve-injuries, convalescence from pneumonia, thus on and on, the cases are divided.

Just as soon as the patient is established in the ward, the physicians come and find what he requires. It may be operation; it may be manipulation; it may be the dressing of certain wounds.

As needs are discovered, those requiring operations are posted in due turn. Others are put on a waiting list. If a man has a wound which is discharging pus, and also needs an operation for freeing the scar from a joint, they must wait until this pus discharge ceases. This means that it may be a long time until they can get to the condition which causes the disability.

On the other hand, numbers of men arrive at hospitals on this side with their wounds healed and with no disability of any sort, but are sent for final inspection. A list is then taken of these wounds, after which the man is sent to the Hospital for Convalescents, to regain his strength and norm.

Many cases require a very, very great deal done for them. Trouble, for example, comes where the fracture of the bone may be the result of tiny machine-gun bullets. The bones then may be shattered in a dozen places, and yet, had the patient not mentioned it, one might never suspect a hurt. On the other hand, externally a wound may be large and ugly looking, as from shell fragments, whose wounds give an especially wicked look. Great pieces of brass or steel make jagged and irregular tears, putting great holes in the flesh, and yet not injuring the bone. So, too, occasionally the injury to the bone is slight, but infection is very serious.

Sometimes the wound may be so great that proper treatment of the bone-injury cannot be carried out, or there is failure of the fragments of bone to unite; and in each case an operation is required, the chiseling or cutting through the original line of the fracture. With a good bone-saw the surgeons saw a strip long enough to reach past the fractured areas. This strip is then set into the injured bone by sawing a recess for the same; the bone is drilled, and the insertion fastened by tying it in with actual kangaroo-tendon. After that the treatment proceeds as with a new fracture.

These, then, are some of the things men are waiting for in the hospitals until their wounds are clean enough to proceed. Some may get treatment almost immediately. With others, it may take six months before the surgeons may begin permanent repairs.

Whatsoever, all the while Veteran Sammy rests at ease here, for Uncle Sam has promised to keep him, feed him, clothe him, care for him in every wise, 'til he makes him as near the man he was before the war as science can.

Already Uncle Sam has organized great vocational schools to teach Jack Roos a livelihood when he emerges. He has organized Federal employment agencies, in charge of ex-soldiers also, to get Jack a good, paying job.

Bad as it is to be wounded, still, things might be very, very much worse here!

Sammy, down in his heart, knows that the country accounts him a hero and that it will be but for him to ask, when he reaches the home town, and folk will but too gladly obey.

Really, believe it or no, the future looks bright to these wounded soldiers! They are counting the hours 'til they get their discharges, and, meanwhile, as they themselves marvel at the wonders wrought upon them, they also give their thanks and vent their praises of these skilled surgeons of your Uncle Sam!

The Library Service

ALL over this great country, there are thousands of soldiers who have gone through the hospitals or are still under treatment there. There are many disagreeable features of hospital life which they are endeavoring to forget. But there is one memory which most of them will always hold dear. Very few soldier patients will ever forget the kindly, smiling girls who ministered to them during those long days—the nurses, the reconstruction aides, the Red Cross workers, and not least among these, the representatives of the American Library Association. These young ladies with their little wagons loaded with books, periodicals, and newspapers visited every ward in the hospitals every day. Every effort was made to furnish each soldier with the reading matter he desired.

The librarian with her book truck has played a very important role in the reconstruc-

tion hospitals. She helps unconsciously to renew interest in life for the shattered boy. It is unnecessary to defer re-educating a boy until he is completely restored to health. It is a recognized fact that any one will get well more quickly if his mind is occupied and if time to brood over himself and his ailments is curtailed. The curative value of educational work is the most important reason for starting it in the hospitals. The manner in which the physical rehabilitation is combined with the educational is interesting. When certain muscles need strengthening, instead of depending wholly upon massage and the prescribed exercises, a man is put to work at a loom or in an auto repair shop or in other work which will call the muscles into play. He is adding to his knowledge and ability at the same time that he is regaining his strength.



VIEW OF LIBRARY AT CAMP GRANT



LIBRARY AT WORK IN WARDS

To assist at this work the instructors require textbooks; so textbooks have been provided as well as necessary supplementary reading. Thus the man through the library service is often able to find himself and a vocation to which he is most suited.

It is the human interest in it all, of course, that makes the strongest appeal. The opportunities for service are endless, not only for important service to the individual but the future possibilities that open from library service.

Our Shrines

By Major Joseph Bondy

O, Pilgrim, at this lowly shrine
From that far land that once was mine,
Here proud we fought, and here we lie,
We who are dead, yet did not die.

Here with our Country's Flag unfurled
We conquered wrong and saved the world;
Here let no tear bedim the eye
For in your hearts we will not die.

Take back this message to our kin:
"We made no compromise with sin;
We held our Country's Standard high,
We who, though dead, will never die."

News and Exchanges

A CARRY ON ASSOCIATION

I have before me Volume I, Number 7 of CARRY ON. I like the magazine. It has a purpose and it goes straight at it.

Let me tell you what we did in Memphis. We organized a Carry On Association. It is composed of only men who are in some way disabled. If you have but one eye, one leg, or one hand you are eligible to membership. Even if you have lost one finger you can be a member. We have no dues. Our organization is this:

When we meet a man recently crippled we put him in touch with some one who has been crippled in a similar way for a long time and who is doing something. Thus, if a one-legged soldier comes to town and wants to go to work we put him in touch with some one-legged civilian. That one-legged civilian tells the crippled soldier what he did, how he got along, what sort of a job he secured and how he made good.

At one of our meetings we had a man with no hands. He worked in a box factory and made from \$4 to \$6 a day. Recently, I met a returned soldier who had lost his left hand. I got him in touch with a one-armed railway man and now the soldier has a job in one of the freight offices. Sometime ago a young man whose legs had been cut off by a train came in to see me. He had two fine artificial legs. He could walk as good as a man with two natural legs. He got in touch with a firm selling artificial limbs. He is a walking demonstration of the excellence of a certain sort of leg.

Our meetings were inspiring. It was fine to hear blind men, deaf men, and men otherwise maimed tell how they were succeeding in the battle of life. My right to membership is not great. I have only a missing finger.

The president of our organization is Mr. Frank M. Guthrie, now probate judge. Mr. Guthrie lost both of his legs up to his knees when about fifteen years old. He

learned shorthand and typewriting, and became the most expert typewriter in this country. Then he went into politics and became a magistrate. He did a decent business. Sometime ago a one-legged judge of the probate court died and we elected Justice Guthrie, a no-legged judge of the same court. Justice Guthrie is not elected to office because of his disability; he is a man of fine attainments and high character.

In our Carry On work we demonstrated that when blind lead blind splendid results are often accomplished.

Yours truly

C. P. J. MOONEY, *Editor*

Commercial Appeal

WHAT IS RANK ANYHOW?

Rebecca, age eight, was very proud of her father's rank as a First Lieutenant, and grew quite indignant when a neighbor boy called him "Captain."

"I'll have you understand that my daddy is not a captain," she said, "he's a Lieutenant."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," replied the boy, "he is an officer."

"Indeed he is *not* an officer," she protested.

"Yes, dear, a Lieutenant is an officer," interrupted Rebecca's mother.

"Well," persisted Rebecca, still determined to maintain her daddy's dignity at all cost, "he's not *much* of an officer."

THE PROPER REVENGE

Thompson—an enthusiastic golfer—was complaining bitterly to his friend Brown about the bad manners of some of the club members.

"Look at Jones, for instance!" he said. "The ass actually crossed my tee just as I was going to drive. What would you have done if you had been in my place?"

"Well," said Brown, "seeing that he crossed your tee, I would have dotted his eye."

From London Tit-Bits

PUTT! PUTT!

Captain (referring to prisoner): "What is he charged with, Cleary?"

Sergeant Cleary: "I don't know the regular name for it, sir, but I caught him a-flirting in the woods."

Captain: "Ah, that's impersonating an officer."

From Oteen

* * * *

Last night I held a little hand,
So dainty and so neat;
I thought my heart would surely burst,
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand into my soul
Could greater gladness bring
Than that I held last night, which was
Four aces and a king.

From Exchange



I, MYSELF, AND ME—WE THREE

I am the best pal I ever had; I like to be with Me;
I like to sit and tell Myself things confidentially;
I often sit and ask Me if I shouldn't or I should,
And I find that My advice to Me is always pretty good.

From Over There

* * *

NUT SHELLS

A Methodist Centenary speaker at Ohio State University began an address to the students the other morning in this way: "Now, I'm not going to talk very long, but if you get what I'm going to say in your heads you'll have the whole thing in a nutshell."

And he looked surprised when a roar of laughter followed his unintentional slam.

From Columbus Dispatch

MOODY MAJOR

First Recruit: "What do you think of the major, Bill?"

Second Recruit: "He's a changeable kind o' a bloke. Last night I says to 'im, 'Oo goes there?' An' he says, 'Friend! An' today 'e 'ardly knows me."

From West's Recall

AMERICANIZATION CLASS

General Hospital, No. 16, is doing definite work in Americanization by conducting classes in the principles of government for soldiers of foreign birth. The original purpose of this teaching of civics was to give to those men who were not citizens a thorough knowledge of our form of government before they should take out their naturalization papers. Several of such classes were conducted following the course outlined in Monograph No. 33.

Upon the suggestion of Captain Waugh, chief of the Reconstruction Service, the work has been extended to include all men of foreign nationality whether citizens or not. From twenty-five to thirty of these men come every morning to learn more about their adopted country. The fact that these men come voluntarily proves that they are interested. They are given an opportunity to ask questions and many times the class has to run overtime. These men should go to their homes and make better and more useful citizens.

* * * *

Maid to Reconstruction Aide: "You-all ain't one of them there Resurrection Aides, is you?"

From Here and There

ORTHOPEDIC POETRY

The following 'poem' was submitted by a patient who signed himself as a 'flatfooted shoemaker'.

There was a young man in St. Paul
Who was so exceedingly tall
That when he'd lie down
In a bed, the poor clown,
His feet would stick out in the hall.

THE KEEPSAKE

A Red Cross visitor was making his rounds of the soldier patients in a government recuperation hospital (No. 21) when a colored soldier greeted him with, "Say, boss, what is they keeping me here in this hospital for—a souvenir?"

From Judge

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Carry On

**A Magazine on the Reconstruction
of Disabled Soldiers and Sailors**

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The Best Reason for Reconstruction



**Edited by the Office of the Surgeon General, U.S. Army
Published for the Surgeon General by the American Red Cross**

The Creed of the Disabled Soldier

ONCE more to be useful—to see pity in the eyes of my friends replaced with commendation—to work, produce, provide, and to feel that I have a place in the world—seeking no favors and given none—a MAN among MEN in spite of this physical handicap.

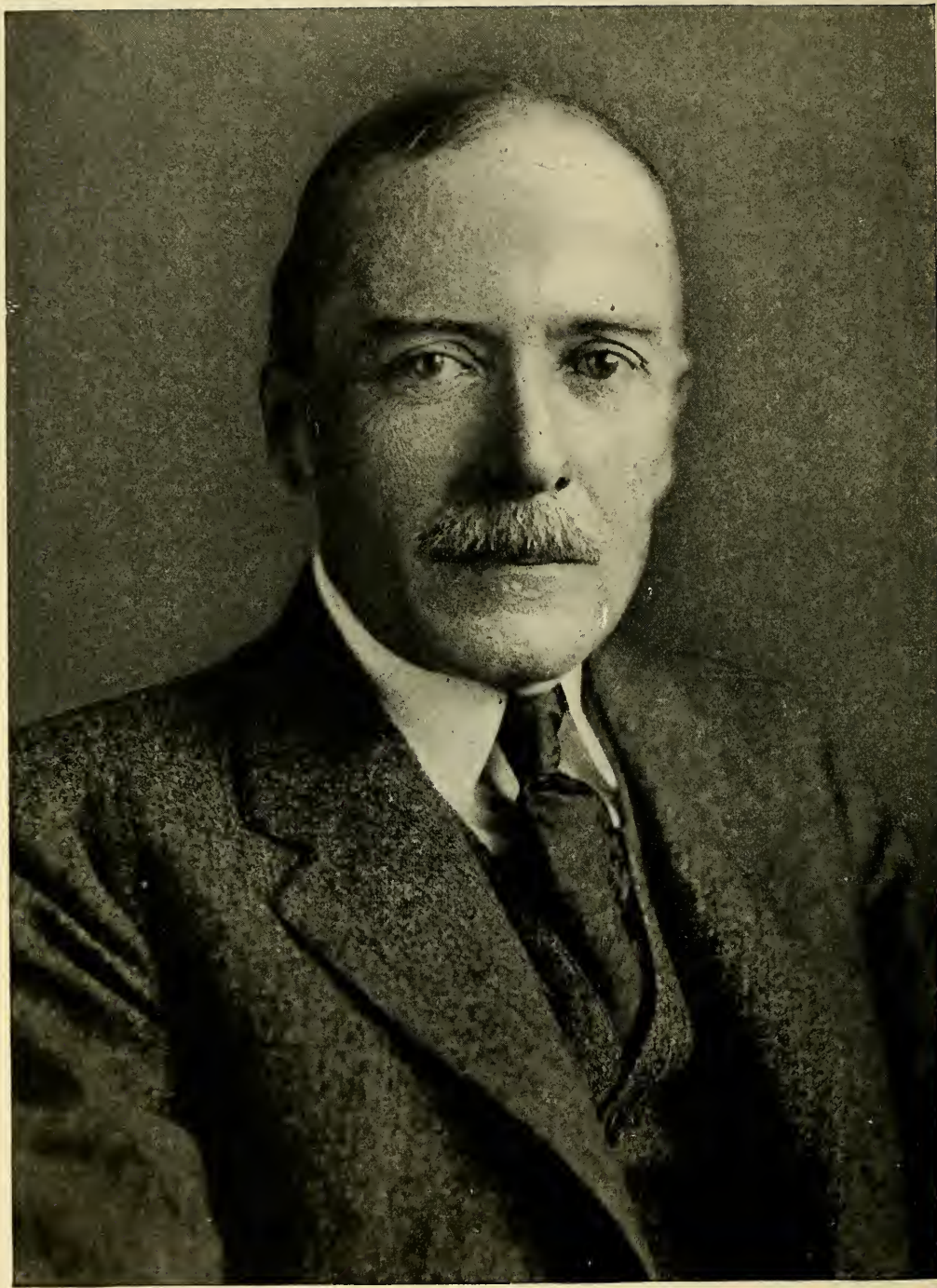


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DR. LIVINGSTON FARRAND, CHAIRMAN CENTRAL COMMITTEE, AMERICAN RED CROSS



KEEPING BUSY HELPS CURE THE MENTAL CONDITION

The Wounded in Mind

By Dr. Thomas W. Salmon

Medical Director, National Committee for Mental Hygiene (Recently Colonel, M. C., U. S. A.)

IN the neuro-psychiatric ward of one of the large army general hospitals is a young soldier from overseas who wears no wound chevron on his right sleeve although the arm covered by it ends at the wrist. He is sad and rarely speaks unless spoken to. If the medical visitor asks how he came to lose his hand he moves his lips without answering. If the question is repeated he replies, with much difficulty in framing the words, that he would rather not say. When pressed in a kindly manner he hesitatingly makes this statement, shame and sorrow mingling in his face: "Well, sir, it was this way. I was in the Argonne forest. I was scared—and homesick—and I blew my hand off with a hand grenade." Unless the visitor has special knowledge of mental diseases and reads the lesson of the sad demeanor and retarded speech he is apt to think that this is only a glimpse of one of the darker sides of war.

If, however, inquiry is made into the history of this patient it is discovered that he was courageously engaged in a charge against a machine gun position when his hand was blown off by the bursting of a shell which killed several of his comrades. The young soldier suffers from a rather common and fortunately extremely recoverable type of mental disease known technically as manic-depressive psychosis because it has phases of excitement and depression that often alternate. The sadness that constitutes the central symptom of the phase of the disease from which this soldier suffers is accompanied by thoughts and delusions in harmony with his emotional mood. Soon, with proper treatment, a change will come about and then if the patient's surroundings are what they should be and his awakening interests skillfully utilized, he will get well. Then his wound will no longer serve only as a

point about which to group delusions of unworthiness characteristic of his disease.

In another hospital there is a lieutenant who won the Distinguished Service Cross. It would be interesting to quote in full the account of the deed for which this award was made but, so strikingly did it stand out in the column of citations in which it appeared in the newspapers, to do so would be more than likely to disclose the patient's identity. This

young officer is suffering from the same mental disease as the man with the amputated hand and he is prevented by his distressing delusions of unworthiness from accepting the medal

that he won on the field of battle. Fortunately he too will recover and the award which now only intensifies morbid feelings of self-deprecation will become a source of pleasure and pride.

In another hospital is a soldier whose brain was pierced by a fragment of bursting shell. Entering his skull, this tiny missile followed a course determined by the innumerable chances that govern the progress and arrest of an object in flight. Had it rested finally in a certain locality it could have been easily extracted through one of the skillful procedures of modern neurological surgery. Had it lodged in another place or passed through different structures it would have given rise to blindness, to local and unimportant paralysis, to paralysis of the entire side of the body, or to alteration of one of the special senses. A combination of certain factors in physics, ballistics, fate, and anatomy of the human central nervous system led to the lodgment of this piece of enemy steel where its presence and

the processes that it set up resulted in grave changes in the young soldier's personality and thus he became a 'mental case'. A bright and sunny nature changed to one in which suspicion and irritability predominated. Memory commenced to show slow impairment and as, unfortunately, there are no surgical or other means of relief the outlook for this soldier is a slow darkening of the mind which in the end will cut him off from communication with this

world and those in it whom he loves. He lost his mind to help us win the war. Throughout his life the minds of others must do for him what his own cannot.

The stories of these three sol-



AWAKENING INTEREST THROUGH GAMES

diers are taken almost at random from those of 3,000 men with mental diseases (some recoverable and some not) who have been returned from the A. E. F. What are we doing for men suffering from invisible wounds such as these?

Thanks to the mental examination of recruits in the camps in the United States, the rate for mental diseases in the A. E. F. was the lowest in the history of any expeditionary force. This means, for one thing, that the task of caring for the soldiers who came back to us with mental diseases is not *numerically* a formidable one. There are as many new cases of mental disease admitted every year to the Boston Psychopathic Hospital, where they receive skillful individualized treatment, as have been returned from France.

From the earliest period of preparation for war the Surgeon General of the Army has stood strongly upon the principle that the resources at his disposal were for the benefit of the mentally ill as well as those afflicted with

other illnesses or the injured. The ignorant and cruel idea that if the brain happens to be the seat of disease or injury the patient is outside the fields of medicine and nursing found no place in the army's conception of duty. When the base hospitals at cantonments were built neuro-psychiatric wards of the most modern design were provided. Through these wards, staffed by specialists in this branch of medicine and by nurses and enlisted men who had received training in the care of mental and nervous cases, passed no less than 30,000 soldiers with mental illness. In these cases the problem faced was a relatively simple one for many of the patients had had mental disease before their admission to the army and it was desirable after a period of emergency care to place them in the hands of their friends or in suitable hospitals in their own states.

A different problem was presented by mental cases among the soldiers returning from France. These, it must be borne in mind, originated among a highly picked body of men and it is apparent not only from this fact but from the symptoms that many of them present that the disease is due or is aggravated by the conditions of active warfare. The hospitals of the army of occupation had hardly been established before psychiatric wards were in active operation at Coblenz and Treves and physicians, women nurses, and occupation instructors were ready to receive mental cases. In the various 'collecting stations' and in the big special neuro-psychiatric hospital at Savenay, every attempt was made to continue treatment and encourage a healthful attitude toward their disease in the soldiers awaiting transportation to the United States. At home psychiatric departments have been provided in all large general and base hospitals receiving overseas cases. Special wards and in one instance a special hospital have been provided at ports of debarkation. With the closing of larger general hospitals it was found advisable to concentrate the care of overseas soldiers in one large psychiatric hospital—General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Virginia. Here in the National Soldiers' Home that has been taken

over entirely there is being developed under the hands of some of the best trained men in this branch of medicine a modern hospital for the treatment of mental diseases, with all that that implies. Patients arriving at Newport News are admitted within a few hours after their ship has dropped anchor, and those arriving at the Port of New York reach Hampton within a day or two.

Careful examinations to determine not only the type of disease but the precise situation that has brought it into existence, attention to physical requirements, psycho-therapy, the use of occupation and diversion with special reference to the needs of individuals and outlining future care including vocational education all form part of the work of this institution. More important than any of these, except perhaps scientific diagnosis, is the spirit of understanding, sympathy, and hopefulness which officers and men alike are attempting to create in every room and ward of this great special hospital. Restraint, confinement in rooms, the employment of bars, idleness, or any other factor which will tend to degrade or humiliate patients whose illness happens to be in a field little understood and so often wrongly judged is not permitted to find a place in this hospital.

Many of the mental cases now being received have nearly recovered in France and will entirely recover at General Hospital No. 43. Just how large this percentage is cannot be determined but it seems likely that more than half of all patients admitted can be discharged, after a period of treatment, to their own homes. A close liaison has been established with the U. S. Public Health Service for the continued care of others. This medical service of the Government is to provide the hospitalization to which the War Risk Insurance Act entitles each discharged soldier requiring it. The Public Health Service has made arrangements with those state hospitals that reach a sufficiently high standard of excellence in the various states to provide continued care for uncured cases at the expense of the Government. Rigid inspection will make it possible to supervise this care.



MENTAL CASES IN CARPENTER SHOP

It is necessary that everyone to whose attention such cases may come should bring them to the notice of the nearest representative of the United States Public Health Service. In most instances this can be done through the agency of the American Red Cross which is undertaking to provide after-care and psychiatric social service for men already discharged from the military service. Unfortunately a curious survival of the old feeling that mental diseases in some way carry with them a stigma unknown in other types of disorders often leads the relatives of patients and others to refrain from seeking treatment for them. In many other instances the situation and its remedy are obscured by applying the term 'shell shock' to mental diseases. Those who fall into either of these errors fail in their duty toward patients whose own judgment is often incapable of securing for them the treatment they urgently need, and who, therefore, are dependent upon the judgment of others. 'Shell shock', as is now becoming pretty well known, is a term correctly applied to only a very small percentage of the abnormal nervous conditions arising in battle. It was used very little in the A. E. F. after the first few months, the names

of the various neuroses being employed instead to designate the functional nervous diseases of war. It may seem to the mother or wife of a soldier with mental disease that something is gained by substituting this term for one which properly describes the mental illness from which the patient suffers. There are even physicians who from mistaken kindness have encouraged this form of self-deception. It should not take much reflection, however, to convince one that such an evasion is apt to be extremely harmful to the patient by deferring the kind of treatment that he so urgently requires and giving rise in the end to disappointment and chagrin. The functional nervous diseases which in the A. E. F. were called 'war neuroses' constitute quite a different problem in military medicine and reconstruction.

Its difficulties have not caused the army to evade the problem of the soldier with mental disease. If the community, his friends and relatives and the soldier himself contribute the kind of aid needed and maintain the proper attitude it will not be said of this war as it could well be of others that the most serious kind of diseases received the least efficient care.

Help Us Help You

By Captain Arthur H. Samuels

AMERICA would present a sorry spectacle, if at the very consummation of victory she forgot her pledges to the men who brought her peace at any price—the price of body. Much more to be pitied than the wounded men themselves would be the men and women who would allow their promises of support to fall empty because the tumult of arms has ceased.

The people of the United States will stand *with* you and *by* you. It is a small obligation for them to meet. But it can come only with your help.

Getting back to your job is not a sentimental journey. It is over a hard, practical road and there will be no pitfalls unless you yourself dig them.

I recall Weber and Fields some years ago in one of their close-up conversations:

"I bought one of them Whitely exercisers,"

said Weber, "but it ain't done me no good."

"Maybe you ain't used it," Fields suggested.

"Oh, do you have to do that?"

All of the opportunities—public and private—that may be offered to you are utterly worthless unless you *use* them.

Do not, however, lose sight of the fact that you will receive only what you honestly want and go after; and that the support you get depends entirely on the support you are willing to give to *yourself*.

At the beginning of our part in the war, those of us who started this little magazine were told that 'Carry On' as a name would not be understood in this country. We thought it would. We adopted it; and it persisted.

Today it is your watchword—and ours. Hang on to it. Stand by it. Think it; live it. Make it carry you on and on and on.

To Our Disabled Soldiers

By Charles Hanson Towne

THE other day I saw the traffic on Fifth Avenue held up while two wounded soldiers safely crossed the street.

It was a wonderful sight. No one minded the delay in the least—indeed, the people in their taxis and limousines seemed proud that thus, for a brief interval, they could show these men how glad they were to wait for them as they slowly hobbled over the pavement.

But as I watched the men, I thought how easy it is to pay tribute to a wounded soldier—while he is still wearing his uniform. For the uniform is a symbol, a mark of his fighting and sacrifice. A limp arm in khaki—ah! how

noble it looks! But when our men drift back to civilians' clothing, and peace is signed, and the old level days return, the temptation comes to forget what our boys did for us through long hours of peril and pain.

If we see a man then with one leg and a crutch, will we give him only a passing thought, and say, "Poor fellow! perhaps he was in a railroad accident!"—and fail to remember Chateau Thierry, the Argonne, and all those splendid battlegrounds where civilization was saved?

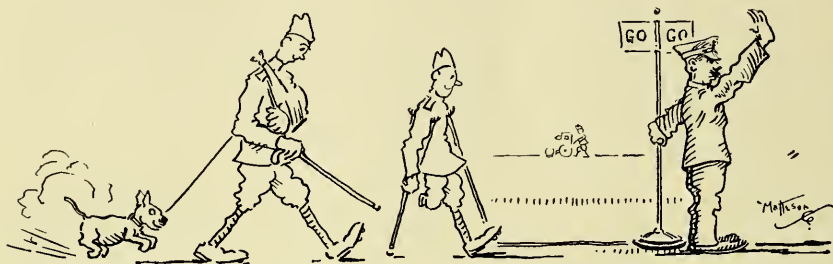
No! America will never forget! We will recall the agony and the fire, and pass on to

our sons the great story of those terrible days when the world lay almost—but not quite—under the heel of the Hun.

Each of your hearts was a torch; and we who could not fight took some spark from your

flame to light us on our way when the earth looked black indeed.

You saved the world—you saved Democracy. And America, the greatest of all democracies, can never forget.



THEY HAVE EARNED THE RIGHT OF WAY

Concerning Soldiers and Art

By Helen L. Slack

PERHAPS the most important plan for future civilization which has come from those busy brains in Washington is the teaching of art to wounded soldiers. If the world has given the young American the reputation of being matter-of-fact, money-making, materialistic in his philosophy of life, then Uncle Sam has devised a way of proving his true character quite the opposite. Throughout his antebellum days, the American soldier found himself restricted as to time for artistic delights, incapable of releasing himself from the servitude of masters who kept his nose in a book, or business managers who insisted that he exclude all ideas not directly pertaining to his job. However, after journeying through that country best loved by artists and going on the most idealistic of missions, it took only a few weeks of idleness in a camp hospital to make him express his soul in some handicraft that was truly beautiful.

In Ward X, Base Hospital, Camp Dix, there were rows and rows of white beds, each occupied by a sick boy who had given some part of his flesh and blood for France. There

was Davis, with almost half of his face shot off, painting red roses on a black enameled stool. When visitors looked at him, pityingly, he laughed out of the good side of his mouth and answered them that he was "a handsome guy, once." The boys told of how they had taken him for dead over there, of how the trench was partly dug for him, when he suddenly breathed. They made a rough stretcher and carried him to the nearest hospital, where he was worked over many hours until he revived. He himself never referred to the uncanny incident, but was happy and contented in the present, with paint-brush and saw and scraps of wood.

Next to him was Hoymer, who lay for months and months on his back, one foot stretched in a steel frame, his arm scarred with shrapnel wounds. His bed was very gay. Two paper roses adorned its head and at the foot a half-finished loom kept close company with a bottle of Dakin's solution. He waved a shuttle of pink silk in the air, as he wildly discussed the subject of hand-loom weaving with Davis. The latter was trying to persuade him

that no tapestries in the world could equal the Gobelin ones. He had seen those chaps working on them in the little studios over there, hour after hour, day after day, sometimes weaving an entire story like that of St. Bernard, or Joan of Arc. Hoymer, however, would not concede that anything was ahead of those which hung in the hospital in Paris, which he gazed on while waiting for his arm to be temporarily set. To prove his side, he drew forth from the bottom of his barracks bag some very crumpled but highly cherished post cards. To close the argument, he said, "Why, man, the brown and green they used was just like the mignonette in my grandmother's garden." He whistled a while as though remembering some happy moment of his boyhood, then reached for his loom to weave another little motive in the design already intricate.

Across the aisle from him was Mariano, a typical young American of the sort that is fully so in spirit, if not in much else just yet. His crutches were by his side, for his leg had one of those wounds that persist in staying open many, many months. He was making a basket of the sort used commonly in the old country, but appreciated here as something unusual. It was rarely beautiful in its curve and as strong as one could wish. His eyes were on a little red-covered book entitled 'English for Foreigners' and one could see by the expression on his face that he could hardly wait for the time when 'Miss Bluebird', as they called the aide, could stop and teach him a few more words. He and Georgiapulis, a young Apollo straight from Greece, were never quite able to settle which country had given the most to civilization, Italy with her Renaissance painters of holy Madonnas, or Greece with the miraculous sculptors of ancient times. Sometimes, Larsen, the young Swede who used to lead them all in gymnastic exercises would chime in to say that his country gave something too, for it taught the other peoples how to do wonderful work in wood. As a silent testimony, he held in his hands a pair of book ends designed with strangely twisted trees and carved with the greatest care.

Once a young college girl visited the base hospital with two baskets of home-made cookies. As she looked about, she remarked on the barren appearance of the ward, due she believed to the lack of wall pictures. On reaching her house, she rummaged in the attic until she found several charming pictures which she sent down to brighten the corner, so to speak, for the wounded heroes. The boys were delighted. The subjects were simple ones, of wood and cloud and stream, bits of the good out-doors they had not seen for months. One boy, whose back was covered with scars, sat propped on his pillows a whole day mounting them on soft brown mats. "Who painted that one?" he asked, pointing to a bit of the Barbizon country. When the aide told him it was by Monet, he said, "How do you spell it, sister?" He repeated it once or twice to himself, then he said, "Do you know, that looks just like the little stream where I used to catch sun-fish when I was a boy. When I get out of here, I'm going to find out from that fellow



WITH PAINT BRUSH AND SAW AND
SCRAPS OF WOOD

how he did it and then I'll show you something." As a preliminary step he began sketching his memory of the scene on a K. of C. envelope. If the technique was a bit faulty, the spirit and dash was irreproachable.

One of the most interesting characters in the ward was a cowboy from Montana whom the others called 'The Walrus'. The boys all loved him. They called him 'white' because he had taken off his own gas mask and put it on the head of a wounded comrade, trusting only in luck to escape the cloud of gas. He was too big in physique for a hospital bed, his head spilled off one end, his feet off the other, but nothing ever affected his good nature. When Miss Bluebird asked him what he would prefer for his bedside occupation, he surprised her somewhat by saying, "I'd like to paint one of those little silk bags for my girl back home." So he took his little wood-block, carved it

with his jack-knife, then asked for a palette on which to mix his colors. He laughed to himself as he squeezed out the tubes and said, "Honest, sister, I never expected to have one of these here palette machines on my clumsy hand." When the whole thing was finished, he fingered the silk almost lovingly and murmured, "I wonder if she'll believe I did it." The aide smiled reassuringly as she placed it over the radiator to dry.

Sometimes, when the smell of ether was strong in the ward, and some sick 'pal' was rolled in from the operating room for the fourth or fifth time, there would come a gloom over the boys. Then they would turn to Ray. Ray worked on unflaggingly, rain or shine. He used to be the one most tense with pain when he first came from the boat, but a small chain of beads had solved the problem. He could count them and forget. He could weave



I WONDER IF SHE'LL BELIEVE I DID IT!

them in shapes of flower and leaf and slowly relax so that Nature could the easier work her miracle of healing. His right hand was shot through and through with holes but that could not keep him from commandeering the left.

The boys are constantly changing in Ward X, some are getting well and going home, others are planning on college courses which shall put them on a higher plane in spite of their disability. However, they are much the

same. They tool the leather, carve the wood or paint the poster, to the same old tune of 'Smile the While'. They have suffered everything, but voluntarily they are bringing their minds back to the natural state where they think on the things that are beautiful. Art is a long road but it is indeed a primrose way and the feet of these lame walk gladly therein. It may be that the boys like Hoymer and Ray and Mariano will be in the end the leaven to lighten the whole lump.

An Open Letter

From Rupert Hughes

WHEN the founders of our nation wrote that "All men are created free and equal," they were not blind to the fact that certain men were taller than others, fatter, leaner, wiser, stronger, lighter, or darker. And they realized that being free did not mean that freedom would never have to be fought for.

Yet they meant what they said and this latest greatest war saved their glorious doctrine from ruin.

The war left you injured men neither free nor equal in a certain sense. You suffered wounds, diseases, disablements, that hamper your freedom and your equality. But the war also gave you a wonderful superiority to the countless citizens who have no memories of battles to revel in, no wounds to point to as medals of distinction, no proof at all that they rallied to the defense of mankind.

You have come home, many of you, feeling perhaps that you are "rich only in great hurts," as Shakespeare said. But you are rich in more than hurts: You are rich in pride in the everlasting test of your mettle. You fought like tigers; you endured your wounds like patient martyrs; and you have established a record for American manhood that has never been and never can be surpassed.

The courage that sustained you in the battle

and in the worse hells before and after battle, will sustain you in the purgatory of everyday life.

They say that republics are ungrateful. You will have occasion to say that they are forgetful. But people do not mean to forget. They are simply busy. They can spare only a little time from their jobs, their families, and their ambitions for celebrating other men's achievements. And every man, woman, and child of us has his own disablements of one kind or another, the richest, strongest-seeming and happiest-looking.

You will not expect to be greeted with cheers everywhere you go. Your rescue from a feeling that other people neglect you is to take care not to neglect yourselves. Get busy!

Life is a battle for bread and butter and comfort. You have shown that you are not afraid of anything. You will not show the white feather before the new problems. Having proved to the world that you are unconquerable in war you will show that you are unconquerable in peace.

We who are unwounded carry a great wound in our hearts. We envy you. Do not envy us. Do not let your courage fail you, nor your handicaps whip you. To quote Shakespeare again, "Disable not thyself!"

Recreation in Hospitals

By Elbert K. Fretwell

Director of Recreation in Hospitals, Department of Military Relief, American Red Cross



BETWEEN the acts of 'Eyes Right' given by the soldiers, sponsored by the Red Cross, at Fort Bayard, April 28, 1919, Lieut.-Col. Rockhill stated the central idea of the recreation program of the Surgeon General's Office and the Red Cross. Speaking to the hospital audience he said: "It is better to do things for yourself than to have others do them for you."

This recreation program for hospitals, drawn up about the time the armistice was signed, recognized that while such passive entertainment as theatrical shows, moving pictures, concerts, boxing bouts, phonographs, player pianos, baseball games, and auto rides was necessary, yet even for these sick and wounded soldiers, sailors, and marines, the real success of the program finally depended on getting the patients to provide recreation for themselves and for their fellows. "Out of the grandstand and into the game" has been a kind of slogan for the corps of recreational leaders.

Self-activity is necessary if the patient is to stimulate his own initiative and spirit of co-operation. At Fort McHenry and Walter Reed the one-armed baseball teams defeated their opponents—two-armed teams that played with one arm tied behind their backs. At Fort Des Moines Field Day, June 17, there was a hot game between the one-armed and the one-legged team. At the Memorial Day

Field Day at U. S. General Hospital No. 3 at Colonia, N. J., there was a one-legged foot-ball game. The contestants, a baker's dozen to a side, lined up on opposite sides of a net, stretched taut, but several feet higher than a tennis net. A half dozen Soccer foot-balls were given to one side for the 'kick-off'. The idea was to kick the ball over the net, and so far over the net that the other side would have to hop fast to get the balls in position for the return kick. A ball kicked over the net counted a point, and twenty-one points was the game. At this same meet there was 'The Amputation Walk' wherein the artificial leg men lined up and one by one did this stunt: Walk along a wooden rail shaped like a rail in a railway track and no broader, over two inverted V-shaped obstacles about the height of a curb-stone, bend and pick up a stone. The contestant who did this in the shortest time won. Then there was this contest for one-armed men: Four men sat side by side and at command loosened their leg wraps, took off a shoe, then put it on again and tied the leg wraps. The best time was just three minutes—and any two-armed man who is in uniform knows that's fast. It was amazing to observe how deftly and quickly the contestants worked. Following this there were crutch races, wheel-chair potato-races, wheel-chair fifty-yard dashes. At Camp Custer they have had wheel-chair drills, at Fort Sheridan decorated wheel-chair parades. It is a matter of regret that the wheel-chair pool players at Cooper-Monatah were never able to contest their skill with the one-armed pool shooters at Walter Reed. The legless croquet team at McPherson claim they can lick any hospital team of their kind in all U. S. A. The idea of getting in the game prevails.

In the baseball game of the one-armed vs.



OUT!

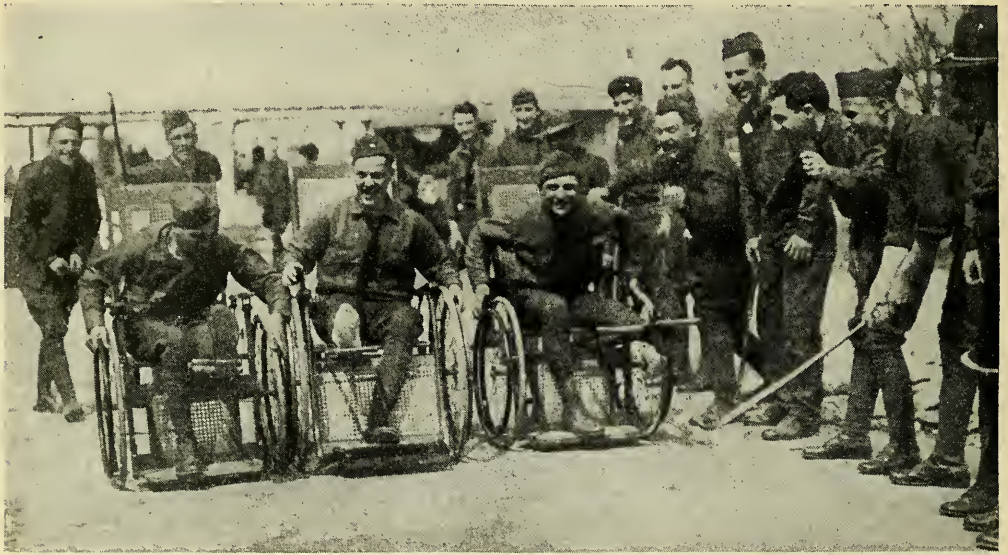
the one-legged at Fort Des Moines a player yelled: "Gee, I'm glad I can still swat the old pill." This boy doesn't want some misguided soul to say: "O my dear boy, you've lost a leg, have a chocolate." He's a regular human being, a little 'busted up' as he would say, but with spirit even more dauntless than before he set out for the Rhine.

Certainly every game that was ever devised in any gymnasium, on any playground or athletic field can be found in some hospital. Camp Pike has baseball, basket-ball, volley ball, dodge, push, medicine ball, tennis, boxing, wrestling, croquet, rope-whipping, knot-tying, signaling, modified military drill, map drawing, prisoners base, quoits, horse-shoes, sack, potato, and three-legged races. (The successful athletic director is the one who can modify these games and sports so cripples can play). Oteen has had twenty volley ball games in one day.

Athletics, however, is only one phase of the active recreation program. Community singing, under regular leaders, has been a part of the life of practically every hospital—singing

before the regular shows in the convalescent houses, singing between reels at the moving picture shows, singing in the wards. Camp Jackson has a glee club, hospital quartet and a minstrel club. They gave eight concerts during the Victory Loan Campaign. Camp Pike has had competitive singing between groups from different states. The singing in the two big debarkation hospitals in New York, Greenhuts and Grand Central Palace, has been better than one could dream of being possible.

Nowhere has the singing been more necessary than among the psychopaths. At the Messiah Home Hospital in New York one observer says: "I visit this hospital regularly but never before have I witnessed such a transformation in the patients as I did last week. There were 130 present in the mess-hall where the 'sing' was held. Some came in weeping, one particularly seemed thoroughly grief-stricken. One kept kneeling in front of a dummy window, evidently thinking it was a High Altar. All were in a highly nervous state, but the moment the 'sing' began, all



CHARIOT RACE UP TO DATE

tears stopped. The poor chap kneeling in front of the imaginary altar sprang to his feet and joined the bunch singing heartily. In about five minutes a complete transformation had taken place in the whole crowd and everybody was singing with a real zest. It was the rollicking peppy camp songs that "did the trick." Music has helped the psychopaths. One of the psychopathic wards at Fort Benjamin Harrison had been noisy at night. The Red Cross Field Director supplied a banjo for an especially restless and sleepless colored patient. All day he strummed and crooned to it. It was necessary to take it away from him in order to get him to eat or to go to bed. But he slept that night and the ward was quiet.

Music and morale go together but dramatics and 'Stunt Nights' are also important. In the hospital at Camp Sherman a leading part in a play produced by the Red Cross dramatic director was played by a patient in a wheelchair. At this same camp such plays as 'The Zone Police' by Richard Harding Davis, 'Food' by de Mille, 'Cupid in Khaki' by Booth have been produced. At Camp Lewis the performers in 'Stunt Nights' became so successful that under the name of the 'Camp

Lewis Players' they are now on the road professionally. Fort Riley has had a great circus with many of the acts in the sawdust arena put on by patients. The theatrical entertainment, however, has not been limited to what the men themselves could produce. The professional actors have been generous in their contribution.

More omnipresent than anything else have been the moving pictures. Movies in the houses of all welfare organizations in the hospital zones, movies in the wards, even movies on the ceilings for bed patients. There has been an endless variety of entertainment. There has not been a 'dark night' in the Red Cross auditorium in the hospital at Camp Stewart in five months.

Perhaps the greatest single service to the Recreation Program of the Surgeon General's Office and the Red Cross has been rendered by the American Library Association. They have provided libraries in every Red Cross convalescent house and with their trained librarians have made reading not only possible but attractive to every patient and corps man, aides, nurses, and officers.

The program of recreation was worked out jointly by the Surgeon General's Office and

the Department of Military Relief of the Red Cross and has been carried on in Reconstruction Hospitals under the supervision of the Chief of the Educational Service. The Red Cross, the K. of C., the 'Y', and the J. W. B. have contributed generously and have assisted in making this endeavor a success.

It is an expression of the desire of the American people to provide everything that is practicable in the way of reconstructive recreation for our sick and wounded soldiers, sailors, and marines—our own men who for their Country stood ready to give if necessary their last full measure of devotion.



MOTION PICTURES THROWN ON THE CEILING FOR PATIENTS

CARRY ON

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Editorials

The Last Issue

THIS number will be the last issue of CARRY ON—at least the last issue under its present editorial staff. Colonel Billings and Lieutenant Vaughn have already received their honorable discharges. The editor expects to be back in 'mufti' by the time this number appears.

Competent medical officers with long years of service have been selected by the Surgeon General to continue to direct the work of reconstruction of the disabled soldiers. Many of the officers and enlisted men, nurses and aides who have been conducting the work in the hospitals will remain in that service until the promise of the War Department to the disabled soldiers is fulfilled, namely, maximum restoration for all. But it is questionable whether the reduced force will be able to continue the publication of CARRY ON.

That this magazine has fulfilled a great mission is testified to by the thousands of letters which have been received from the disabled soldiers, from their friends and relatives, and from many disabled civilians. Just today a letter came from a man saying: "Five years ago I lost both legs. I thought I was done for

for good! I haven't made much effort until lately. Your little magazine has been a great help to me and I am beginning to make progress."

General Munson, Chief of the Morale Division of the General Staff recently said that CARRY ON had helped the folks at home to help the disabled soldiers to get well, that it had become a great morale agency among our people.

We feel that it has not only been of some benefit to the soldiers but it has helped to awaken the people of the country to our neglectful attitude toward the hundreds of thousands of disabled men and women constantly in our midst. Today great national organizations, both medical and lay, several state legislatures and the Federal Government are carefully considering this problem—the best means of preventing disabilities and, when they do occur, the best methods of rehabilitating the disabled. This problem among the soldiers has caused us to see the light.

Every one of the millions who have contributed to the American Red Cross have helped to make possible the publication of this magazine. You have had a definite part in its accomplishments. Has it completed its mission?

Even though this is the last issue of CARRY ON as a Surgeon General's publication surely that powerful agency of the people, the American Red Cross, will devise some means of continuing this propaganda—the reclamation of disabled men, lest we forget.

The greatest force for morale is appreciation—deep, genuine appreciation. To be effective, however, it must take a substantial form.

* * * *

To the Editor:

I have been intensely proud of my position as a member of the Advisory Board of CARRY ON. It has in some way brought me into a certain intimate contact in a spiritual way with every wounded soldier who has come within my view. With two sons in the service at the time of the armistice I have always felt that every boy in uniform belonged to me, and

whenever a regiment has passed by me all the men in the entire command have personalized themselves as sons of mine. The men who have suffered from wounds in battle have won for themselves and their families an imperishable renown, and it gives me a new sense of pride and exaltation when I see these wounded men with their unconquerable spirits rising above physical wounds and making themselves still, each for himself, the master of his own fate. The country is going to hold these men always in its heart of hearts as among its most precious possessions, and the feeling of reciprocal love between the nation and its wounded heroes will increase in proportion just as these men make themselves useful and inspiring as leaders, each in his own walk of life.

SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH
*President, Carnegie Institute
Pittsburgh, Pa.*

A Promise

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS is spoken of as the Greatest Mother to the American Soldier and Sailor. No prouder mother ever lived than she when contemplating the spirit of service, the unselfishness, the manhood, and the prowess of her millions of sons.

And after we had been in the war awhile and our soldiers began to be disabled by sickness and disease and then later they began to return with the frightful disabilities of war wounds this mother's heart was filled with sadness and she yearned to shower pity upon these disabled soldiers. But the stoicism, the cheerfulness of most of the sufferers, the grit and determination to make good once more in spite of the handicaps, revealed a new side to the character of the American soldier and the grief of our people was turned to pride and joy. They realized that these disabled men were not down and out, were not seeking a soft berth and charity in the form of being kept for the rest of their lives by the Government, but were only asking a chance to be physically restored as far as possible and retrained for new work whenever that was necessary.

Over there the Red Cross was your friend.

It was the friend of the soldiers over here. And it was the friend, helper, and comforter of the soldiers' families while they were away from home. Today and for years to come the American Red Cross stands ready to be your friend and counsellor. You men who are fighting to overcome the handicaps the result of the war will find in every community a Red Cross committee anxious to be of service to you in any way.

This message is a promise—a promise from that mother of all soldiers—the American Red Cross. She is proud of you, of your spunk and determination to do it yourself, but if you ever need her she is waiting with open arms to give you the aid, the incentive, the comfort that you crave.

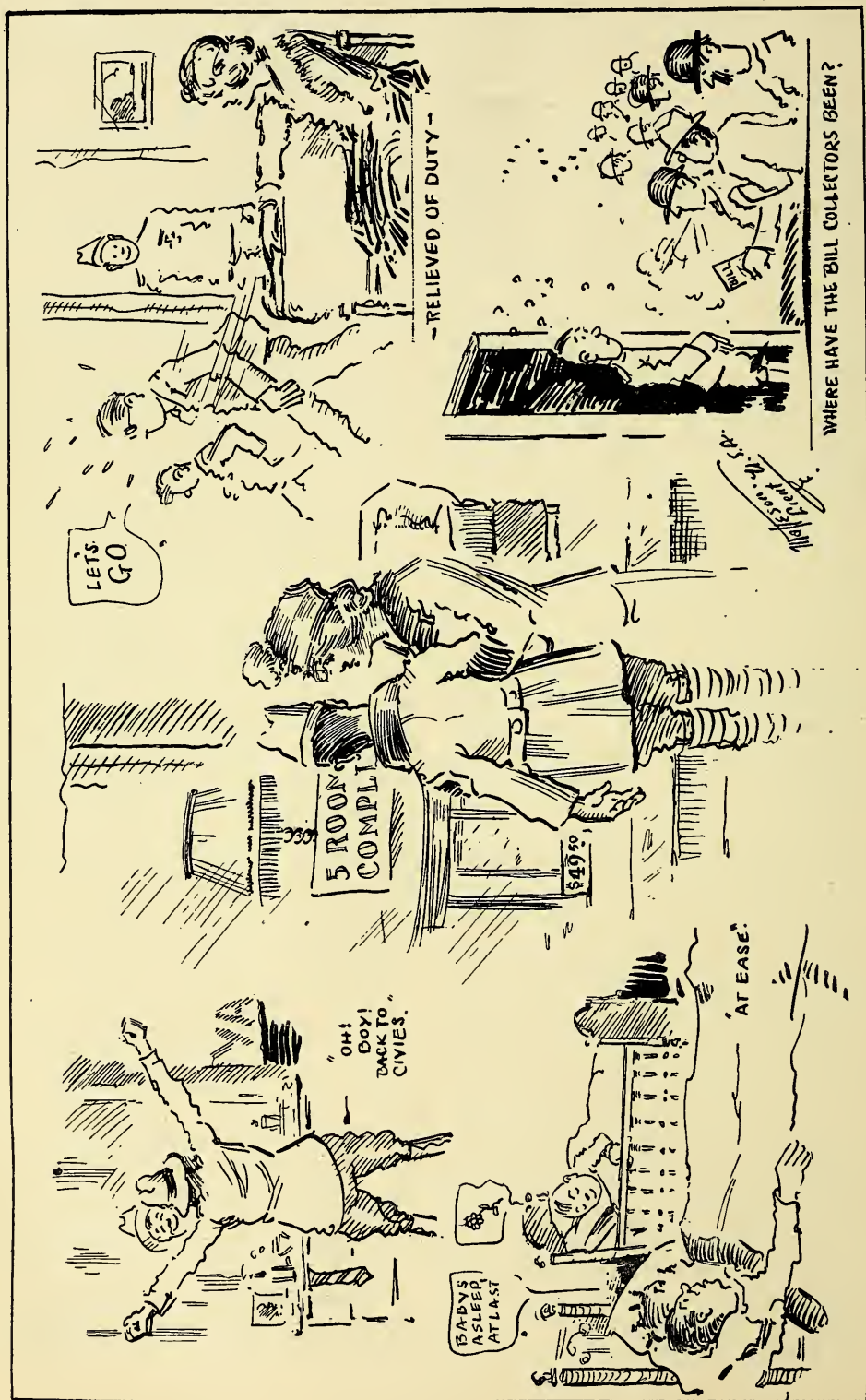
Hospital Newspapers

BESIDES CARRY ON, there are forty-two hospital newspapers published under the direction of the Surgeon General. In some hospitals the patients themselves publish these papers while in others expert newspaper men supervise the publication.

With the decreasing number of patients many of the hospitals are being abandoned with the result that several newspapers are now publishing their farewell issues. There is something pathetic in the passing of these little newspapers which have furnished both amusement and comfort not only to the patients but to their friends at home as well. Their editors may lay down their pens with a sense of duty well done.

The *Come-Back* at Walter Reed hospital is now the largest hospital newspaper being published. Much of its material is syndicated not only for the other hospital papers but for many of the leading dailies in the country. This weekly is rapidly becoming the connecting link between the soldiers, the patients, and their families. The Army Pictorial Supplement of the *Come-Back*, published once a month is the newest innovation. This paper has become a permanent institution of the army.

The farewell message of the editors of CARRY ON and the other newspapers is "Good luck, Come-Back."



Twice A Deserter

This soldier won three decorations for bravery in Belgium

AS the boys return home, there come to light many unique stories—some tragic, some humorous, but all throbbing with the spirit of conflict and with the inimitable courage with which the American soldier met every crisis.

For variety and unusualness of experience, the case of 1st Cl. Pvt. Albert Claessens, as reported in *Trench and Camp*, seems to be about as striking as any that have come to public notice.

Claessens, a Belgian by birth, was in the Nineteenth Regular Infantry, U. S. A., in 1914, with which command he served on the Border in the Mexican trouble. He deserted in order to join the Belgian Army and fought from December, 1914, to August, 1917, with the Fourth Lancers.

For cutting the enemy's forward telephone communication at Ypres on August 7, 1915, after four volunteers had been killed one after another, he was awarded the Croix de Guerre. He was hit twice in the leg while working under machine-gun fire.

For rescuing a lieutenant and three men who had been cut off by water while establishing a forward post on the Yser in July, 1916, he was awarded the Belgian War Cross. He pushed four logs and carried a coil of rope through No Man's Land up to his neck in water to the marooned outpost and then towed the men safely back while being bombed by trench mortars.

For holding a bridge over the Yser with six other men against three or four companies of Germans at Dixmude from 7 o'clock one morning until 3 o'clock in the afternoon without relief and cut off by shell fire, Claessens was again given the Belgian Military Medal.

For a while, life was less eventful for Claessens. He merely put in seven months as a sharpshooter; saw his bunkie's head half torn off by a dum dum bullet in an outpost;

was wounded by shrapnel in the thigh; was stabbed by a bayonet while repulsing a raid on the parapet of the trench, cleaving his opponent's head in twain with a single downward sweep of his heavy sabre.

Meanwhile his two sisters had been killed in an air raid on Antwerp; his aged father and mother were refugees in England; his three brothers had been killed in battle, the last one, Alphonse, having first won seven decorations for himself.

His organization, the Fourth Lancers, had been cited six times and had received a regimental decoration. Yet the strangest feat in its history was yet to come. In July or August, 1917, the lancers were resting on the seacoast at Craveline, between Dunkirk and Calais, when a guard saw something out on the beach beneath the fog. The major was called and ordered 'To Horse' sounded, because he recognized the object as a stranded submarine.

Saddles awash in the surf, the troop galloped out toward the submarine, firing at it with carbines. A sailor appeared and waved a white flag. So the major and another officer went out in a fishing boat and brought back the entire crew of thirty-two men, although some of them treacherously jumped overboard and one tried to kill his captor with a revolver.

Before leaving the submarine, the commander had set a time bomb and the submersible soon caught fire. Eight mines exploded and tore the vessel apart. The crew, under guard, were later set to work bringing in the wreckage and the officers were forced to help.

The submarine was found to be the U-39, a mine-layer, making its maiden trip from Zeebrugge.

By that time Claessens felt impelled to return to the country of his adoption, since the United States was then taking an active part in the war. He applied twice for his release so

that he could join an American unit, but finally he stowed away on a ship sailing to Savannah. He gave himself up to the authorities as a deserter, was summoned before a court-martial but not punished, and assigned to the Sixty-first Coast Artillery. He spent seven months in France with that organization, but it saw no active fighting, so Claessens spent his time uneventfully as cook in the colonel's mess. Later he was transferred to the supply company.

He pictured the horrors of warfare in devastated Belgium most vividly. When the country was flooded, troops could move only on the roads and since the roads were known to the enemy, they were subjected to constant shell-fire.

"Going up to the line," he said, "we'd often dodge from tree-stump to tree-stump along the edge of the road, past scores of horribly wounded men screaming in agony. It was a nightmare.

"There were no trenches. We carried sandbags, and, lying in shell-holes, filled them and built a parapet in front of us. The Germans used concrete pillboxes which were difficult to take; I saw 114 men killed in one night destroying two pillboxes. It was necessary to dynamite them in the face of machine-gun fire.

"Wherever there was action, there King Albert was sure to be. His pockets were always full of chocolate and cigarettes. He was known to have carried wounded men on his back. He was a soldier among soldiers and he is king among kings."

Down, But Not Out

By Robert S. Brookings

President, Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

A MAN may be down but is never out" applies especially to those heroic men who have had the courage to face death and come back to us maimed for life.

The courage that faces death knows no physical handicap and the loss of an arm or leg, or both, seems to have stimulated

rather than discouraged our doughboys and as they go through life cheerfully carrying on who can estimate the far-reaching influence of their example. They require no other decoration as evidence of distinguished service and the nation's never ceasing gratitude must be their partial reward.



A HOME RUN

They Shall Not Pass

*Hushed is the cannon's roar, the war is past,
The foe has bowed his gory head in death.
At fearful cost the world has been made fit
To be a dwelling place for freeborn men.
I with my comrades gave the best I had
Nor ceased till carried bleeding from the field,
Broken in body now this task is mine
To marshal all the forces left to me
That I may make a place for me and mine
In this new world which I have helped to make.*

*And now behold, I face another battle
Fiercer than any fought in bloody France,
Foes in the guise of friends are ranged against me
With weapons deadlier than the German sword;
They ply me not with shrapnel but with drink
And with the gas of fulsome flattery,
Laurels are piled upon my brow until
I cannot see the goal I'm aiming at,
And siren songs with soft caressing words
Are used to lull my soul in slothful sleep.*

*They shall not pass the barrier of my pride
Nor grind to dust my manhood's citadel,
My soul is mine, and it is all I have
And by the sacred mem'ry of the dead
I must and will possess my soul in honor
Nor suffer it to match my broken body.
I will have none of maudlin tears and pity,
The sacrifice I made was freely made,
And with the mem'ry fresh of those who sleep
On Flanders field, I spurn cheap adulation.*

*Give me of your wise counsel, help me learn
Some useful work, then give me work to do,
And when I stand once more a man 'mong men
Earning my daily bread with brain or brawn
And asking neither charity nor pity,
Then will I clasp your hand of approbation
And smile a proud reply to your "Well done."*

By J. W. JORGENSEN



BEWARE OF THE ONE-ARMED SOLDIER

The Soldiers Who Remained Here

By Major Joseph Bondy

They placed us in some stinking hole
In heat and cold and damp
The lives we lived might try the soul
But we built the training camp!

We builded camps where men were made
We builded bridge and town
We moiled with plow and hook and spade
Forgotten and unknown!

THINKING man will never cease to wonder at the miracle of a seed. Lifeless and inane, it means nothing by itself; but when the earth envelops it, and the dew and the sun and rain work their will upon it, it becomes a thing of life as the miracle unfolds.

It sends its tiny roots into the soil, and a tiny stem towards the sun; but the stem enlarges only as the root enlarges, only as the root gathers its substance from the soil, and builds first the stem, then the leaves, and then the flower. But there would be no flower without the stem; there would be no stem without the root, that hidden away, delves and nourishes, and in fulfilling the destiny of the seed wrought the miracle of a growing plant, from which comes the perfect flower!

Thinking man knows now that our boys went across the water to fight; but they must not forget the men who went into the swamps, the forests, and the wilderness, to build the

training camp, the debarkation place, the cantonments, the barracks, storehouses, and thousands of buildings to start the boys on their way and keep them in trim for victory. Nothing that was done across the water could or would have been done without the construction and preparation work here. The fighting army, which was the flower of our endeavor, grew upon the stem and was nourished by the root of our toil and our privation; and among those who toiled, who ran the root into the soil, that sustenance, cheer, food, health, and power might be given to the boys across the sea, the divisions remaining on this side toiling day and night did their mighty part.

Those who went across the sea, the flower of the Youth of the World—we honor them; but those who delved and moiled, in cold and heat, in rain and dust, in sand and mud; who because they were ordered to remain at home, (by the same power that ordered the fighting army abroad), remained and did their full duty as the root and stem; who, obscure, unseen, and unknown, nourished the flower and made victory possible; let it not be forgotten that they too played their part in winning this victory; and whatever betide, what they did here contributed to the victory that was won across the sea!

Army Relief Society

The attention of the regular army is called to this society which is anxious to have its services availed of wherever they can be of assistance.

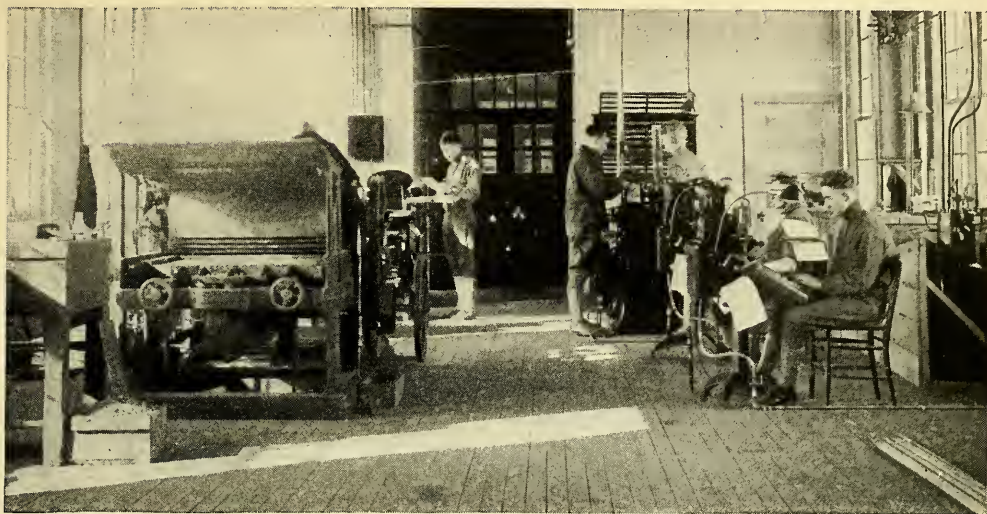
The aims of this organization are:

To provide relief for the widows and orphans

of officers and enlisted men of the regular army.

To supervise and procure educational opportunities for such orphan children.

Applications for aid, advice, or information may be addressed to the president, Mrs. Henry L. Stimson, 275 Lexington Avenue, New York City.



HOME OF THE "TROUBLE BUSTER"

Reconstruction at Fort McHenry

By Major Wilson H. Henderson, S. C., U. S. A.

ABOUT the middle of February, 1918, the first reconstruction work with overseas patients to be done in this country began at U. S. A. General Hospital No. 2, located at Fort McHenry, Md. At that time there were no special buildings or any equipment for this work. A beginning was made with a few typewriters, a few telegraph instruments, and some woodworking tools, which were loaned for the purpose. Since that time this work has developed until there are now four buildings devoted entirely to this purpose.

The school buildings are equipped to give instruction in the usual academic branches, mathematics, preparation for civil service examinations, shorthand, typewriting, etc. There is also equipment for architectural and mechanical drafting; jewelry and watch-making; mechanical dentistry; commercial art, cartooning, and sign writing; telegraphy, both wireless and Morse; dictaphone operation; tailoring and the cleaning and pressing

of clothes and hats; agriculture, including greenhouse operation and home gardening; public speaking and salesmanship; shoemaking and repair; carpentry, cabinet-making; printing, including press work, hand composition, and linotype and monotype operation; electric house wiring, armature winding, and motor and dynamo operation; the theory and practice of the gas engine; automobile repair, construction and operation; oxy-acetylene welding; barbering; and house exterior and interior painting.

A corps of instructors is constantly working in the wards. They will begin in the bedside instruction in the theory of the gas engine; initiate the study of electricity through simple electrical appliances which can be operated at the bed; begin a course in mechanical drafting by doing the drawing while in bed; interest the patient in cartooning, in bed; or begin the study of telegraphy. The telegraph school is connected by wire with all the wards, and

patients confined to their beds can converse by wire with patients in any other ward, as soon as they learn the alphabet.

When the patient is able to leave his bed and ward, he then goes to shop or school and continues the instruction already begun, and if he is discharged and is to enter instruction under the Federal Board for Vocational Education he has made a considerable start on his career of re-education.

In so far as possible, the work done in the shops is for the hospital. The educational print shop issues each week 3,000 copies of the *Trouble Buster*, which is edited, printed, and published by and for the patients and enlisted men. In addition, this shop has printed over one million blanks and forms for use in the hospital. The shoe shop has repaired over 2,600 pairs of shoes. The auto shop has kept the automobiles of the hospital in repair. The Western Union Telegraph office located at the hospital, receives and sends all messages for the hospital. Some idea may be gained from this work when it is realized that in one month

this office collected over \$300 toll, which is in addition to the government messages received and sent. The cabinet shop has made over 250 tables, in addition to innumerable pigeon holes and cabinets needed in the construction of the hospital. The real value of this work as a curative measure and its effectiveness in accomplishing its purpose is shown by the following. For obvious reasons the names of soldiers are omitted.

One corporal from the 5th machine gun battalion returned to this hospital, after eleven months in France, having been gassed to such an extent that he could not speak above a whisper. He had been raised on a farm and, like many other farmer boys anxious to leave the country, had hung around a railroad office sufficiently to get interested in this work. While in bed he took up the study of telegraphy. Later he completed a course of instruction, was transferred to this detachment, and is now in charge of the Western Union Telegraph office on this Post. Twenty-two other men who have been instructed in



MAKING AND REPAIRING SHOES



REPAIRING THE HOSPITAL FURNITURE

this school are now employed as commercial telegraphers. Five are teaching telegraphy in other hospitals. Twenty-four men have been taught shoemaking and repairing sufficiently to make a living at it when they leave the hospital.

One young man came to the hospital from France, with a diagnosis of paraplegia—paralysis from the hips down. He was in a sad condition mentally. He said that he liked to draw. So drawing material and a teacher were provided. At first his drawings were obviously the product of an unsound mind, being mostly submarines, kaisers, etc. Gradually they lost this character and showed a rare individuality. In two months he had drawn himself back to a normal condition and was discharged.

Another mental case was very much disturbed. He could tell little concerning his former occupation or his home. One day he drew a piece of machinery so well that the ward surgeon sent the drawing to the educational office to see if any one could tell what it was. It was a crank shaft, and the instructor knew

at once that this man had been a draftsman. He was sent to the drafting room where he was surrounded with drawing instruments, parts of machines, and all the paraphernalia of the drafting room. Gradually he began to remember that he had done this work before and that he had worked in a tool room in Akron, Ohio, and the association with drawings gradually brought back former habits and thoughts, and the man has been discharged cured. Each case is studied, and the work prescribed is designed to fit the needs of that particular case.

Perhaps the most surprising thing one meets in a reconstruction hospital is the impudent optimism of the men; regardless of their injuries they seem to be cheerful. Of course, many of them have a grouch, but this is only superficial, as a rule. One meeting these men and working with them day by day cannot but feel the deepest admiration for their nerve, their absolute disregard of pain and discomfort, and be proud that he has been associated with such a fine group of men as that which constitutes the American army.



THE GET-A-WAY

The Get-A-Way

By Robert E. Hewes

IT'S all in the get-a-way.

The man who gains a lead at the start of a race or who loses distance is going to be either advantaged or handicapped at the finish.

Likewise, the man who gets the earliest start in any race of life, be it business or love, has the chances in his favor.

The man who is down and out may come back and make good, but he will never get where he might have arrived had he started right.

Don't wait awhile, get started right now, and keep going.

It's all in the get-a-way.

A Message

THIS is just a little sketch of what one man, who has seven inches of what was once a good left arm, has accomplished in the short space of five years.

I lost the greater part of my left arm on June 12, 1912, at the age of thirty-four. I was working at the occupation of lineman at the time, and as that is work at which two good hands are necessary, I was cast into the depths of despair and could see nothing but a dark future ahead. I had always been healthy and very active, and my spirits rose as soon as the first shock was over, and things didn't look as bad as they might. In less than a month I was back at work, this time as inspector of electrical installations. From that I have been railroad-crossing inspector, right-of-way agent, and am now working for a big telephone company at a good salary.

I have a wife and two children. We have lots of good times, camping out and fishing, and it's quite a trick to stand in a swift running stream and hook a trout, take it off the hook, and put it in your basket with only one hand.

I always have a vegetable garden in the summer, and have no trouble taking care of it with my hand cultivator.

So, friend, don't think the world is lost if you have the misfortune to become handicapped, for you will find that with the right disposition you will have no trouble in getting along in this world. Don't let any one help you; learn to do things for yourself and you will soon find that you will get along with one hand, with few exceptions, as well as you did with two. I have found it so. Let independence be your watchword.

The Morale of a Base Hospital

By Major Frank J. Sladen, M. C., U. S. A.

Camp Sherman, Ohio

MORALE is now a recognized implement of warfare. Conspicuous through the ages, good morale has at last in the twentieth century forced its way into army organization to the extent that a branch of the General Staff is entrusted with its interests and activities. It has come to stay, we are told. We should hope so, is our answer.

When the switch in thought is made to a base hospital, one can see the problems of the individual patient in morale are multiplied many times. Five separate communities are here involved, the patients, the nurses, the enlisted men, the doctors, and the patients' families and friends. All of them contribute to the morale of the base hospital. All of them are so interrelated and dependent upon one another that the total effect on analysis must needs be a morale no higher than the lowest of the five.

I am reminded of the kind-hearted lady with the doughnuts as an example of how completely the morale of one of these is the morale of the five. She came with others in the days when overseas boys were fewer. One could imagine her thoughts of the boys who were returning as patients after creating a debt which she felt personally and yearned to repay. Her friends shared her thoughts and so she came laden with good home sweets. This particular leader carried a large, open basket of fresh homemade doughnuts, the fragrance of which well advertised her wares in advance. As she entered one of the wards, she chanced upon Bowles.

Now Bowles is a sergeant first class in the medical detachment. He entered the service to fight the Germans. He didn't choose the base hospital. It was forced upon him. In two years he has learned to mop floors, peel potatoes, and carry ice. He can attend a

patient in need like a skillful male nurse. He knows how to write a patient's history and can carry out the administrative work of a ward better than most ward surgeons.

He is still in the service, at this time, when he feels it is all over and there is no further chance of getting across. He never gave up hope until it was blasted by that bloomin' armistice. But he is game and is now giving the best in him to the convalescent buddies by instructing in the educational department in the science and art of salesmanship. This was his line in Cincinnati before the war. He is a fine chap but peculiarly sensitive and very much at outs with the fate which allowed his younger brother to get over, get wounded, and get back into the opportunities of a life time in education. Whereas, he, entering service at the same time and with the very identical purpose—they talked it over, walked down town, and enlisted together—he says he must go home and answer the query, "Well, Bowles, where in the world have you been? What did you do to win the war, like your brother?" He is going to answer, "I was down at Camp Sherman in the Base. I was the orderly who swept out the nurses' quarters, in the great war."

Now, you know my two characters well enough to understand the scene in the ward hall-way. The lady picked out an especially tempting doughnut and thrust it toward Bowles with, "Are you an overseas boy?" When the reply came, "No, Ma'am!" the doughnut was quickly returned to the basket and borne elsewhere.

Bowles said he didn't care—but he did. So did the nurses and the doctor and the other detachment men on the ward—and on the other wards. The story went through three of the hospital communities as fast almost as

scandal travels. These three happen to be the groups making big sacrifices to enable the Government to give the best professional skill and care to our wounded boys. The lady belongs to the fifth group, those outside the hospital interested in the patients as families or friends.

It had been better actually and practically to have given those doughnuts one by one to everyone in the hospital personnel and not a single one to a patient—to carry out our kind-hearted lady's desire to do something for the patients. Aside from the fact that the well and strong can digest doughnuts better than the sick, everyone must see that the wounded lad in the base hospital will receive that type of care which reflects the morale of those caring for him. Discourage, depress, dissatisfy the doctors, nurses, or orderlies—not consciously but none the less actually—they cannot and will not be of the same full measure. Encourage, stimulate, reward those caring for the sick and there is a happier ward, a more comfortable bed, a more attractive tray, and a more refreshing night's sleep for every patient on the ward. The incident is true and serves to bring out the complexity of the hospital state of mind, or attitude, or morale.

The morale officer of the base hospital coordinates the influences in these five but delegates to others in the individual groups the responsibilities of detailed activities. A morale board must operate, not an officer. Measures affecting morale, at this time when overseas patients are returning and the "war is over," so to speak, must needs be physically and psychically recreational first of all. The healthy body through competitive exercise and games, in the fresh air, each day, if possible, will beget a healthier mind and attitude towards finishing up this job of caring for the sick and wounded. Patients from France had only begun to reach this interior hospital when the armistice was signed and a natural morale influence was destroyed, namely, the hope of getting over. Consideration of personal comforts, stimulation of confidence in fair handling of claims for discharge, a full measure of credit for the sacrifices which are seemingly being made without due material or spiritual return,

a comradeship of united purpose and similar difficulties, these second in importance the influences gained from physical betterment.

Directly the morale of the patients is a matter of personal relation with the ward surgeon and the charge nurse. The first stimulates the boy's confidence that his case is in good hands; the second provides that feminine interest and sympathy which he relishes. Some nurses more than others can give an air of real comfort and coziness to a ward ordinarily cold in its plainness. When she tells you to "come at lunch time and take a look at our trays all set up for serving if you want to see something," then you can know you have found a fountain head of patients' morale.

With overseas patients, a pass home as early as consistent with his physical ability to travel is the biggest booster for his morale. It is a difficult decision in many instances. By regulations medical officers who sign are held responsible for the wisdom of having allowed him to go.

The educational department does worlds for the thirty to forty per cent. available for its opportunities. It and the gymnasium and the department of physiotherapy are centers for morale influences among patients. Above all they stimulate in the men the sense of accomplishment by their own effort as well as by those caring for them.

Recreational measures abound. It is common any time of day to find convalescents of limited activity playing croquet on the lawns between wards, occasionally robed in dressing gowns. One cannot overlook the Red Cross House, always crowded.

It must be emphasized that most of the patients are transients and as a rule do not present the problems in morale of the permanent staff. The exception is that smaller group who must remain for weeks of care and persistent professional effort. No influence for these less fortunates is so strong as that which flows from their homes and loved ones.

No special endeavor was necessary with the detachment men before the armistice was signed, because of the constant changes in the units repeatedly forming and leaving from

their midst. Since then, however, the medical detachment above all others has deserved attention. The doctors and nurses at least are continuing to follow their civil professions. But these boys are not. Most of them were never in a hospital before the war. And now they find it difficult to understand at times why they are held when everyone else is being demobilized. The lady with the doughnuts does not help their personal happiness and contentment.

One splendid undertaking is the opening of a night school in the quarters of the educational department. This has served to prepare many men for their step back into the civil world even better equipped.

Baseball and foot-ball teams do their part but the hospital hours are overlapping and recreational opportunities for many at any one time are hard to arrange.

The Glee Club started in the minds of the detachment men and has become famous even outside the camp.

The club rooms in the detachment have done the most for the most men. An entire barracks has been equipped with games and comforts, the walls are stained and windows curtained. Its attractiveness fills the off hours of many.

Strongest and deepest influence of all in these days, alike in nurse, doctor, and detachment is the comradeship of service. The war is not over for this group of workers until the last wounded boy is well. In our hearts is as great a fellow feeling for each other, as great a sense of understanding of common difficulties faced and overcome, as any divisional insignia expresses in the boys from France. This is especially true of those who served together in the various hospitals in the days of the influenza epidemic. Morale in the base hospitals in this country would find constant strength in the pride of organization, the *esprit de corps*, which is fostered by the coat-sleeve insignia.



COME AT LUNCH TIME AND TAKE A LOOK AT OUR TRAYS

Getting Acquainted

By Dr. Rupert Blue

Surgeon General, United States Public Health Service

TO say 'farewell' to wounded and disabled heroes and their families in the last issue of CARRY ON is really just to say 'good-bye' to this means of reaching you, speaking with you quite often and in some small way expressing the gratitude all of us feel for your heroic sacrifice.

Fortunately, for me, it will be a long time before I have to say 'good-bye' to boys I have grown to love. Congress has designated the United States Public Health Service to look

after the wounded, disabled, discharged soldiers, sailors, marines, and nurses in cooperation with the War Risk Insurance Bureau.

Instead of bidding 'adieu' we are really just beginning to get properly acquainted and I wish to say that the Public Health Service will do everything which a grateful nation could wish to keep the boys happy and put them back on their feet as quickly as is consistent with efficiency.

They Couldn't Down Him

By J. E. Harding

WHEN I was seventeen years of age, I met with an accident and lost my right leg eight inches from the hip. Since then I have had several accidents some of which have laid me up from six weeks to six months. About five months after my leg was amputated I went to work for the Western Union Telegraph Company in Indiana, where I worked for about seven months. Then I went to work for a rubber factory, for which concern I worked about one and one-half years. Then I went to work for a livery company where I worked seven years. While driving for this company I was thrown off a Victoria and broke my shoulder-blade and collar-bone. I was in the hospital for about six weeks. I then returned

to work for this company for some time. Next place I worked was in a shear factory where I worked one and one-half years. I came north and went to work in the lumber camps, where I was kicked by a horse and received a severe abdominal injury, which necessitated two operations, which laid me up for six months. I have been at my present occupation for about three years. I am a chauffeur and drive from fifty to two hundred and fifty miles a day. In spite of my trouble I have always been happy. I am married and have three children—four, seven, and ten respectively. I have managed to support them well and am practically out of debt.

Cripples Hold Their Own Athletic Meet



*The Red Cross Institute Club Holds
Daily Basket-ball Practice*



*Trying for a Goal. The Club's
President is a Good Athlete*



*'Stork' Mulliken Catching and a One-armed
Batter Waiting for a Good One*



News and Exchanges

Doing His Bit

A big darky was being registered. "Ah can't go to wah," he answered in re exemption, "foh they ain't nobody to look afteh ma wife."

A dapper little undersized colored brother stepped briskly up and inquired, "What kind of a lookin' lady is yoh wife?"



The bluebirds who've come to Camp Lee
To give it a taste of O. T.

(If in doubt, see above),

Have fallen in love,

Now who do you think it can be?

Have they dared on a private to smile?

Or the S. G. O.'s temper to rile?

Oh no, for you see,

It's been whispered to me,

Heart and soul they love work, all the while.

The Easiest Way

An American soldier brought in a Hun prisoner recently and found the fellow had a pocket full of French money. The dough-boy looked at the money, the picture of fine restaurants in Paris loomed before him, and then, tapping the Hun on the shoulder, he said:

"Kamerad, kannst du craps schutzen?"

From The Trouble Buster

Easy Money

A discharged soldier with his young wife recently went on a shopping tour in Washington. Ex-soldier, very tired and not having much interest in walking the aisles of a department store, sat himself down in the lobby and promised his wife to stay there until her return. Soon he was fast asleep. In a reclining position, with his hat in his hand, he was enjoying a quiet nap. When his wife returned she was shockingly surprised to see a dollar and a half in her husband's hat.

* * * *

Extract from a soldier letter, repeated by a censor who had a sense of humor:

Somewhere in France.

Dear Ma: I have saved a little money, and when I get back home I'm goin' to buy me two mules, and name one of 'em Corporal and the other one Sergeant; then I'm goin' to lick hell out o' both of 'em!

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